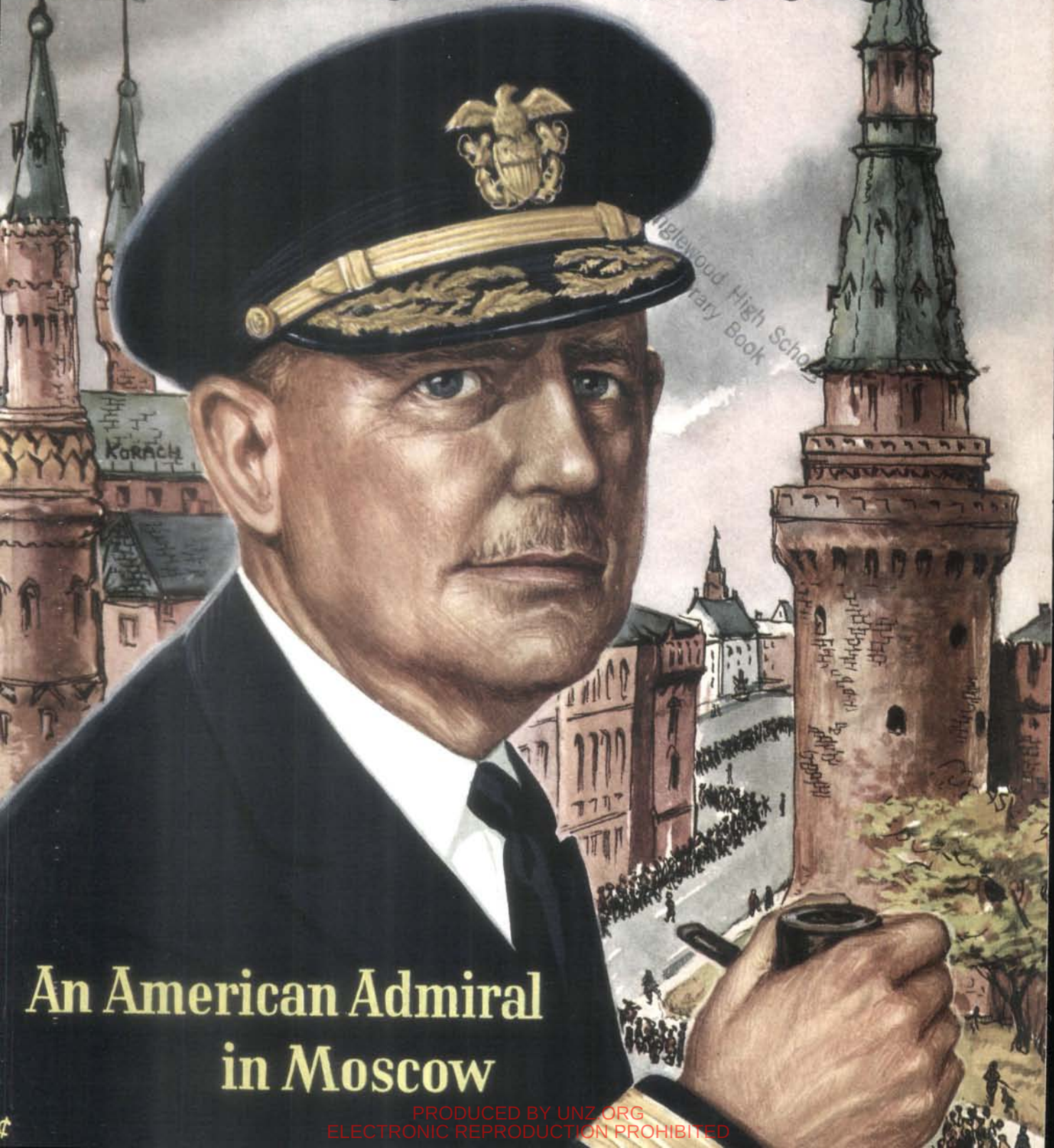


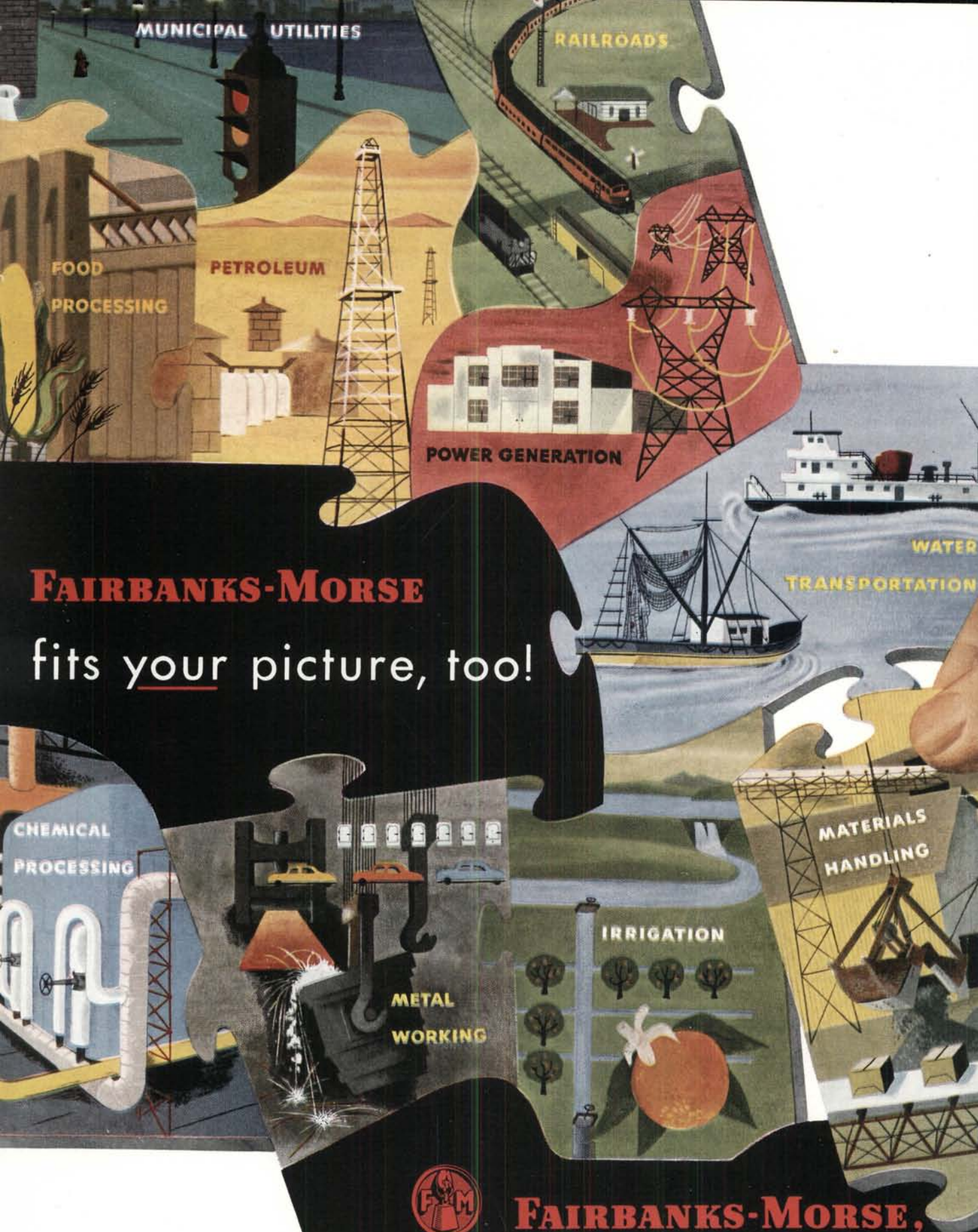
MAY 1952

THE *Atlantic*



**An American Admiral
in Moscow**

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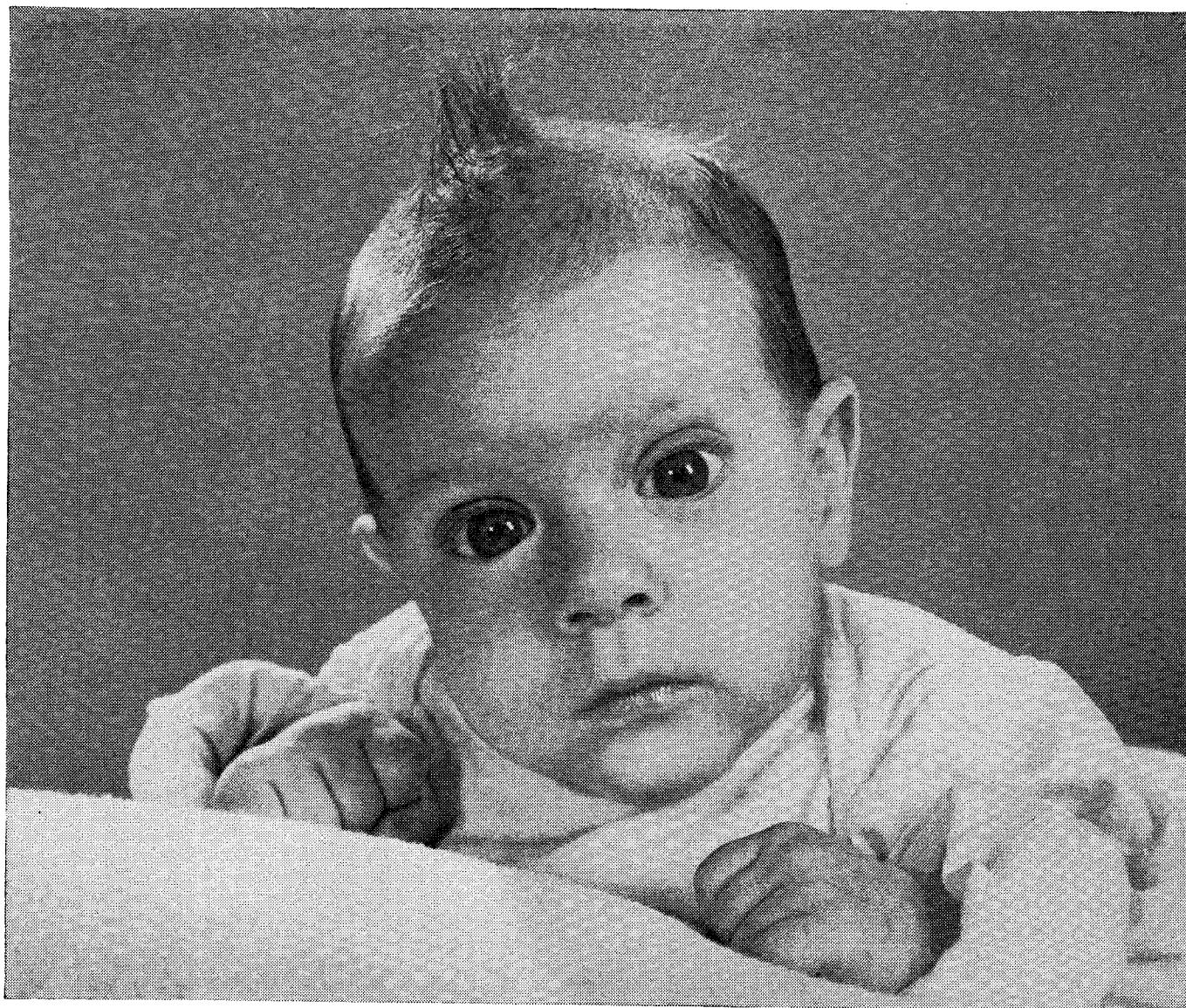


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This is Leonard A. Snyder, photographed at eight weeks

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BABY BECOMES PART OWNER OF A. T. & T. WHEN ONLY THIRTY-TWO MINUTES OLD

Little Leonard Snyder of Philadelphia, Pa., broke all known speed records in becoming a part owner of the Bell Telephone business.

Minutes after he was born on December 28, 1951, his proud father telephoned the news to his aunt. She was so delighted that she immediately telephoned an order for five shares of American Telephone

and Telegraph Company stock for the new arrival. Thirty-two minutes after Leonard was born, the stock was purchased in his name.

He's much younger than the average A. T. & T. shareholder, of course. But in the number of shares he owns, he's just like thousands and thousands of others. For about half of all the owners of A. T. & T.

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The 1,100,000 owners of the Bell Telephone business are people of all ages, from all walks of life, in every part of the United States.

Thousands of churches, hospitals, schools and libraries and three hundred and fifty insurance companies also own A. T. & T. stock.

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VOLUME 189 1952 NUMBER 5

Atlantic Reports: Canada — Washington — London

The Russian People	Vice Admiral LESLIE C. STEVENS	27
The New Isolationism	ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.	34
Seductio ad Absurdum <i>An Atlantic "First"</i>	CRARY MOORE	39
TV Gold Rush	TRUDIE OSBORNE	44
I Like to Be a Stranger	GEORGE SANTAYANA	48
The Land the Old Ones Keep. <i>A Poem</i>	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	53
The Law-abiding. <i>A Story</i>	MARC BRANDEL	54
The Exiles. <i>A Poem</i>	LEONARD L. WOLF	60
The Race at Indianapolis	KEN PURDY	61

BOOKS AND MEN

A Ghost for Mark Twain	BURGES JOHNSON	65
The Critic and the Commonplace	PIERRE EMMANUEL	67

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer <i>House Hunting in New England</i>	EDWARD WEEKS	72
Reader's Choice	CHARLES J. ROLO	77

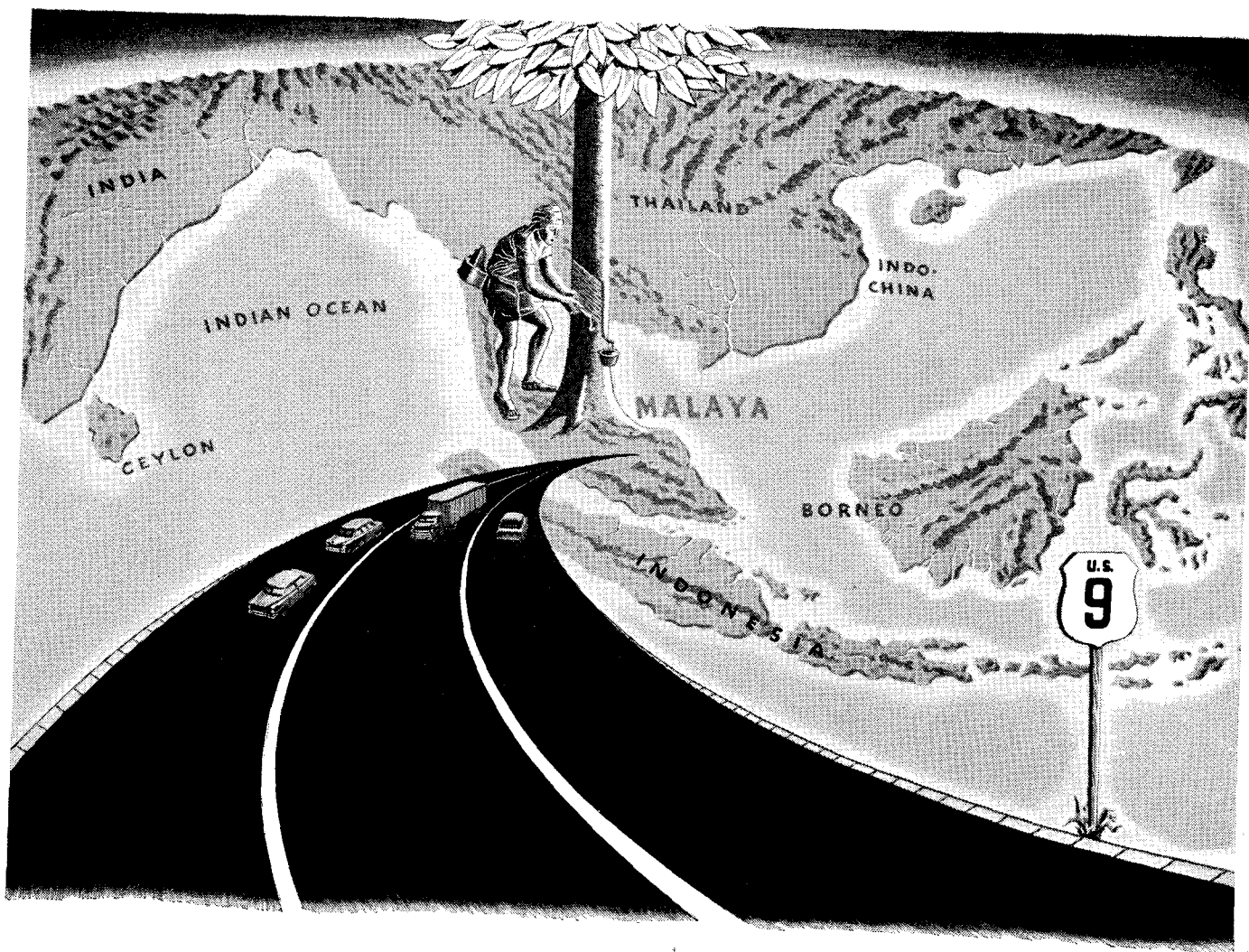
ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Gilbert Seldes — Evangeline Davis — R. P. Lister — Christopher Morley — Claire Nicolas		84
The Diskeries' Dilemmas <i>They Shall Have Music</i>	JOHN M. CONLY	89

Cover portrait of Admiral Stevens by Mimi Korach

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Route 9 Starts in Southeast Asia

America's highways of the future may be paved with natural rubber from Southeast Asia. Today, test strips of natural rubber asphalt roads have been laid in seventeen states, the District of Columbia and several provinces in Canada. Rubber, added to the road surface, promises to make highways wear longer, hold their shape in winter and summer, and reduce skidding. This is good

news for the motorist — as well as the taxpayer trying to save money on road upkeep. On such new uses for natural rubber depend the well-being of millions of people in Southeast Asia, where 95% of the world's natural rubber is grown. The United States is the world's largest rubber user. This tie between East and West means much in the struggle by free nations against Red aggression.

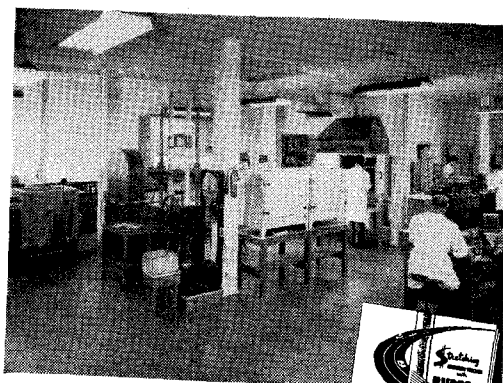


← RESEARCH IN THE EAST

At the Rubber Research Institute of Malaya studies are made of the natural rubber powder used in rubber roads. This powder, mixed with the asphalt, promises to give a tougher, more resilient and longer wearing highway surface.

RESEARCH IN THE WEST →

New rubber road research laboratory, opened by the Natural Rubber Bureau in Rosslyn, Virginia, and working closely with U. S. highway engineers, will do research on how to build better highways at less cost using rubber asphalt top surfacing.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Canada



WHETHER Canada can maintain the present boom or will head down into a serious depression was the question of utmost concern as spring came to the north country. All the superficial signs, and even the portents beloved by government economists, pointed boomwards. Out of a population of 14 million, slightly over 5 million were gainfully employed at the highest wages in Canadian history. Corporation profits and dividends were running near record levels. Farm income last year, in dollars, nudged historic highs.

The Dominion Government, which last year anticipated a surplus of \$30 million in a budget of \$3.7 billion, found itself embarrassed by a whopping surplus that exceeded \$500 million. The Canadian dollar reached parity with the American dollar in New York for the first time in thirteen years, and prices of Canadian stocks approached peak levels.

The prosperity mirage

If Canadians were living through the most prosperous year in history it was certainly a queer sort of prosperity that nobody enjoyed. It was a twilight, hazy kind of thing that fell rods short of everyone's notion of what prosperity should be like. Employers, faced with cost-of-living statistics, caved in before demands for higher wages. Prices kept rising. They kept rising even for those items which were cluttering storage warehouses instead of moving into consumption.

Farmers found that the money that poured into their pockets poured out even faster when they went shopping for machinery, equipment, clothing, and food. In the cities, the clamor for price ceilings was persistent and prolonged. On the Atlantic coast

the fishing industry ran out of fish. On the Pacific coast forest fires forced a shutdown of sawmills.

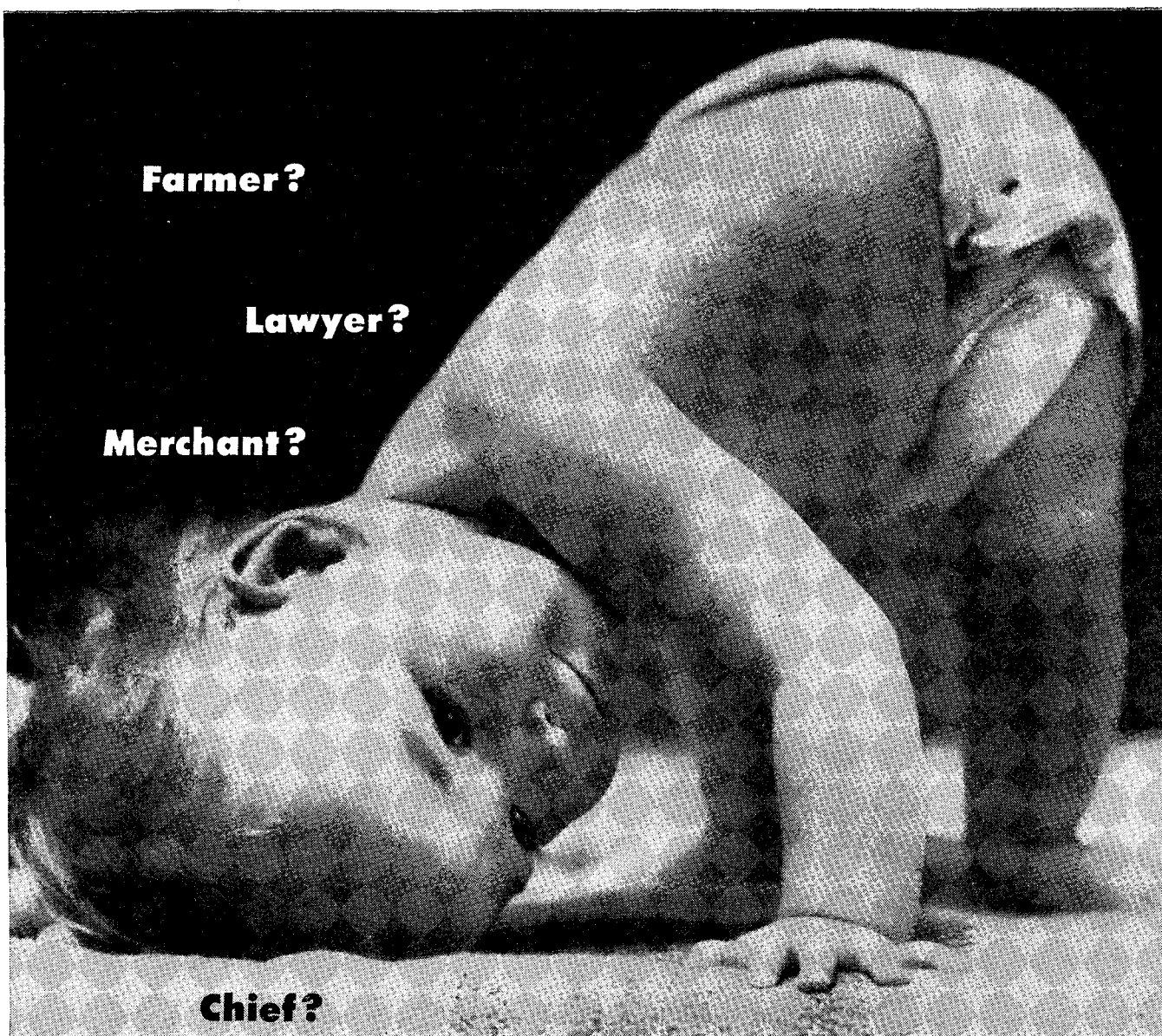
Disease hits the cattle

The panic that swept the country on the discovery of foot-and-mouth disease on the Saskatchewan plains on February 18 is an interesting study in political hysteria in its own right. But it is important as a symptom of the uneasiness that pervaded the country all last year.

Until this outbreak, Canada had been free of this livestock scourge for eighty years. That may, in part, explain the ineptitude of everyone concerned in the original diagnosis of the disease. Because there was no foot-and-mouth in Canada, the symptoms must have been of some other affliction. The facts are these. On November 26, a dairy farmer south of Regina telephoned his veterinarian to report a slobbering sickness in his herd. The vet diagnosed the disease as stomatitis and prescribed treatment. A week later the farmer called in the Dominion Government veterinarian. He confirmed the stomatitis and so, subsequently, did five other vets.

On December 7, a sample of serum was sent to the Government laboratory at Ottawa. More than two months passed before it was analyzed and pronounced foot-and-mouth disease. By this time the infection had spread to 23 herds in nine municipalities. Only the fact that the outbreak came in the dead of winter, when Saskatchewan animals and humans are immobilized by the weather, prevented an international calamity.

The United States immediately sealed its borders against Canadian livestock. That was a shattering



Farmer?

Lawyer?

Merchant?

Chief?

In 1852...7 out of 10 babies grew up to be farmers. In 1952...it is less than 2 out of 10. Mechanized farming has led the way to this change!

Here's *your* strong and husky young American, 1952 style.

He's a trifle young to worry much about his future. But, when the time for picking a job comes along, he can thank mechanized farming for his greatly broadened freedom of choice.

Fact is, farm machines have given all of us a greater choice in the kind of work we do. Once, nearly all Americans were farmers. Today, less than two out of ten of us are needed to provide our nation's food.

That's where International Harvester comes in. For 120 years our business has been the development of mechanized farm equipment. Three-fourths of all products we manufacture today are used in rural areas. They help farmers produce more, in less time, with less effort. And they make farm life itself more satisfying and rewarding than ever before.

Mechanized farming—using products such as Har-

vester builds—has led the way in making us the best-fed, best-clothed nation in the world. Last year, 29 per cent more food and fiber were produced than in 1941. That's quite a record . . . especially since there were 4 million fewer people on farms in 1951 than ten years ago.

Yes . . . as fewer of us are needed on farms — more of us can choose other vocations essential to our national well-being.

Young Americans today can still be farmers . . . and better farmers than ever before. But they can also be doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs . . . whatever they wish. The choice is theirs.

That's a big and vital contribution of mechanized farming.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER Chicago 1, Illinois

Builders of products that pay for themselves in use . . .
International Trucks • McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors
Crawler Tractors and Power Units • Refrigerators and Freezers

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

BY 1970... A TRILLION ?



*"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home tonight!"*

KEEP this nursery rhyme firmly in mind, and it will be easier to understand a dramatic and similar chain reaction now happening in America.

Like the old lady in the rhyme, Uncle Sam wants action—steel, aluminum, defense production. Two billion pounds or more of aluminum this year, for example.

...But we won't get more aluminum without more plants.

... But plants won't run unless we have more electricity—and lots of it. (For instance, just to make the aluminum planned this year, it will take as much electricity as 125 million homes would use.)

...But there won't be this electricity unless we have more turbines and generators to make it.

...But there won't be more turbines and generators coming into towns on flatcars unless somebody had started making them more than a year ago. It normally takes 64 weeks to build a modern turbine-generator, even after design and engineering have been done.

...But a lot of these extra turbine-generators couldn't have been started over a year ago unless

people in the electrical industry had started expanding their plants several years before that.

Now we come to things that kept this chain reaction from fizzling out:

The aluminum industry *did* forecast increasing uses for aluminum, and planned expansion.

People in the electric utility business *did* forecast America's needs for electric power up to five years ahead, and placed orders.

The electrical industry *did* forecast what it would take to build the turbines and generators the utilities would need. Six years ago, in the pessimistic postwar year of 1946, General Electric broke ground for a vast new turbine plant. When this was completed in 1950, General Electric's turbine-manufacturing capacity was upped 60 per cent.

So it looks as if Uncle Sam will get his two billion pounds of aluminum this year. A lot more than we could produce in a hurry unless some people had acted on the right hunch about America's needs—five or six years ago.

We wrote this story about aluminum. We could have written the story about steel, or chemicals. America's electric generating capacity must backstop them all.

And that's why a trillion kilowatt-hours of electricity is not too much to dream of our using by 1970.

2

There is something odd about electricity.

Steel you can store in warehouses. Oil you can put in storage tanks. Rubber you can stockpile. But you can't stockpile electricity.

America's tremendous output of electrical energy is made *and spent* in the same instant.

That's why electric output is a good measure of a nation's current productive strength.

Our total power output is 3 times Russia's, and not all of their collectivized resources can multiply their electric output as fast as the American utility industry's 15-billion-dollar postwar expansion program. (Five billion is already completed.)

Here are some figures worth thinking about:

*U.S. electric output in kilowatt-hours**

1940.....	140 billion
1945.....	220 billion
1950.....	330 billion
1955.....	450 billion (est.)
1960.....	600 billion (est.)
1965.....	800 billion (est.)
1970.....	one trillion?

It is interesting to note that Russia's succession of five-year plans hasn't done as good a job of anticipating and meeting electric-power needs as the normal business forecasting of our own electric-utility companies.

3

An American worker is roughly 10 times more productive than the average person elsewhere on the globe. With 6 per cent of the world's population, we produce 40 per cent of the world's goods.

How did we gain this big advantage?

Partly through the multiplying effect of electric power. Here is an example:

To build a typical modern turbine-generator takes as much as 880 tons of steel, 19 tons of copper, 2 tons of aluminum.

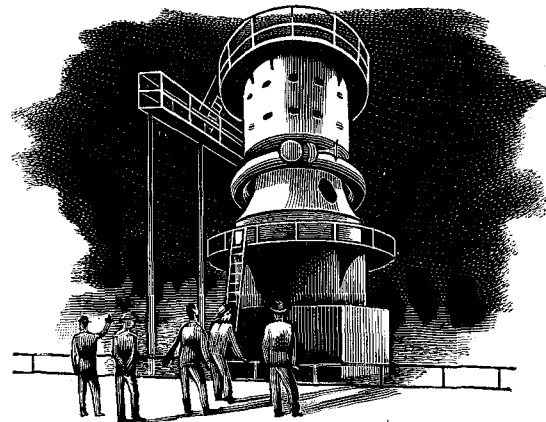
These are critical materials, in short supply. But when this unit is built and put in operation, it will

supply enough electricity to produce:

- 880 tons of steel every 3½ hours
- 19 tons of copper every 28½ minutes
- 2 tons of aluminum every 27½ minutes

4

Why do you see so many new turbine-generators being built to replace the old ones built years ago? It's because electric utilities are taking advantage of lower operating costs of modern equipment to help keep the price of kilowatt-hours down.



First G-E steam turbine-generator, Chicago, 1903

Take the savings in coal alone. A 1920 turbine would eat up 400 pounds of coal to make the electricity the average householder uses in a month.

But trade that for new equipment, new turbines, and the local power company can produce the same electricity with about 100 pounds of coal.

Research and engineering have made a lot of difference in what you pay for electricity, and how much you can afford to use.

A trillion kilowatt-hours of electric power for America by 1970? When business foresight is added to research and engineering under a free economy, things like this can happen.

*Kilowatt-hour — the basic measure of electric energy consumption. A kilowatt-hour will burn ten 100-watt lamps for one hour. The average home, nation-wide, uses about 167 kw-hrs per month.

You can put your confidence in —
GENERAL  ELECTRIC



The Atlantic Report on Canada



blow to the country's \$250 million livestock industry. Canada ships 400,000 head of cattle south annually. Normal livestock population of Canada is around 8 million head.

Both figures are insignificant compared with American livestock statistics. But the American market has been the frosting on the cake for both Canadian beef and dairy cattlemen, and the disease struck just when this trade was reaching its annual peak.

The Dominion Government slapped a rigid quarantine on the infected area and got machinery in motion to stamp out the disease. British Columbia and Ontario both placed strict embargoes on the importation of all livestock, meat, and meat products without exception. Manitoba followed suit. While the federal Minister of Agriculture, Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, publicly deplored the provincial embargoes and pleaded for reason and restraint, his own officials got the jitters. A directive went out to all Government experimental farms, some of them 1500 miles away from the outbreak, to close all livestock barns to all visitors.

Soggy wheat

The prairie provinces last year produced their second late crop in a row. In 1950, some 50 million bushels of wheat were still unthreshed when winter came. It was followed by a late spring, the wettest summer in a decade, and an even wetter fall. The biggest grain crop in history grew and ripened very slowly. Of the more than 500 million bushels of wheat produced, 30 per cent was still lying in the fields when winter set in. To this was added at least 100 million bushels of unharvested oats and barley. Of the crop that was harvested, at least 100 million bushels of wheat was so damp that it had to be dried before it could be safely stored. The country's drying facilities could not cope with the problem.

A conservative estimate of the cost of the frightful autumn weather, in terms of the cash income lost to the farmers, has been put at \$400 million. The adverse effect of this gigantic drop in purchasing power was naturally reflected in a slowdown of the nation's business. By Christmas the unemployed numbered more than 300,000. Because most of them were drawing on the Government's \$800 million unemployment insurance fund, there was little concern about a depression setting in.

Some of the unemployment arose from a basic weakness of the Canadian economy — overexpanded capacity to produce for a small consumer

market. A good deal of it was traceable to Government fiscal policy.

To pay for rearmament, the Liberal Government in April, 1951, imposed a tax load that was grim even by Canadian wartime standards. The tax on corporation profits was boosted to a whopping 45 per cent. Income taxes were raised 10 per cent. The excise tax on cigarettes was boosted to 23 cents a packet of twenty. The federal sales tax, already a crushing 8 per cent, was raised to 10 per cent. The excise tax on cars, radios, and furs was increased from 15 per cent to 25 per cent. A special 15 per cent was levied on refrigerators and stoves. To top it off, a 50 per cent down payment was required on all installment sales.

The impact of these imposts on the trades affected was immediate and profound. Yet — and this is important — some industries were already in serious trouble with buyer resistance prior to the budget. Radio was one, autos another, textiles still another. They were learning, the hard way, that dreams built upon national income statistics are unstable foundations on which to build production schedules.

Prior to the war, only the most theoretically inclined Canadian economists ever worried about national income. During the war the term came into public circulation when it was used as a means of measuring taxation policies. As the dollar income of the nation rose, larger taxes could be collected without increased pain. After the war the phrase was redefined as "gross national product." Business got interested. If the gross national product rose a couple of billion, it pointed to more spending for shoes, ships, and sealing wax. Therefore production goals should be raised.

Prices keep rising

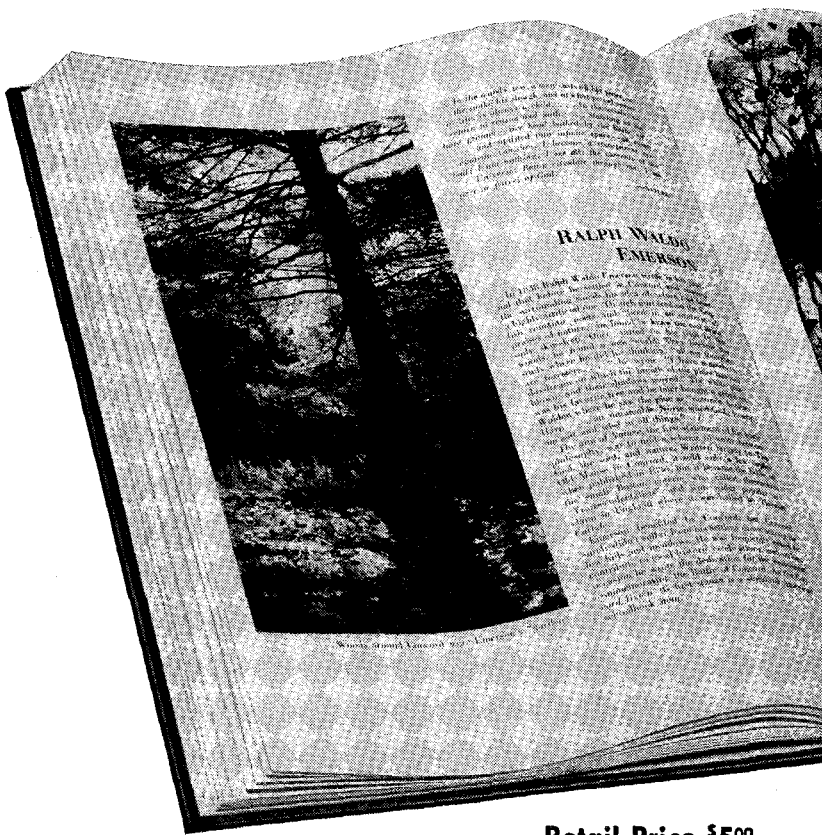
But while dollar volume rose steadily, so did wages and living costs; hence unit consumption did not mount with dollar consumption after war-created backlogs were filled.

Overcoats and blankets provide an example. The Korean buying spree cleared the stores of both. Fear of a woolen shortage caused Canadians to stock up. Anybody who needed an overcoat and blankets got them while the getting was good. Manufacturers, faced with a heavy demand, stocked up on high-priced wool.

When the next fall came around, interest in both had subsided. In Ontario, some retailers even went to the unheard-of length of having sales with

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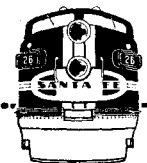
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genuine price reductions. But in Ontario, and in Quebec, too, the woolen industry was sick, and factory after factory closed down. Yet, at the consumer level, clothing prices actually rose 10 index points between August and November.

During 1951, the index of Canadian food prices rose 30 points. The public blamed the farmers. True, the beef producers, who had the slimmest pickings during the war, were riding the crest. But the bulk of the income of Canadian farmers comes from grain and not from meat. Field crop income was below previous years, while operating costs had gone up. Between 1945 and 1951, field crop prices rose by an average of 10 per cent. Tractor prices increased as much as 90 per cent, combines rose by 66 per cent, clothing prices had almost doubled, and house furnishings were up 50 per cent.

Trouble for the Government

The combination of pockets of unemployment, agrarian discontent, and a continuing rise in the cost of living made trouble for the Canadian Liberal Government.

The increase in the cigarette tax foundered on the rocks of diminishing returns. The income from this tax dropped \$17 million as Canadians stopped buying 42-cent cigarettes and scurried for substitutes. They found them in smuggled American smokes. All along the border, smugglers did a big business at a tremendous profit. Millions of packages of popular American brands flooded the Canadian market and retailed at 30 to 35 cents each. Spokesmen for the tobacco growers buzzed around Ottawa like angry hornets, angrier even than spokesmen for the auto industry, the electrical industry, and the textile industry.

The Government had hoped by its stiff taxes and curtailment of installment spending to force prices down. Instead, prices kept rising, and the cost-of-living index rose from 180 at the end of March to 193 by January.

Wholesale and retail mark-ups are normally higher in Canada than in the United States. So are unit production costs, because of the smaller market. So are taxes, and the mark-ups are taken on cost plus taxes. Canadian business as a normal practice

includes its corporation taxes in its cost system. In such a system, taxes on corporation profits are passed on to consumers. Hence, Canadians live in a high-priced economy from which the consumer has no means of escape.

After losing four straight by-elections, the Government launched an oblique attack on prices by amending its anti-combines act. It made it illegal for manufacturers or wholesalers to fix prices at the retail level. Here it emerged with more enemies than it did friends, and accomplished nothing. The average Canadian merchant has become accustomed to living in comfort under the price-fixed umbrella. It enabled him to compete with the chains and big department stores and stay in business. Despite their new freedom from price dictation, most of them went gaily along at the old price level.

Another piece of legislation that party moguls believed would endear the Liberals to the electorate was the passage of a \$300 million a year non-contributory old-age pension scheme. It backfired badly when opposition parties challenged the adequacy of \$40 a month payable at 70. The mild praise was soon drowned out by the demands for a lower age and higher benefits.

St. Lawrence Seaway

The Liberals are convinced that the Government will ride out the storm. If industrial unemployment continues to rise, the slackness can be taken up by the St. Lawrence Seaway, which will proceed regardless of whether the United States takes part or not. It will cost \$500 million, a terrific sum for any public works project in Canada. Yet it is hardly more than was spent, in uninflated dollars, on the completion of the Welland Canal twenty years ago.

Behind the decision to deepen the St. Lawrence lie the fabulous iron ore deposits in Labrador and Quebec. Part of the explanation of the steady rise of the Canadian dollar, in face of an increase in the trade deficit with the U.S., is the flow of American dollars into Canada for investment and development.

American millions will develop the new ore deposits. More millions are pouring into Saskatchewan and Alberta for oil development. American

companies now hold 60 million acres of oil leases in Alberta and 20 million acres in Saskatchewan.

In the last year, a dozen new oil fields have been discovered and are being proved up. A pipeline to carry 75,000 barrels a day has been built from Edmonton to Superior, Wisconsin, a distance of 1400 miles. Another is going over the Rockies to the Pacific coast. A group of Texas companies are trying to get permission to build a natural gas pipeline from Edmonton to Montreal at a cost of \$225 million. Refining capacity is being increased all over the country to take care of the expanding potential production.

In the last two years, oil production has doubled and redoubled. This summer daily output will reach and pass the 200,000 barrel mark. This is in face of the most drastic restrictions on production to keep it within marketable limits. Wells capable of producing 250 to 500 barrels a day are held at 50 to 75 barrels.

The U.S. invests in Canada

Even more important than development capital has been the flow of investment capital from the U.S. The chemical industry alone is reported to have pumped \$200 million into Canada in the last two years. Americans have been steadily buying into the Canadian Pacific Railway, until it is now one third American-owned. American institutions have been big buyers of provincial and municipal bonds, to the extent of \$50 million last year.

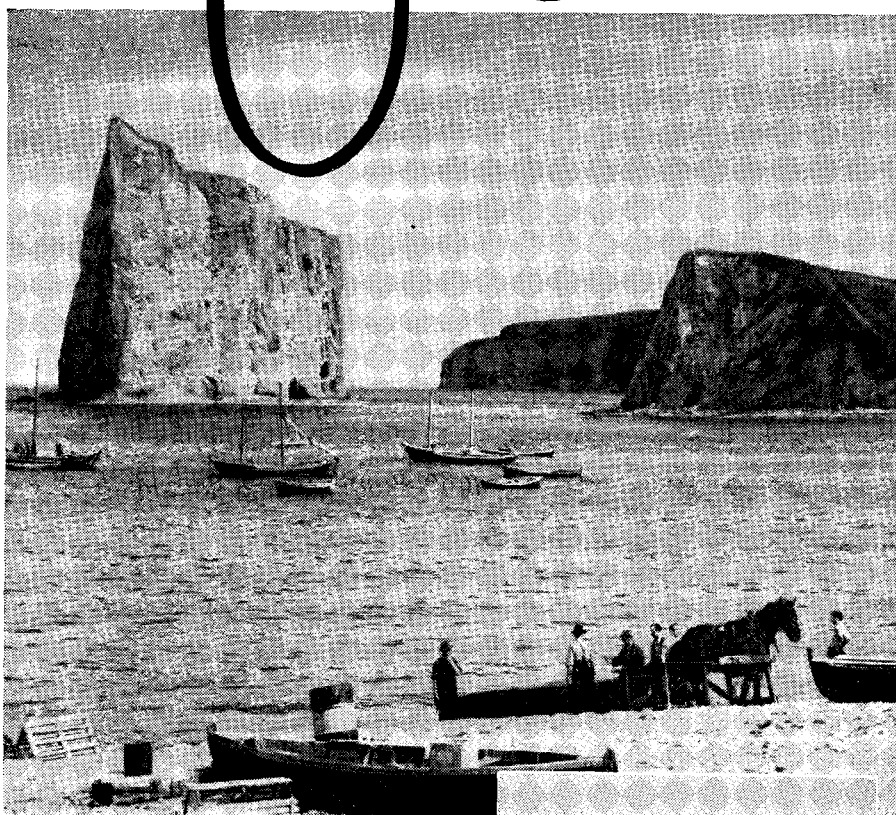
The total American investment in Canada now exceeds \$5 billion. It is growing like a snowball as profits from Canadian operations are plowed back into expansion. Now a third of the dividends declared in Canada go to American investors.

Either American investors are not nearly so smart as Canadians regard them, or these facts do not add up to a serious depression. More than likely, Canadians are destined for more of the things they experienced last year — higher wages and less real income, more jobs and more unemployed, greater farm income in dollars and less to show for it at the end of 1952. And if all this adds up to prosperity, Canadians at the moment would as lief try something else.

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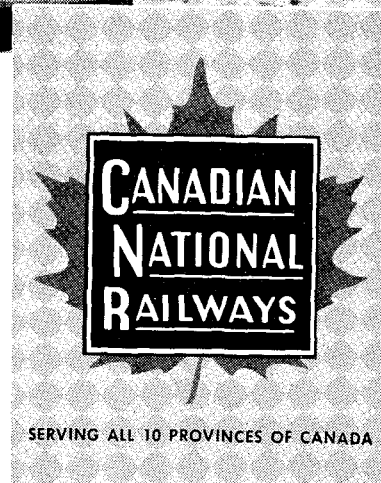
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Washington

ACCOMPLISHMENTS of the Lisbon meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Council have lost little of their luster in retrospect. Perhaps the most important achievement, though it did not create the most headlines, was the adoption of the bulk of the recommendations of the Temporary Council Committee. For the first time, military objectives have been brought into balance with the economic capabilities of the NATO countries. This represents a real triumph for the "three wise men" of the TCC — Harriman of the United States, Plowden of Great Britain, and Monnet of France. It also reflects the handiwork of General Joseph T. McNarney, who did much of the military survey job for Harriman.

Not only does the Lisbon agreement mean large increases in most national defense budgets; it also means that for the first time national military expenditures will come under international scrutiny. NATO's combined military objectives by the end of 1952 are a 50-division ground force, a 4000-plane air force, and 704 major combat vessels.

The 50 divisions, to be sure, are not quite what they seem. Not for some days after the Lisbon meeting, when criticism developed in London, was it made clear that only about half the 50 divisions will be combat-ready. The remainder will be reserve divisions available in 30 days; contingents stationed in Britain and continental United States will be part of this force.

But the 4000 planes are expected to be real enough — and it is in air power that NATO is weakest today. The United States has promised "substantially" more air wings, and Britain will furnish 1300 jet fighters and light bombers. While the F-84s the United States is sending are not so fast as the short-range Russian MIG-15 interceptor, they will be useful in defense and tactical support operations.

Moreover, the 600,000 trained fighting men available in Greece and Turkey are not counted in the 50-division total. The United States and Britain also have large naval forces in the eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean that add to NATO strength.

The European Army — or European Defense Community — is the other important agreement reached at Lisbon. It is as much a political as a military arrangement, for it provides a way out of the impasse between France and Germany over German rearmament. Germany will not be represented in NATO proper, but she will be an equal member of the European Defense Community.

In EDC six Western European nations — France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg — will fuse most of their armed forces into a single international army under NATO. National "groupments" of 13,000 men each will be placed under international control at the corps level. The European Defense Community itself will be a permanent operating agency working under a single military budget for the six member nations. One of the real hopes for the EDC is that it will be able to institute a unified procurement system which will help weld Europe together economically.

Let Europe make the guns

Unquestionably the most vulnerable item in the foreign aid bill is the \$1.7 billion requested for "defense support." This new phrase was coined to replace "economic aid" for Western Europe in the hope that Congress would take a charitable view of funds which do not go directly into armaments, but which are indispensable to expanded defense.

The justification is twofold. First, there cannot be an expanded defense in Western Europe unless the countries there, hard pressed for dollar imports as they increase their military expenditures, are able to keep their economies from collapsing. Second, it is cheaper to give Europe the aid to enable her to produce her own defense than it would be to supply all that defense from here.

Mutual Security officials figure that each dollar spent in defense support is multiplied four times in total European production. The increase in actual defense expenditures is at a ratio of 2½ to 1. For example, a machine shop in Belgium, equipped with \$50,000 worth of new tools, could produce weapons worth many times that amount.

Defense support thus becomes, in the eyes of its promoters, a sort of catalyst of the entire arms aid program, the indispensable element which will make possible defense expenditures of \$13.9 billion next year by the Europeans themselves.

The placing of more orders for military goods in Europe, not only for the NATO countries themselves but also for the United States, would help to sop up unemployment in Italy, France, and Belgium by making use of idle industrial capacity; it would provide NATO countries with an additional source of dollars; and it would help to avoid the overexpansion which is now threatening American industry.

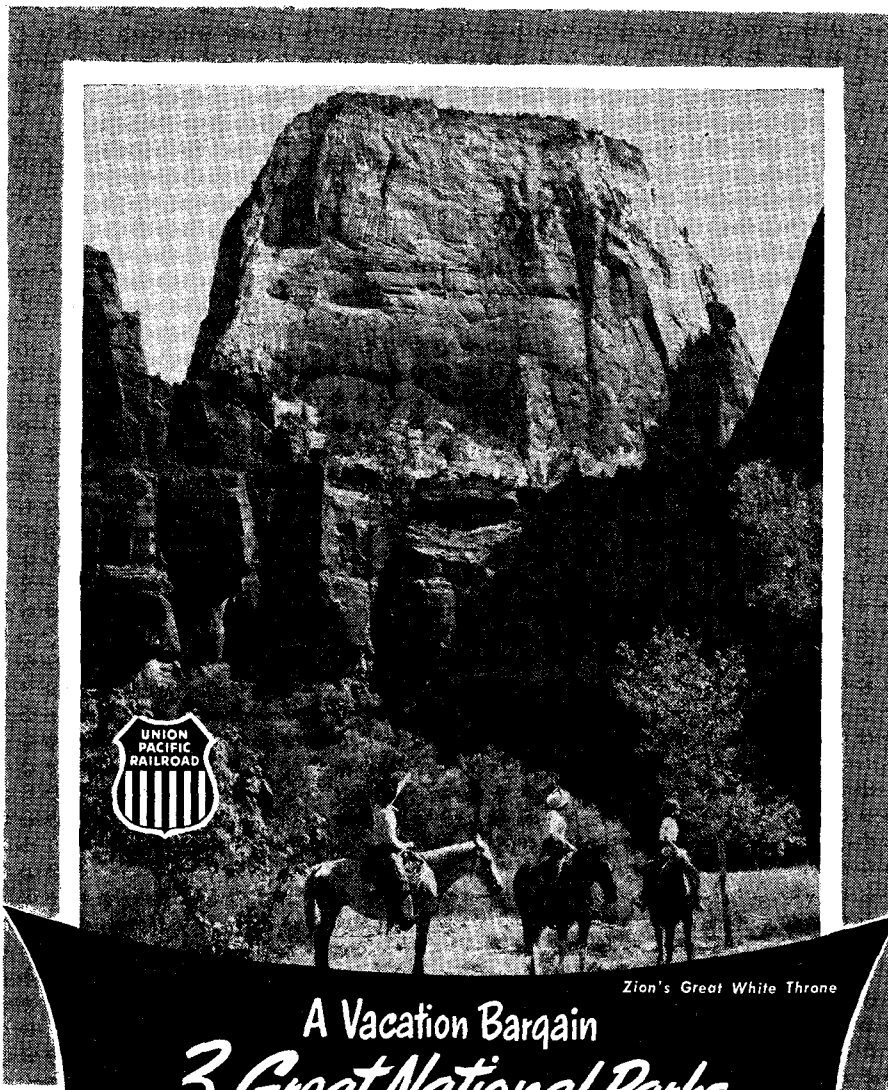
According to a conservative estimate, European plants could produce \$3 billion worth of military goods by the end of next year. Nevertheless, the Administration has had a hard time spending the \$625 million appropriated for offshore procurement of NATO goods in 1951-52.

The moving spirit in the effort to break the roadblock is William H. Draper, the hard-hitting new Mutual Security chief in Europe. With the \$1 billion in offshore purchase funds requested for next year, Draper hopes not only to advance the concept of unified NATO procurement, but also to induce European countries to ignore national boundaries in placing their own orders.

Transatlantic airways

One of the most fascinating reversals of position to take place in recent months is the sudden discovery by Pan American World Airways that direct competition is a fine thing and ought to be continued in Europe. Heretofore Pan Am and its champion in Congress, Senator Brewster, have always advocated the "chosen instrument," or single United States overseas airline.

Two years ago Pan Am purchased American Overseas Airlines despite cries of "monopoly" from its only competitor in Europe, Trans-World Airlines. The lobbies of all three airlines — Pan Am, TWA, and American — intrigued as only airline lobbies can, and there was talk at the time of crude threats employed by Pan Am against a member of the Civil Aeronautics Board.



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Be it comedy or crusade, if a film pleases Al Hine, he says so — and explains why. If it doesn't, he explains that, too. We think he does both extremely well. We suggest you read him in Holiday — now on the stands.

P. S. Also in the current Holiday are Emily Kimbrough, Ludwig Bemelmans, Clifton Fadiman, Joe McCarthy, Christopher LaFarge.

At any rate, a majority of the CAB opposed the purchase, but the President upset the decision — an action which resulted in the angry resignation of CAB Chairman Joseph J. O'Connell, Jr. In the process the President certificated TWA to two points it had not previously served, London and Frankfurt, and certificated Pan Am to Paris and Rome, where TWA had enjoyed a monopoly.

Now the certificates are up for renewal. TWA, in seeking permanent certificates, wants to retain entry to the London and Paris "gateways" but thinks Pan Am ought to be removed from Paris and Rome. Pan Am is satisfied with things just as they are. Though the battle between the lobbies has not erupted in public, the lobbies are still there.

Pan Am is probably right. There is no evidence that direct competition has hurt TWA; indeed, the CAB recently reduced TWA's transatlantic mail pay. Actually, there is considerable reason to believe that competition has put both lines on their toes in generating new traffic.

Waste in military procurement

It would be hard to find a more ingrown attitude than prevails in military purchasing. The resistance to change among officers in charge of setting specifications and buying the thousands of items the military needs is perhaps the largest factor in armed forces waste.

Two groups in Congress — the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee and the House Procurement Subcommittee — have been exposing some of the more flagrant instances of waste. Examples have ranged from an oversupply of oyster forks and two services paying widely differing sums for the same item to over-luxurious chairs and improper airfield construction.

Many of the criticisms have struck home, and the net effect unquestionably has been healthy. It is possible, however, to concentrate too much on the nickels and miss the dollars. The really big extravagances are not to be found, for example, in the discrepancies in the prices paid for shoes. A decision to change the design of a plane or tank when production is under way can cost hundreds of millions of dollars. One defense official

saved \$20 million simply by leveling off draft calls to provide for an even flow of men.

In fairness to procurement officers it also must be pointed out that they work under handicaps. They must accept the lowest bid but must favor small business; they must aid cities where there is unemployment but must spread contracts evenly; they must get the job done quickly but must avoid encouraging monopoly. Above all, they must be prepared to defend their actions at all times. Most of the restrictions they must observe were written into the law by Congress.

At the root of the waste is the fact that each service has a long tradition of doing things its own way. Each service thinks, for example, that its own particular brand of medical supply is best. Moreover, the Army still has seven separate supply branches buying equipment. Each military department must unify itself before purchases can be fully standardized.

McNeil efficiency

Under the prodding of Assistant Secretary of Defense W. J. McNeil, the Munitions Board has reduced the number of catalogue items carried by the armed forces from 15 million to 1.5 million, and further reductions are being made. This is slow work, because there may be as many as 50 different listings for a single item, and different manufacturers have varying descriptions for the same part. Before duplicate listings can be eliminated, it is necessary to make tests to insure that the items in each instance are actually the same.

But there is some progress, as exemplified by the fact that a way has been found to manufacture at a cost of less than 1 cent a part going into aircraft engines that formerly cost \$2. Moreover, at Defense Department suggestion Congress wrote a provision into the military public works bill prohibiting extra payments for expediting construction. This has been a big factor in inducing the services to set realistic deadlines on construction projects. The real elimination of waste will come through a combination of constant prodding plus consistency in policy decisions.

LeMay to the Pentagon

General Curtis E. LeMay, the cigar-chewing and bombastic former boss

of the Strategic Air Forces, is being groomed as the next Air Force Chief of Staff. The reappointment of General Hoyt S. Vandenberg for a 14-month term was portrayed as a courtesy to permit General Vandenberg to complete thirty years of service prior to retirement. Actually, it also serves to put LeMay under the close scrutiny of Secretary Finletter in a job of wider responsibility. LeMay has been brought from Omaha to Washington as Vice Chief of Staff.

The question Air Force critics are asking is whether LeMay can change his spots. The stocky 45-year-old general, affable enough to his friends but brusque in public, has a unique reputation for single-mindedness.

Virtually his entire experience has been with big bombers; during the war he directed Flying Fortress missions in Europe and later, from Guam, presided over the B-29 raids on Japan as Chief of Staff of the Army Strategic Air Forces. As head of the Strategic Air Command since 1948, he has championed a strong strategic bombing force almost to the exclusion of other types of warfare and has been the foremost advocate of the awkward and controversial B-36 intercontinental bomber.

But strategic bombing, though still America's Sunday punch, has lost some of its glitter. For one reason, there is some cause to believe that it was the braggadocio of LeMay and other long-range bombing spokesmen that led indirectly to the development of the Russian MIG-15. This fast interceptor, primarily defensive, would make very difficult a daytime strike against Russia by the B-36 or any other bomber now in quantity production. Indeed, the experience with the MIG-15 over Korea shows that it would be extremely costly, if not impossible, to carry out a MacArthur-type bombing program against Communist China, even if that were desirable.

Secretary Finletter, though he respects the need for a strategic striking arm, does not shout about it from the housetops. Despite personal differences with General Vandenberg, Finletter in recent months has leaned toward the more balanced views Vandenberg represents. LeMay remains Finletter's choice for Chief of Staff. The intent of his transfer to Wash-



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ington is to help him place strategic bombing in perspective with the tactical and defense duties of the Air Force.

Mood of the Capital

President Truman's decision not to run for re-election, while enhancing his stature, threw the Democratic Party into chaos. Not since 1932 has there been an open field for Democratic candidates. Even Mr. Truman's close associates had no foreknowledge of his decision, and the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner was so logical a spot for the announcement that the possibility had been discounted. The predominant reaction of jubilation almost overshadowed the chagrin over the obviously forced resignation of Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson.

Senator Kefauver, as the first announced Democratic candidate, received the immediate benefit; but Kefauver is unpopular with the politicians. The very reluctance of the President's personal nominee, Governor Stevenson of Illinois, seems to make him more attractive, and there is talk of capitalizing on Southern support for Senator Russell of Georgia by teaming him with Stevenson. The real choice will depend on whether the Democrats think they are picking a candidate to throw to the wolves or one who has a chance—in other words, on whether the Republicans nominate Eisenhower. Since the Democrats meet two weeks after the G.O.P. convention, they will wait to see what the Republicans do.

The most significant thing about the galloping Eisenhower boom is that the professional politicians have begun to climb aboard. Eisenhower enthusiasts in the Capital were far more encouraged by the blizzard of write-in votes in Minnesota than by the clear Eisenhower victory over Senator Taft in New Hampshire.

The fact that 107,000 persons were willing to write in the name of a man not even on the ballot is proof of an enormous popular groundswell. There has not been such a display of spontaneous popular acclaim since the nomination of Wendell Willkie in 1940. The Willkie boom, however, did not mature until the convention; Eisenhower will go into the convention with a demonstrated following that transcends party lines.

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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*



London

THE saying that "England always does best when ruled by a woman" is deep-rooted in the British mentality. And the fact that her name is Elizabeth has filled the newspapers with hopeful references to a "new Elizabethan Age." In addition, the new ruler possesses charm and dignity and a compelling sincerity of utterance and has a happy family life — an asset of great value to a woman who must serve as an archetype for a nation.

On the thin extreme fringes of British society qualms have been expressed about her, mainly in regard to the supposed influence that her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, exerts upon her. The Communist *Daily Worker* recalled that he is a scion of the Greek Royal Family and hinted that therefore Elizabeth might be prevailed on to exercise reactionary influence in British politics.

At the other end of the scale, some high Tories claim to know that Philip idolizes his heroic uncle, Admiral Earl Mountbatten, and will be moved by that "socialist nobleman" (he served the late Labor Government as the administrative instrument who severed the ties of India and Pakistan to the empire and constituted them Republican Commonwealths) to steer the nation leftwards.

These two opposing views are held by only a few and are based solely on the vague evidence of family connections. Of direct evidence from the Duke's past behavior all that can be said is that his public speeches, written by himself, have shown an unusually modern and virile intellect unlikely to be infected with archaic dreams of restoring royal decision on controversial political questions.

In any case, Britain's present politicians of all parties seem too deeply respectful of the constitution to countenance royal intervention against opponents even if it should be attempted.

Horatius at the Bridge

The winter that was climaxed by the royal tragedy was begun by Winston Churchill's victory in the elections and his return to power under conditions which suggest that History intends to test the old warrior's claim to greatness down to the

final moment of his public life. It might have been supposed that the man who led his country, without allies, against the bulk of Western Europe organized under Hitler's great war machine had passed the most strenuous period of his career. But the deterioration last year in every aspect of Britain's position has placed before him a crisis perhaps less starkly dramatic than that of 1940 but equally grave.

Shortly after the inventories of national resources were opened to Churchill's newly chosen Cabinet, his ministers had to announce that national stocks of food and fuel for industry were lower than at any other time during or since the war. Steel production was falling, they reckoned, at a rate which would leave a large deficit under what was needed to maintain present levels of production in dependent industries and to sustain full employment of workers.

Britain was failing to pay for essential imports with her current earnings by a frighteningly increasing amount, and was having to ship out treasury reserves of gold and dollars to cover the gap.

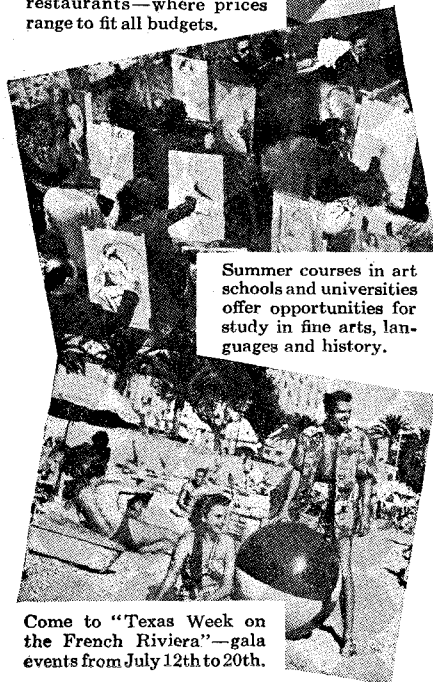
In the last three months of 1951, the deficit in payments to the world was nearly a billion dollars — the greatest trading deficit for any quarter-year in the island's history. At that rate of exhaustion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Richard A. Butler, told the nation in January, the reserves would last only eight months more. After that Britain would face "national bankruptcy, idleness and hunger." The *London Times* called it "our gravest crisis ever."

The economic crisis at home threatened to undermine Britain's already shaky world position. The drainage of her monetary reserves — which are also the reserves she keeps for all her partners in the sterling area to draw upon — was a menace to that last important material link of Commonwealth. For Commonwealth countries would be forced to find another "bank" for their national funds if that of the motherland went broke.

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Iran, which had ousted British oil interests in the last months of the Labor administration of Britain, now flamboyantly rejected the new ambassador that Churchill sent to the country and ordained the closing of all Britain's nine consulates there.

Egypt, following her abrogation of her two treaties with Britain (one permitting British troops to garrison the Suez Canal zone, and the other maintaining a British-Egyptian condominium over the vast Sudan to the south; Egypt demands sole possession of the Sudan), suborned a devastating guerrilla war against the British in the Canal zone.

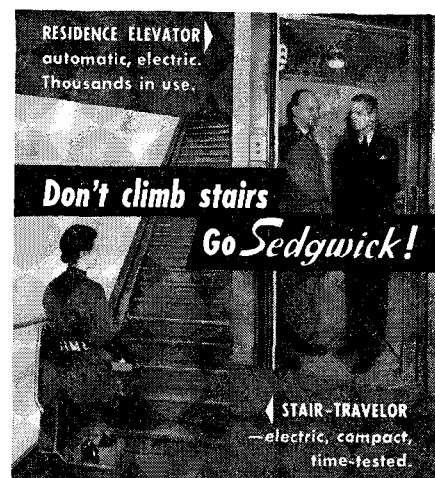
From Malaya, Churchill's minister for the Colonies returned after a tour of inspection to report that the Communist guerrilla war, which has been smoldering there for three and a half years, has grown critical and is spreading in scope and intensifying in violence.

The necessity of sending large reinforcements to some of these trouble areas overextended Britain's already strained resources, and in his first statement to the newly elected Commons, the Prime Minister was forced to acknowledge that the country would not be able to fulfill its defense commitment for the present year to the West European plan of the Atlantic Pact.

As if the problems in themselves were not great enough, Churchill's parliamentary basis for acting to resolve them was shaky in the extreme. The election had given him a tiny majority in the Commons which bared him to the threat of overthrow at any time on a snap vote. And it gave his opponents, the Labor Party, the larger popular vote, which in British constitutional practice makes it "not cricket" to introduce some of the highly controversial measures Churchill would have liked to put forward to meet the situation.

Can Churchill do it again?

It is still too early to estimate Churchill's long-term chances of sustaining his role as the nation's savior. But it can be said that in his first months of power there have been more favorable turns than unfavorable ones. The most important immediate danger—the widely predicted winter fuel breakdown due to



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the unprecedented lowness of coal stocks — did not happen. Surprisingly, the most anti-Tory section of Britain, the coal miners, gave up their Saturdays throughout the winter and produced enough coal not only to avoid an industrial breakdown, but also to increase stocks.

On his visit to America, Churchill won the grant of a million tons of American steel, which just about covers the expected deficit in that basic commodity and removes the threat, at least for the current year, of a large drop in dependent production and a rise in unemployment.

In a series of three bold steps, ending with the budget, Chancellor of the Exchequer Butler cut British buying abroad and took measures to stimulate British sales in foreign countries in order to reduce the drain on treasury reserves.

Also, he presided over a conference of all Commonwealth finance ministers in London and apparently succeeded in inducing the other members of the sterling area to take like steps to reduce their drawings on the reserves.

The result was that the trade figures for the first quarter of 1952 were much improved. The gap between payments and earnings still exists, and it is still large, but it is much smaller than last autumn.

Meanwhile there were improvements in at least two of the trouble points abroad. In Malaya, wholesale administrative changes were made and a new strategy adopted: paratroops were for the first time dropped, and with apparent success, into the hitherto inaccessible heart of guerrilla strongholds. In Egypt, shocked by the excesses of his own people in the Cairo riots, King Farouk changed prime ministers and negotiations with Britain were reopened.

Bevan vs. Attlee

Many of these improvements are windfalls for the new Government. The one clear-cut purely personal triumph for Churchill has been his handling of his own domestic political situation in Parliament, where his mastery has proved unaffected by age. Churchill's Labor Opposition not only enjoys greater support in the nation than the Tories; its popular

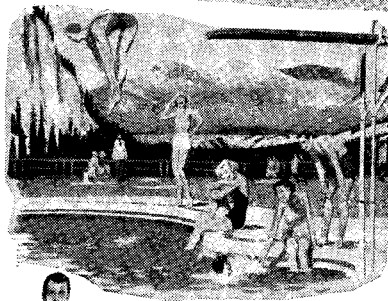


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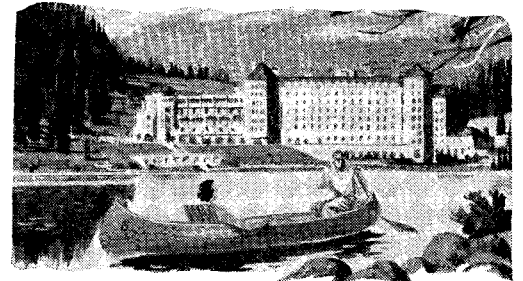


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support is growing. But Labor suffers from a split between the followers of former Prime Minister Attlee, who would like to turn the party away from socialism into mere liberal reformism, and those of Aneurin Bevan, who would like to steer more abruptly leftwards to pure socialism.

In terms of legislation the Attlees favor indefinitely "consolidating" their socialist measures of the past, while the Bevanites want to "advance" and bring the bulk of British industry under public ownership. Attlee wants a program which will woo the middle classes, whereas Bevan's program would appeal only to the militancy of the workers.

Despite their differences, both Labor leaders are doing their utmost to avoid an open split. For if they hold together, a return of Labor to power is inevitable when Churchill has run his term. But if they fall out, either resulting faction would be too small to win an election, and a return of Labor to power would be virtually ruled out. It has been the main strategy of Churchill to force the split into the open.

In his first statement to the Commons at the beginning of winter, Churchill announced that Britain could not fulfill her arms program for the coming year. The arms program had been prepared by the Attlee Government; Bevan had resigned from the Cabinet because he felt the program was too grandiose. So with a glee unbecoming such ill tidings, Churchill, after his announcement, looked over Attlee's head to Bevan on the back Opposition benches and formally pronounced that "the right honorable gentleman was right," thereby discomfiting the moderate Labor leaders and stoking the fires of Bevanism.

One reason why there was so little public outcry against Chancellor Butler's measures to cut the standard of living in order to make Britain pay her way in the world was that Churchill applied the same strategy. His party was able to justify each reduction by precedents set by the moderate Labor leaders in the last months of their power.

For example, Butler was able to require payment for many of the

once-free health services because Labor's Chancellor Gaitskell had first introduced charges for a few of the services in 1951. Since another ground for Bevan's departure from the Labor Cabinet was just that — namely, that Gaitskell was offering precedents for the Tories to "destroy the Welfare State" — Churchill by his new cuts once again made Bevan a prophet and deepened the ill-feeling between him and the Attlees.

Churchill scores

Churchill's big coup was forced on him by the Laborites themselves. During his visit to Washington, Churchill had said in his speech to Congress that Britain was agreed to "prompt, resolute and effective" action should an eventual Korean truce be broken. Laborites interpreted this to mean that he had secretly agreed to a bombing of the Chinese mainland, which they said was a radical reversal of Britain's policy of not permitting the conflict to spread beyond Korea.

Attlee and Morrison, the moderate Labor leaders, would have preferred not to make too much of the issue. But "Bevanism" was running high in the party; and to stay on top of their leftwards-swinging party, Attlee and Morrison had to agree with Bevan to introduce in the Commons a motion of personal censure against the Prime Minister for his words in Washington.

When in the Commons debate the Opposition attack had reached its peak, Churchill arose, with that twinkle in his eyes that always presages misfortune for opponents, to announce that in his talks in Washington he had gone no further than "the late Government" did. And he pulled out of Cabinet papers a hitherto secret agreement between the Attlee Government and America giving Britain's consent to America's bombing of the Chinese mainland should Chinese bombers attack in great force from there — doing, in other words, what the same Labor leaders were now censuring him for allegedly doing.

The debate ended in furor. Attlee and Morrison embarrassedly accused Churchill of unconstitutional practice in revealing the contents of Cabinet papers. At this indication of duplicity on the part of the moderate Laborites, Bevan's prestige soared by

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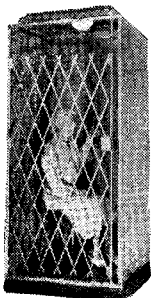
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contrast, and the strain within the party increased.

While Labor's internal fissure was still raw from this incident, Churchill cagily called a parliamentary debate on defense — the focal issue of Labor's internal differences. The results he no doubt desired were achieved. On the day of the debate the Labor leaders fulfilled their function of Opposition by introducing a motion accepting the arms program but declaring no confidence in the Tory Government's ability to carry it out.

The Bevanites had no choice but to refuse to join the rest of their party in supporting a motion which in effect gave Labor's blessing to the arms program. Fifty-seven of Labor's nearly 300 members parted company with Attlee and supported Bevan on the issue.

Disciplining the rebels

Subsequently Attlee in his turn had no choice but to apply disciplinary measures if the party was to remain a unit of Parliament. In a series of bitter private meetings Labor parliamentarians finally voted to restore "standing orders" of the party, which oblige all Labor members to vote as the majority of them decide.

Even this, however, does not seal the split, thanks to a one-word loophole: recalcitrant members are not to be expelled unless they "persistently" flout the majority decision.

The Bevanites hope that this elastic condition will give them time to proselytize and to grow into the majority which makes the decisions for the whole party before expulsion eventuates. This prospect is not as improbable as it might seem. An early spring Gallup poll of the Labor Party's rank and file claimed that where only 25 per cent supported Bevan last October, 32 per cent favored him in March. Forty-three per cent agreed with his basic tenet that "the Russian military menace is exaggerated" and that therefore the arms program is not urgent.

It is impossible to forecast the outcome of all this at the present time. The only thing that seems certain is that Labor will not provoke Winston Churchill to personal combat on the floor of the House of Commons again without much greater circumspection.



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“THE CLERICAL CHALLENGE TO THE SCHOOLS”

SIR:

May I congratulate you upon the publication of Agnes E. Meyer's article, "The Clerical Challenge to the Schools" (March *Atlantic*). And may I also state that from a careful study of the operations of released time programs in public schools, I can testify that Mrs. Meyer has not exaggerated their disturbing effects upon the schools.

One of the most significant statements in the article occurs near its conclusion, when Mrs. Meyer points out that "the Churches will only weaken themselves if they use the school as a policeman and teach the children to associate religious instruction with the school rather than the church." There is an obvious and necessary division of labor between the Churches and the public schools. The latter are the representatives of the community as a whole, not of one segment of it. Consequently, in the realm of moral and spiritual values, their concern should be with values that are cherished by the community as a whole. These common values are strengthened rather than weakened when envisaged as independent of theological dogma and sectarian doctrine. To insist that religious instruction be made an inseparable part of the school program — either inside the school or outside, but in coöperation with the school — both detracts from the school's unique function in educating for common values and encourages it to shift its responsibility to the church. On the other hand, for the Churches to make of the schools recruiting agencies for religious instruction merely postpones needed reform in religious education.

Surely the Churches face a barren future if they are unable to attract children as well as adults through the inherent vitality of their educational message and without resort to external compulsion.

V. T. THAYER
Arlington, Va.

SIR:

Mrs. Meyer says, "Our American schools . . . were founded by the Churches." That is where they belong — under the supervision of the Churches. I very much doubt (since he had never known any) that Jefferson ever visualized state-controlled, secularized schools when he spoke of the "wall of separation between Church and State." If your objective is to destroy all religions, then this is the first step — force all children to attend state schools and force out of existence all private and religious schools. The Communists know and use this fact.

You cannot on Sunday teach a child that God and eternity are the center and end of existence and on Monday deny or ignore the existence of such a Being without ending up with a thoroughly confused child or one with divided loyalties. And there is no question that released time is not much better, since morality and the eternal viewpoint are still not integrated with each level of experience as they must be if they are to be a vital part of living. However, if the parents want it, it should be their right, since the school is an extension of their function as the natural educators of their children.

But if parents are to be truly free to send their children to schools of

their choosing, then it is not just to force them economically into a state school. This is what is actually being done when Catholic parents are required to pay equal taxes and in addition support their chosen school. To them state schools are materialistic and irreligious if not downright atheistic, and yet they must support them. In strict justice the government should support all schools or none.

Of course, the Catholic does not ask or expect this, but we do insist that, if further strictly material benefits such as school buses, hot lunches, free textbooks, and so forth, are to be provided out of *our* taxes, then our children as equal citizens should also benefit.

MARGARET W. ASPREY
Los Alamos, N. M.

SIR:

Mrs. Meyer shows that no one Church has a monopoly of political activity. She makes a good case for Jefferson's tenets, and only once — indirectly, and perhaps too delicately — approaches an important aspect of the question which possibly both Catholic and Protestant clergy have overlooked. In one community at least, the released time program brought Jewish children involuntarily into the limelight, making them for the first time conscious of differences which help form prejudice and lead to segregation.

ROBERT WITHINGTON
Northampton, Mass.

SIR:

From Mrs. Meyer's statement, "Whenever a human being strives up-

ward toward self-development, goodness, and concern for others, there the divine will is active," it is obvious that she holds the modern idea that man can do it all by himself.

Again, toward the close, she says that "the Churches should long ago have discarded their outworn authoritarian verbalism for educational methods based on experience such as our schools have developed." Two points arise here. First, who is she to pass judgment, this type of judgment, on Churches that have lasted over nineteen hundred years? Secondly, isn't this statement an echo of half-baked pragmatism, seen in her use of the word experience? Is she plugging John Dewey for the Churches or honestly sticking to her attempted point?

As a last point, have the supporters of the McCollum decision ever realized that by outlawing any form of revealed religion from being taught, the Court has failed in its objective of freeing the schools from religion? It is into this vacuum left in the public schools that another religion, secularism, comes.

DONN MEDD GAEBELEIN
Chattanooga, Tenn.

SIR:

I rejoice that the *Atlantic Monthly* has granted so just a hearing to Agnes Meyer for her support of the right to religious liberty in the United States with its constitutional guarantees. Challengers are calling now for the overthrow of that creative and vital break with historic religious bigotries and cruelties. Agnes Meyer counters with the appeal to reason and humanness. Her clear and comprehensive presentation of the case for religious liberty as the established principle of American government will surely convince every man and woman who respects intelligence and abhors tyranny over mind and manners.

I congratulate both Mrs. Meyer and the *Atlantic Monthly* for defining the issue so realistically for the American people.

MARY R. BEARD
Tucson, Ariz.

The *Atlantic* regrets that, for lack of space, we are unable to publish in this number some of the other searching comments on Mrs. Meyer's article. The controversy will be continued in the June issue. — THE EDITOR.

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Christianity began with the coming of Christ — not with the writing of the Bible. And Christ had established His Church... which St. Paul called "the pillar and mainstay of the truth"... long before any of the books of the New Testament had been written. The Savior did not command us to read anything, but He did command us to hear His Church.

This does not mean, of course, that the Bible is not extremely valuable. It does mean, though, that the Bible is not... and was not intended to be... the sole source of Christian teaching and belief. The Church had existed 1600 years, in fact, before the theory was advanced that the Bible should be the *sole* guide to Christian believers.

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present form. And it was 1400 years before printing was invented and the mass distribution of the Scriptures became possible. If Christ had intended the Bible to be the sole guide to His teaching, would He have allowed this delay — permitting millions of people to die in ignorance of the printed Word?

The answer is, of course, that Christ established His Church to carry on His mission and spread His teaching. And while the Bible is the inspired Word of God, there are certain truths taught and exemplified by Christ which it does not record... which will be found in the life, practice and teaching of Christ's Church — traditions dating back to the days of the Apostles and ante-dating the printing of the Bible.



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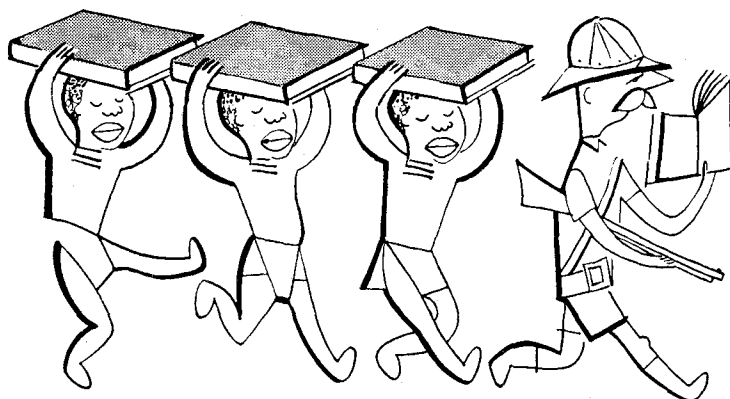
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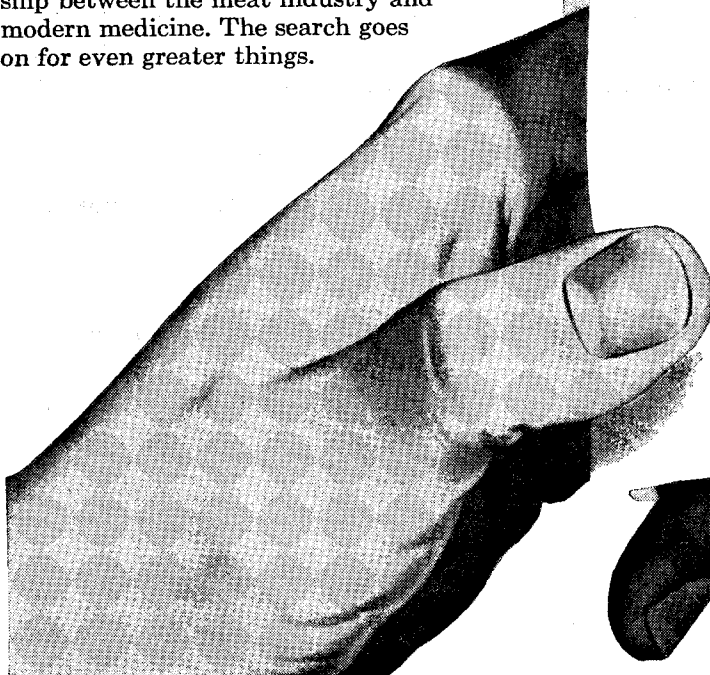
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THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

THE more the Soviet Union becomes the villain on the world stage, the more we tend to be sweeping in blaming “the Russians,” without going much beyond the fact that they are a perplexing nation which is obviously composed of oppressors as well as oppressed. We don’t expect a Chinese to act like anything other than a Chinese. But the Russian, who has great charm when he is frankly Russian, is at his worst when he is trying to be European. One is always caught off guard by the illusion that he is a Westerner, and rather unreasonably resentful when he fails to act consistently like one.

The only prudent rule to follow, and one which constitutes a great stride towards understanding, is never to expect a Russian to act as we would act under similar circumstances, for he is influenced by different values than we, or at least applies different weights to such values as we hold in common. Things that seem important to us, or which we are in the habit of assuming or expecting, do not have the same importance for Russians, and their habits have formed in other channels.

Take the case of Lenin’s tomb. It is difficult to imagine Franklin Roosevelt, or even the less controversial Queen Victoria, lying in pomp for a generation under glass, all but breathing, like the Sleeping Beauty, while great queues of people stand patiently in line in storm and snow and sun hour after

hour through the years to witness. The values involved in deciding to put Lenin on permanent display are bold, dramatic, and moving, and they are certainly not European.

When I saw the state funeral of Zhdanov, the only member of the Politburo to die in recent years, I caught a glimpse of darker values. It was on a showery September afternoon, with heavy, tumbled, dark blue clouds and little intervals of pale, cold sunshine. The broad street outside the Home of the Soviets, where Zhdanov’s body had been lying, was such a great mass of flowers and wreaths that the people carrying them could scarcely be seen. At last, well beyond the scheduled time, the bands began the slow, sad, majestic Chopin music; a gigantic portrait of Zhdanov started down the street, followed by a train of Marshals carrying Zhdanov’s decorations in their hands; and the crowded heaps of flowers and wreaths began to move behind them like a forest. After them came four men carrying the scarlet coffin’s lid, and then, half propped up in the red coffin, riding on a gun caisson, the body. Its face was deathly pale, yellowish-waxy, and so startlingly different from all the thousands of other faces that it was easy to pick it out as far as the cortege, following the Birnam Wood of green wreaths and flowers, could be seen. It was Death itself — the Great Doom’s image.

As always in Russia, there were many strange

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rumors surrounding Zhdanov's death, centering in the possibility of an unseen struggle for power on the part of a man who had perhaps begun to build up a following. As I left the balconies of the Embassy, it came to my mind that in the days of the False Dmitri and the Time of Troubles, there were so many impostors and false claimants to power that the bones of the real Dmitri were carried publicly through the streets to convince the people that he was dead. The impostor, or self-proclaimed, has always flourished in Russia as in no other land. There have been literally scores of enigmatic claimants to the throne, many of whom, perhaps with good reason, were completely convinced of their high origin. Although the reasons why the impostor should be so compatible with Russia are curious, and his involved story sheds light on the depths of Russian personality, it is enough to note that rather positive steps have been taken to convince the people that such figures as Lenin and Zhdanov are permanently in their last resting places.

There is a Russian proverb which says, "The soul of a stranger is darkness." The Russians are stranger and more alien to us than any European people; they are full of dualities and contradictions, and with a natural talent and affinity for what seems to us to be deviousness and cunning, but which to them seems something quite different, carrying no opprobrium. There are many barriers to understanding this gifted people, and more of them today than ever before are deliberately fostered by the rulers of Russia. One way of going about the problem is by a consideration of origins.

Although the ethnographic complexities of the country are enormous and there are many Russias which can be separated only in vague and overlapping ways, the unifying force, the governing power, the predominant culture and language, is that of the Great Russians, and it is generally they whom we mean when we speak of Russians. The north-central part of European Russia is their homeland, but they are everywhere throughout the vast areas in varying numbers.

The origins of the Great Russians are obscure, and have long been a subject for debate. Sarmatians, Scythians, Khazars, Huns, Goths, Vikings, Bulgars, Finns, and wave after wave of Asiatics must have left their mark. Although the familiar Russian proverb says "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," it is very annoying to most Russians to suggest that they are Asiatics rather than Europeans. Few Englishmen question the profound effects of the Norman invasion on the English character, and there is no valid reason why Russians should question the imprint of Asia, culminating in three hundred comparatively recent years of Tartar rule and occupation. Russians are much closer than Europeans to the great Asiatic life sources, in time as well as in space. Their reac-

tion is probably due to the fact that the Russians themselves, including Lenin, have long used "Asiatic poverty" as a common phrase to describe former Russian conditions, and to them "Asiatic" has associations with something lower-class, deplorable, and reactionary. Since it is equally annoying to true Asiatics to have the Russians included in their midst, it should be noted that whatever there is of Asia in the Russian heritage is localized, coming from north-central Asia and the Mongolian steppes, and it includes much that is appealing, fine, colorful, and far from derogatory.

Evidences of Asia are common in Russia, from the camels of the lower Volga (the terminus of the great camel caravans, before and even after the coming of the railroads, was at Nizhni Novgorod, only some 200 miles from Moscow) to definite characteristics of appearance, architecture, language, and dress. It is only to be expected that their folklore, their native dances, and their music should be colored by Asiatic influences. The intriguing and devious side of the Russian nature, its love of proverbs, its respect for and love of office, its lavishness, its fondness for jewels, gold, and horses, and its subtle and complex attitude towards woman all seem more Eastern than Western.

Secretiveness and suspicion, to an Oriental degree, play their part to make the scale of Russian values different from our own. This has been a Russian trait from Tartar days and before, and it was as marked under the Tsars as today. The Russian has a conspiratorial nature; and in spite of his deep patriotism, intrigues for power in high places have always flourished. It seems almost unnatural for him to take an associate unquestioningly at his face value, and often for good reason. This is natural and fertile soil for the police state, which, in one form or another, has always existed in Russia. The informer, too, is a familiar character. Often forced into his shadowy activities, he pervades all walks of life in Russia today and is a major instrument in maintaining the regime in power. Blackmail, spying, provocateurs, and the physical and moral pressures that are inseparable from the police state are old, old stories there. The revolutionary movements of Tsarist days were highly conspiratorial in nature and were spiced with a danger which has a special fascination for the Russian.

2

ALTHOUGH the Russians have their own peculiar pride and self-respect, they also have a tendency to self-abasement. The low bow is still often accompanied by the very Oriental gesture of a sweeping motion of the outstretched arm to the floor, with two fingers extended. Even more extreme, but seen occasionally, is the gesture of *bit chelom* — literally to beat one's head on the floor. It can be seen in the churches and in the theater in representations of

pre-Revolutionary life. And only recently in the American Embassy, when a valuable chandelier was dropped through the carelessness of servants, they promptly resorted to that ancient Eastern gesture of abject submission.

I remember the Easter services in the Roman Catholic Church in Moscow. It was gloomy, and a fine, cold rain — half rain and half sleet — was falling. Even the enclosure around the church was jammed with crowds of Russians, so that we could not drive to the entrance, but had to push our way through on foot. Two or three rows in front had been reserved, and we finally made our way there. One little old lady was on her knees in front, leaning patiently against the wall near the altar as if tired, covered with a great, open-knitted, white shawl tied around her throat. Every bit of space was packed with standing people.

The faces in the Russian congregation were wonderful to watch — shawled and kerchiefed women, and bearded, strong-faced men. One woman near by read continuously and devoutly from her prayer book, moving her lips slowly as she read. Another kissed her book throughout the service, never taking it from her lips, while others fingered their rosaries. The communion at the end was particularly affecting. Never before had I seen women kneel and place their foreheads on the floor in an Eastern gesture of submission, nor had I seen them come through the aisles to the altar on their knees. And when we finally went out through the rows of poor people at the door — it is not correct or proper to call them beggars — I felt soft lips on my hand. "Batyushka! Mama! Matoushka!" Gentle, musical, long-drawn-out Russian words that caught at one's throat.

This strong tendency towards self-abasement is important in understanding the attitude of the Soviet government towards "bowing down before foreigners." I have had enough firsthand experience of it to know that in spite of the long campaign of hatred and suspicion against the foreigner, many of these impulsive people give the foreigner even more than his due — they literally and figuratively bow down before him.

It is difficult to see how the present Soviet government, in its own interests of security and self-preservation with reference to its own people, could fail to attempt to check this exaggerated tendency. Inferiority complexes and lack of self-confidence may have something to do with it, but face-saving and its obverse, the putting up of a front, which are related to self-abasement, undoubtedly weigh higher in the scale of Russian values, as in Asiatic countries generally, than in the West.

The torrent of abuse that is heaped on America in the Soviet press and radio has in it something of the insincerity of bazaar bickering and revilement. One often hears Russians, apparently with no deep passion or bitterness, cursing each other in

a way that would lead to trouble in America or England, and Russians occasionally seem almost surprised that we are as offended as we are by the violence of their propaganda.

All foreigners are struck by the run-down appearance of even recent Soviet dwellings and their surroundings. Lack of materials and poor workmanship play their part, together with lack of personal responsibility for results, but one cannot escape the conclusion that the Russian nature is comparatively insensitive to neatness and order. No one repairs minor breakages, no one cleans away litter and trash; entrances and courts of pretentious buildings are often a sea of mud where only a little effort would be required to make noticeable and convenient improvements. The bones of the woven structure beneath modern Soviet stucco are often laid bare. The severe climate is frequently given as an excuse, but other countries with severe winters produce more serviceable products. The climate cannot account for the general inadequacy of the paving on the main highways, and even the unpaved roads in the little villages would not be quite the unbelievable morasses and traps they are if it were not for this natural trait of insensitive indifference to details which, in the West, would not be tolerated by personal and rudimentary civic pride.

The Asiatic squalor and poverty, against which so many nineteenth-century Russian writers spoke, is perhaps due more to this cast of mind than to perpetual shortages of materials and supplies. Eventually one comes to wonder if the perpetual shortages of Russia are not themselves largely due to this same cause. Even when not aggravated by shiftlessness, there is some sort of difference in Russian standards which we can only regard as a chronic deficiency. I have been in peasant houses in the country which were spotlessly clean within, with the soft wood worn away from continual scrubbing, yet the immediate surroundings outside were disorderly and dirty.

A universal complaint of all Western engineers who have had to supervise installations and construction in Russia is the lack of foresight and planning with which the work is carried out. The rigging and handling of heavy loads has pained nearly all of these Westerners. Cars and trucks are loaded without regard to clearances through which they must be moved, and there is a general hand-to-mouth attitude that we regard as slovenly. Valuable equipment is continually being damaged because of sheer disorder and bad handling rather than from any lack of understanding of its value or method of functioning. This is not always due to laziness, for the actual work to be done is often increased thereby.

On one overnight trip in 1948, I went to sleep under a luxurious, long-haired, thick blanket in as

comfortable a sleeping car as I have ever seen — made in Germany. Sure, Russia probably can make them, and perhaps does, but this one had German markings on all its specially designed plumbing, and undoubtedly came out of Germany and not out of the communist economy.

The next morning I woke late, just before we pulled into Minsk. We went very slowly past a wreck — four or five sleepers, including one at least like ours, lying on their sides, and propped with crutches at odd angles to keep them from rolling down the steep embankment. The roadbed seemed to have given way, for it looked loose and sandy and ragged, and there were no rails at all to be seen for part of the space under the wreck. It was obviously something that had just happened, from the position and condition of the cars.

"Good God! When did that happen?" I asked the porter.

"Long, long ago," he said, with a sly smile.

"War damage, no doubt," I said, with a hoot.

"Yes, of course. It happened during the war." And the porter walked off with an air of finality.

One marked trait of the Russians that undoubtedly affects their lack of tidiness is their Asiatic attitude towards time. They seem incapable of appreciating time in the same sense as we, and it seems to them less important. Vast numbers of Russians fill the railroad stations and air terminals, waiting for trains and airplanes with a patience and indifference that is unimaginable in the West. Sometimes they camp there for days. Travelers have pointed out that this Oriental indifference to time constituted a major problem for the present regime, adding plausibly that it is only in the present generation that the great mass of the people have become familiar with watches and clocks. The punishments for tardiness at work which we regard as fantastically savage, sometimes extending even to serious labor camp sentences, can best be explained as being regarded by the regime as necessary to educate the people out of their inherent ways. Both the Eastern time sense and the manifestations in the Russians of what we would call indifference and carelessness are indications that they tend naturally to place their own values on many things, and that those values are not the same as ours. They would say that they do not break their lives over trifles.

3

THE conditioning of history has obviously had much to do with making the Russians what they are. Many of their fine and admirable qualities seem to be the result of tempering through hardship and trial. Their long-suffering patience, their humility, and their genuine broad love for humanity, as well as their rebelliousness, are due in no small measure to an age-old need for social justice. Soviet Russia is very like what it professes to be in

that it is a nation of workers and peasants, and these characteristics have been impressed upon the masses of the people, who have always been ground between the millstones. Yet the "dictatorship of the proletariat" is a misleading phrase, for it is the Party alone that is master in Russia, and the people still stand in need of individual justice in terms of personal freedom.

Russia never experienced the Renaissance and the Reformation, which have largely determined the basic character of the Europe of today. She had no part in the Crusades, which reached their culmination at the precise time she went under the Tartar yoke, and she was under Tartar domination when chivalry was a formative factor in the West. Opposed to this negative experience, we find a positive factor in Russia's almost continuous exposure to wars and invasions. As a result the Russians consider their country another Belgium, a cockpit of Eurasia rather than of Europe, and a desirable prize for conquest in the eyes of other lands.

A unique aspect of major importance was serfdom. Some 20 million serfs, one third of the entire population at the time, were emancipated in 1861, so that there are countless Russians today whose grandparents were born to a condition of genuine slavery. The legal and economic problems which were involved in the abolition of serfdom were extremely complex and have never been completely solved. There is little doubt that serfdom and its later problems have left a strong imprint on the national character and conscience.

The Russians are so full of what seem to us to be dualities and contradictions that generalizations about them require definition and explanation beyond similar appraisals of peoples who are more familiar to us. One of these apparent contradictions lies in their genuine wide sympathy for downtrodden humanity, which exists side by side with a toughness and hardness that sometimes seems insensitive and callous. There are Asiatic tribesmen within the Soviet Union who are today as wild and savage as the hordes of Jenghis Khan, and Cossacks who are as capable of pogroms as their fathers under the Tsars. But by and large the Great Russians are distinguished by an emotional humanitarianism, varying widely, of course, with individuals.

This Russian humanitarianism came to a great flowering of expression in the nineteenth century. The liberal literature of that time set a high mark for the world which has perhaps never been surpassed, and it is still a great heritage of the Russian people. The broad sympathies of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Pushkin, and a host of other Russian writers whose names are less familiar in the West, are still those of the Russians of today. Except where it conflicts with ideology or sheds too unfavorable a light on the operating code of that ideology, as in much of Dostoevsky, that literature is still taught in Russian schools, and forms an

admirable part of the mental and ethical equipment of most Russians.

Sympathy for the downtrodden is natural to the Russian because he himself knows so well what it is to be downtrodden. His sometimes contrasting indifference stems partly from a feeling of helplessness in the face of the universality of suffering, and partly from the inherent differences between theory and practice which are not experienced by the Russians alone. It is noteworthy that the literature on Soviet prison life, written by people who have experienced it, so often stresses the impersonality of abuse when it occurs, and remarks on how rare it is that the enforcers of the system, unlike those in Germany, seem to take pleasure in cruelty or brutality. Brutality is more apt to take place because the system demands it. By and large, the Great Russians are a decent folk with a well-developed conscience which is generalized rather than personalized. Although they say that only people who are secure can be idealists, the Russians know what idealism is and value it in the abstract. In the interaction between their basically ethical character and the realities of their daily lives we see the contradiction of an almost mystical value placed on personal comradeship in a land where the resources for implementing such comradeship are pitifully lacking, and where, more often than not, to be comradely is dangerous.

We necessarily hear more about the millions of victims in the prison camps than about the countless Russians who have helped many of the victims in one way or another, usually at great risk to themselves. The condemned have always been regarded in Russia as unfortunates. In spite of all that Russia suffered at the hands of the Germans, there was no animus in the attitude of the Moscow crowds toward the long lines of prisoners passing through from Stalingrad.

The Russian nature runs to extremes, and sometimes extreme opposites are embodied in a single individual. Without perverting the truth, we may say that the Russian craves material things in a way that makes greed and oppression a perennial problem, and also that he is sympathetic and big-hearted, with a tremendous feeling for human equality. Above all, he is, in his way, an individualist, with a high degree of inner independence beneath the expediencies of surface conformity.

This individualism is seen in his attitude toward government and authority, for which he has no natural respect and affinity, but which he rather regards with something of the distrust, dislike, and native cunning shown by the hunted to the hunters. It was government and authority which imposed serfdom on him, and it was only in 1600, at the time of Boris Godunov, that serfdom became an institution which seriously interfered with the Russian tradition of freedom. Before that time the Tartars interfered little with that freedom, usually being

content to take their due in tribute, and no millennium followed either the abolition of serfdom or the coming of communism.

The Russian's inner independence is not much concerned with problems of social and political organization, but it is personalized and emotional. He has never known the sort of organized safeguards of the individual against government and authority which developed through the centuries in the Magna Carta, the Anglo-Saxon common law, and the American Bill of Rights, and his sort of freedom is comparatively more primitive. Unlike the disciplined Teuton, he has never accepted any authority which he instinctively distrusts — just because it was authority — and, with all his patience, he has a passionate and stormy nature.

The fondness that most Russians have for one of Lermontov's poems is an indication that it expresses something deep in their nature. No translation can carry the music of the Russian language, but it might be put in English like this: —

A lonely sail shows white and bleak
Against the misty blue of sea.
What far land's promise does it seek?
What left behind in native lea?

'Mid whistling wind and billows' might
Its bending mast inclines and creaks.
Alas! It flees not from delight,
Nor is it happiness it seeks.

Beneath, the bright waves azure swarm,
Above, the sun's soft golden fleece,
But he, rebellious, seeks the storm,
As if in tempests there were peace.

For more than a hundred years this expression has had a peculiar fascination for the Russian. It is often quoted in conversation and in literature, used as titles and themes of books, and known by heart by almost everyone.

This stormy and rebellious nature seems to be recognized by today's regime, which is well aware of the hundreds upon hundreds of uprisings that have taken place in the countryside throughout Russia's history. Today the individual Russian is remarkably free to blow off steam, provided only that he does not get political in so doing. One quiet night I was awakened by police whistles and a prolonged and unusual squealing of brakes in the big square between the Kremlin and the American chancery where I lived. Outside the windows was a light, drizzling fog which made the expanse of pavement slippery and gave a little Russian automobile driven by a Russian an opportunity for the time of its life. The car was alternately speeding up and braking to skid like a polo pony around the tall light posts with which the square was studded. The dreaded Russian police loomed through the drizzle, converging on foot from all directions, blowing their whistles and holding out their arms

as if they were trying to catch a chicken. At last the cavorting car came to a stop. I fully expected the hilarious driver to be visited with some terrible retribution, but after a long conversation the police dispersed and the man drove quietly away, alone.

Again and again I have seen individual Russians create disturbances which have been handled more gently and tolerantly by the dreaded MVD than similar disturbances would have been handled by the police of New York or Chicago. I have seen them argue by the hour with a drunk, only to let him go. More important, I believe that there are many of these individualistic, suspicious, stormy people, with their strong ethical bias, who would not be responsive to a government which professed to be founded on authority, or even on force, nor to a government which appealed to self-interest rather than to ethical concepts.

The loyalty of large numbers of Russians to the regime seems capable of explanation only on the grounds that they believe in it, and that they consider their belief to be not a blind faith, but founded on rational science. There have been very many instances of innocent Russians who suffered under the regime but still retained their belief, thinking to the end that their own torment was due to the malfunctioning of a basically ethical and rational system.

4

THE Communist Party, which has been deliberately limited to 2 per cent or less of the population, has captured Russia and holds it to this day by force in much the same way as an occupying force holds a territory after a war. We regard the Red Revolution as having ended successfully about 1922, but the Soviets consider that it is still in process, even in Russia. A Soviet citizen is taught that he must continue to struggle for the Revolution in his daily life, in an even more real sense than we must continue to struggle for our freedoms, for the Revolution is still very far from being as well consolidated anywhere as is the capitalistic system. To this day every bridge, canal lock, and important junction in all the Russias is guarded day and night by sentries with fixed bayonets and live ammunition. This is not to say that there is not considerable popular and non-Party support for the regime, but is to keep in proper proportion the fact that the Soviet Union as a state and as a world power is identical with the Communist Party of Bolsheviks and not with the peoples of the Russias or the Russias of the Tsars.

At the end of a protracted discussion of the suppression of academic, nonpolitical freedom of thought in Soviet Russia, a Russian who was by no means a Party member once told me: "At last I see what is bothering you. You do not realize that we are a new nation, and not yet as secure as the older

ones. You do not realize that now overriding priority in everything must be given to the safety and future well-being of the Party to which we are indebted for our present freedom. Why should any one of us accept the benefits of the state — housing, heat, light, paper, any sort of income — and use those benefits in any way that might not contribute directly and positively to the strength of the Party?"

The Soviet state may be intolerant because it is basically Russian, but it is not intolerant for the sake of intolerance. All the controversies in the Soviet world of arts and sciences are rooted in a fear that if they are not settled as they are, the state may eventually be undermined thereby. The Soviets pride themselves on being the first completely rational and "scientific" civilization that the world has seen, and it is a civilization that is deliberately based on a naïve and positive materialism which has nothing to do with the scientific spirit. All other values are denied, and they are denied because they cannot be clearly proved by materialistic concepts. If the West would take the content of Soviet controversies seriously instead of deriding them, instead of regarding them merely as arbitrary demonstrations of state interference with academic freedom; if it would refute them point by point, the truth would spread that the basic communist philosophy as well as its practical implementation is not "scientific."

The Soviet leaders are not reckless gamblers, nor are they adventurers like those who surrounded Adolf Hitler. They are professional revolutionists and they know their business. As such they have a different background of experience and viewpoint from other leaders. The Party leaders really believe that Wall Street and monopolistic capital control the West. They consider this controlling element to be completely conscious and profoundly Machiavelian, and to be continually laying deep plans aimed not only at greater ill-gotten gains, but towards the defeat of communism. They know that there are other forces at work, but regard them as inherently weak and futile. Misrepresentation on a large scale is regarded as a desirable and necessary means to assist in the overthrow of their basically hostile enemy, capitalism. The extent to which they deceive themselves by such maneuvers is debatable. One often hears the statement that the Party leaders have begun to believe their own propaganda. I think that a more accurate statement would be that they have always believed in its general validity, but that its specific forms remain conscious distortions.

To the uncompromising and irreconcilable Soviets, no solution with the Western world is acceptable except on their own terms; and a military one, with all its hazards, is only one solution among many that are possible. Military conquest brings many problems in its wake, particularly for Russians, and the goal of a communist world controlled by a

single Party is not identical with world-wide expansion of the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, since the use of armed force does bring a solution and often a speedy one, the Western world in elementary prudence must make the military way as hazardous as possible for the Soviets. Steps to implement this prudence became urgent the moment we knew of the Soviet possession of atomic bombs.

Recent communist analyses deal with the thesis that one of the catastrophic economic crises whose periodic occurrences they consider as a fundamental law of capitalism is now active in the West, concealed only by the military buildup. To them the great danger to the Soviet Union lies in the assurance that the capitalist world, driven by the laws of its own nature, lacking expanding markets and faced with these recurring crises, will attack them when it can. There are ways of delaying and even of preventing such an attack, but they must always be prepared for it in case things go wrong. Their ideological reasons for expecting attack are reinforced by their historical experience, by their belief that their land and resources are desirable ends in themselves, by ample evidence of capitalist fear and hatred of communism, and perhaps by the vestiges of a guilty conscience.

The Soviet image of the United States is a distorted one, deliberately warped by their leaders, and yet the Russian people do not accept it without something akin to unvoiced questioning and doubt. They know that there is nothing in their press or radio, their books or theaters or other means of communication, which is not carefully controlled by their government, and which therefore exists for some purpose other than objective information. Moreover, their own memories and experiences tell them that much of what they read and hear is false. As for the rest of it, they neither believe nor disbelieve, but are agnostics. In the nature of things, the Russian knows that he does not know.

There is no more enthusiastic supporter of the regime than the youth who is just finishing his schooling. A Russian in his thirties once said to me: "You can have no idea of the brightness of the dream we had when we were young. It was a shining glory, a heaven on earth. You cannot possibly realize what it meant to come into a new world, where the brotherhood of man seemed really to exist." But when the youth takes his place as a responsible cog in the vast machinery of Russia he comes in contact with the seamy realities of Soviet life, and the dream soon tarnishes. He may still support the regime, but disillusionment often replaces the enthusiasm of youth.

Most Russians do not question the necessity or even the desirability of substituting propaganda for objective fact, but as they acquire experience and memories with the years, they realize more and more fully that this is done, and what it implies.

One result is that, lacking reliable news, all Russia lives on rumor and gossip, in spite of the dangers that are involved. Everything in Russia has its political and ideological aspects, and the more rumor and gossip are concerned with those aspects, the greater the danger.

The American image of Russia is not clearly formed, but wavering and blurred. It is not enough, in peace or war, to declare that we are friends of the Russian people but not of their masters, for every Russian knows enough about propaganda to expect just that. He is first of all a Russian, and therefore wary and suspicious as a fish in an overfished stream. If war should come and our assurances are not backed up by some measure of genuine and sympathetic understanding, as distinct from merely using the Russian for our own ends, he will be apt to prefer the Russian devil he knows to the foreign one he neither knows nor understands.

The struggle with the Western world is inherent in communism, and not in the classic relations between Great Powers. However much Soviet communism may be tinged by peculiarly Russian characteristics, neither the Russian people nor their nationalism can be held responsible for the end product. The people have no voice at all in their government, and the net result is that the Russian individual today, as in the past, is a victim of Russian institutions. The Iron Curtain is deliberately used to lessen or destroy his awareness of that fact.

I do not believe that the Russians are responsible as a people for either communism or the present difficult world situation. I am satisfied that our best and probably only chance of keeping a war from being fantastically expensive, protracted, and indecisive in the end will be the genuine possibility of getting a large part of the Russian people on our side. There is much to support this viewpoint, notably the experience of the German armies in the Ukraine, where they were at first met with open arms by the civilian population and hundreds of thousands of military deserters. It is consistent with what nearly all defectors tell us. Many informed people believe strongly that the Germans could have won their war if they had not lost their golden opportunity because of a lack of sympathetic understanding of the Russian people.

The circumstances surrounding our own problem will not be the same, but nevertheless we also will surely lose our opportunity if we do not develop a deeper understanding than was required of the Germans. The more understanding one acquires of the Russian people, the more one realizes that in spite of the darker side of their dualities and contradictions, they not only cannot be held responsible for the acts and policies of the regime, but are capable of far better things and deserve a far better lot than they have today.

(In the June Atlantic, Admiral Stevens will discuss the Doctrine which the Kremlin has enforced.)



In the article which follows, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., National Vice Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, raises a question which has been troubling many independent voters: Is Senator Taft an isolationist? Mr. Schlesinger, an Associate Professor of History at Harvard, is an Ohioan who grew up in an academic family which migrated from Ohio State University to the University of Iowa and finally to Harvard. His book, The Age of Jackson, which appeared after his return from the Army, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in American History for 1945. In 1949 he authored a credo for liberals in The Vital Center.

THE NEW ISOLATIONISM

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

I

EARLY this year, when new crisis seemed to impend in Asia, the American people were exposed to an edifying exercise in the discussion of foreign policy. As Chinese troops massed on the Indo-Chinese border, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio spoke before a Lincoln Day banquet in Seattle, Washington. Barely mentioning the first Republican President, in whose honor the banquet was given, Taft addressed himself to the Far Eastern crisis. "Now that a Communist assault in southeast Asia is on the horizon," he said, "it should be clear to our government that the only chance to stop it is by a Chinese Nationalist invasion of Communist-held territory. An invasion, well organized, might snowball rapidly." He went on to express his disdain for the Joint Chiefs of Staff and to announce his intention, after January 20, 1953, of placing General Douglas MacArthur in a position of high, if unspecified, military authority.

The next day, at Portland, Oregon, the Senator both strengthened and weakened his China policy. It was "the most idiotic thing in the world not to use the Nationalist troops," he said, adding anticlimactically, "at least for diversionary purposes." By this time Taft's grand strategy had begun to alarm certain fellow Republicans. Governor Warren of California demurred, and Senator Morse of Oregon flatly denounced "the ugly proposal on the part of this growing war clique in the United States that we commit an act which constitutes for the first time in American history an aggressive act of war." In the next few days, Senator Taft retreated behind a barrage of explanations. He hadn't meant an invasion of the Chinese mainland, he said; he had meant diversionary raids against the mainland and an invasion of such "Communist-held territory" as the island of Hainan (from which

the invasion would presumably "snowball rapidly" into the Gulf of Tonkin). And he hadn't meant this as a means of stopping in advance a Communist invasion of Indo-China — an impression which unwary readers drew from his Seattle speech. "I would not advocate an invasion of China," he soon said at Pocatello, Idaho, "unless the Communist Chinese move into Indo-China." He was still prepared, however, to advocate action by ourselves in defiance of our allies.

Except for his faith in unilateral action, Senator Taft had now whittled his original belligerence down to a position indistinguishable from that of Dean Acheson and Anthony Eden, both of whom had warned Peking that entry into the Indo-Chinese war would bring retaliation. But more was to come. By the time the Senator got to Denver, he said that, while he favored sending arms to the threatened states of southeast Asia, "under no circumstances, unless we were absolutely sure of winning, would I send American forces to that area." Suppose the Chinese Communist assault came and no absolute guarantee of victory (a rare thing in any war, and highly unlikely in a war against Communist China) was forthcoming; would he then help these nations? "No," said the Senator, "they would just have to fall."

Robert A. Taft is a man of high ability and considerable intelligence. His confusions are not to be explained simply in terms of campaign oratory. There is something deeper here — some essential perplexity of a powerful mind confounded by events which he cannot quite fit into a consistent scheme of interpretation. Senator Taft, indeed, is a man in transition, an Old Isolationist trying hard to come to terms with the modern world.

As doctrine and as program, Senator Taft's isolationism of a decade ago is surely dead. But

the Old Isolationism was, of course, far more than doctrine and program. It was, above all, a set of intense emotions — emotions deeply founded in the American experience and sharply etched on the American psychology. And, in this deeper sense, isolationism has never died. The events of 1939–45 destroyed the doctrine and the program of the Old Isolationism, but they did not destroy the emotions which underlay and sustained it. In the last six months, the old emotions have begun to generate new doctrines and programs. Today we face a New Isolationism, bent upon what promises to be a fundamental attack on the foreign policy to which the United States and the free world are presently committed.

2

THE internationalist euphoria of the past decade should not lead us to overlook the deep roots which isolationism has in the national consciousness. Americans have always had a natural and splendid exultation in the uniqueness of a new continent and a new society. The New World had been called into existence to redress the moral as well as the diplomatic balance of the Old; we could not defile the sacredness of our national mission by too careless intercourse with the world whose failure made our own necessary. Two great oceans fostered the sense of distance, emphasized the tremendous act of faith involved in emigration, and, at the same time, spared the new land the necessity for foreign involvements.

The resulting isolationism — this passionate sense of a unique national destiny — was, in the beginning, a generous and affirmative faith. We were, as Lincoln said, dedicated to a proposition; we were engaged in a fateful experiment. America was conceived to be perfect, not in achievement, but in opportunity. Our responsibility was not to be complacent about what we had done, but to rise to the challenge of what there was for us to do. Our nation had been commissioned — whether by God or by history — to work out on this remote hemisphere the best hopes and dreams of men. Isolation was a means, not of confining, but of releasing democratic energy. This was the isolationism of the younger George Norris, of the early Hiram Johnson, of the Robert La Follettes.

But American isolationism did not consist only in an affirmation of the uniqueness of America; it also included — and increasingly so — a rejection of Europe. In a sense, of course, the very act of migration had represented an extraordinary act of rejection. “Repudiation of Europe,” Dos Passos once said, “is, after all, America’s main excuse for being.” Nor could such repudiation be without passion. America’s love-hate relationship with Europe has dominated our politics as well as our literature. As European struggles began to

force themselves on the American attention, isolationism began to react with ever more explicit hostility and even hatred. An image of Europe began to haunt the isolationist consciousness — an image of a dark and corrupt continent, teeming with insoluble feuds, interminable antagonisms, senseless and malevolent wars. Europe was morally and politically diseased and scabrous; and contact with it would bring the risk of fatal infection. No one defined this image with more precision and loathing than Herbert Hoover: —

Here are four hundred million people on the continent divided into twenty-six races. They are crowded cheek by jowl in an area less than two-thirds of the United States. Suppose each of twenty-six of our states had its own language, its own racial inheritance, its own economic and political problems. And suppose through all these races for centuries have surged the forces of nationalism, of imperialism, of religious conflict, memories of deep wrongs, of age-old hates, and bitter fears. Suppose each had its own army and around each of these states was a periphery of mixed populations that made exact boundaries on racial lines hopeless. The outcries of separated minorities would be implacable and unceasing cause of war. Suppose they all had different forms of government and even where it was a democratic form it was class government. That would be Europe. . . .

And periodically there boils up among these people some Pied Piper with silver tongue, calling some new Utopia. . . . With a vicious rhythm these malign forces seem to drive nations like the Gadarene swine over the precipice of war.

In contrast, said Hoover, we in America have grown steadily apart from the ideas of Europe. “Freed of European hates and fears . . . we have developed new concepts of liberty, of morals and government.” We must at all cost save ourselves from what he called, in a savage phrase, “the eternal malign forces of Europe.”

In time, the old affirmative isolationism of Norris and La Follette began to give way before the negative isolationism of Hoover. The one was moved by hope for America, the other by hatred of Europe. The one shunned Europe the better to change America; the other, the better to keep America from changing. The one sprang from American progressivism — from a belief that the American experiment was unfinished; the other, from American conservatism — from a belief that American society was complete, and that change meant not progress but disaster. In the end, the abandonment of isolationism by men like Norris before the Second War, and the younger La Follette after, testified to their conclusion that its affirmative possibilities had been exhausted.

The progressive and hopeful form of isolationism thus came to a natural end. What remained was a petulant desire to seal off America from the winds of change which were blowing through the world. And even this conservative isolationism seemed in-

creasingly irrelevant as a basis for national policy. The Second War itself apparently provided a conclusive demonstration of this obsolescence. For a time, we were all — or nearly all — internationalists. Thus the Harold Stassen of 1943 presented a detailed plan for world government — the same Harold Stassen who today opposes association with any nation which declines to swear eternal loyalty to the capitalistic system. In this mood, the isolationist doctrine and program perished; and even the underlying emotions succumbed for a season to feelings of guilt and went underground. But these emotions only went underground; they did not die.

The queer complex of feeling, fear, and prejudice was too deep to be repealed in a decade. The emotional core of the Old Isolationism survived — the hatred of Europe and its age-old troubles; the belief in an American purity which should not risk corruption in contact with outsiders; the agoraphobic fear of a larger world; the old, cherished, wistful hope that we could continue to live of ourselves and by ourselves. And, underground, these emotions have continued to exercise a paralyzing effect on policy. More than anything else, perhaps, they have kept America a slumbering giant, unable to export its democratic faith to the peoples of other nations, unable to play a full and affirmative role in the world.

3

IN TIME, a new isolationist formulation was bound to come — a new triangulation by which the old emotions would try to make terms with the new realities and issue in the form of up-to-date doctrine and program. But the struggle for a new formulation was confused and difficult. Herbert Hoover, whose Old Isolationist fundamentalism has resisted every temptation of novelty, set off one phase of the discussion with his speech of December, 1950. General MacArthur, who never was an Old Isolationist, set off another with his speeches following his recall in April, 1951. At every stage, the confusions were registered with seismographic accuracy in the stream of consciousness of the ordinarily logical Senator Taft — as in his singular speech of April, 1951, when he demanded a cut in the size of projected military forces, a reduction in the military budget, and a more aggressive war in Asia (adding subsequently that our reduced forces should be committed to the protection of the Suez Canal).

In the past few months, however, it has become evident that the travail is over; that the process of crystallization has begun. Today the lineaments of the new faith are at last visible. Senator Taft has written a book on foreign policy. General MacArthur has given a series of able and eloquent speeches. Their many followers have made many

other statements. Out of all this it now becomes possible to construct the broad and comprehensive design of the New Isolationism.

The first thing to be observed of the New Isolationism is its rejection of the word "isolationist." Mr. Hoover has even described his policies as the "opposite" of isolationism. "I don't know what they mean by isolationist," Senator Taft says; "nobody is an isolationist today. . . . I would say that anybody is an idiot who calls anybody else an isolationist." The fact that much of the New Isolationism emerged under the aegis of General MacArthur made this indignant repudiation of the isolationist name all the more plausible; the General, of course, had been recalled for being far more interventionist than the interventionists.

Indeed, it remains difficult at first glance to reconcile this enthusiasm for General MacArthur with the rest of the New Isolationism. But one is bound to conclude that General MacArthur's defiance of Truman provided the New Isolationists with protective coloration; it gave them an air of deep concern with the outside world. Even more important, perhaps, it provided them with political capital on which no opposition party could resist drawing. But it did not provide them with a serious program. Senator Taft, on the subject of the Far Eastern war, sounded far more like himself when he advocated retreat at Denver than when he advocated advance at Seattle; if he were President, would he really reduce the Army and then expand the Korean war?

As for Mr. Hoover, who shudders at the commitment of a single American to the "quicksands" of Asia and Europe and believes that Communism "will decay and die of its own poisons," his praise for MacArthur can surely be no more than a sentimental gesture toward his former Chief of Staff. MacArthur's first function has plainly been to provide the New Isolationists with a convenient club with which to beat the Administration. It is, moreover, a club they wield with relish, because an appearance of solicitude for the Far East is a natural outlet for the traditional hatred of Europe. But, if this solicitude is more than appearance, one wonders at the glassy boredom which overtakes the New Isolationists when India is mentioned, or Point Four. Isolationism has always been most interested in the foreign countries that have already been lost to the enemy.

Still, the New Isolationism can actually make out a stronger case against the charge of "isolationism" than just its enthusiasm for MacArthur. This case rests on the fact that, on the surface, its general program does seem much more like the program of President Truman than it does like the Old Isolationism of the America First Committee. Senator Taft has concurred in measures which would have appalled the Taft of a decade ago. His book, in fact, reaches its climax in a seven-

point program of his own; and his points are worth consideration. They are: 1) rearmament; 2) economic aid to anti-Communist countries; 3) military aid to anti-Communist countries; 4) warning to the Soviet Union that aggression beyond certain lines will be regarded as a *casus belli*; 5) sending American troops to nations threatened by or actually under attack; 6) ideological warfare against Communism; 7) subversive war behind the Iron Curtain. Not only do these seven points seem far from old-style isolationism; but each one of them is today — and has been for some time — part of the Truman foreign policy. If we are to take these seven points seriously, they represent me-tooism with a vengeance. No wonder that the Senator felt constrained to add, "There is much more agreement on the general character of the strategy to be adopted than is generally supposed."

But how seriously are we to take these points? The fact that they are imbedded in a book the rest of which is a bitter attack on the Truman foreign policy might raise questions in suspicious minds. And additional evidence is available. As Senator Brien McMahon noted in a skeptical analysis of the Taft book, there are certain oddities about Taft's proprietary claim to these policies. "The first is that as the Administration has proposed each of them to the Congress, Senator Taft has vigorously opposed each of them. The second is that having now stated the policies, Senator Taft immediately proceeds in this and subsequent chapters to make clear that he doesn't really mean it."

Behind the virtuous rejection of the term "isolationist," behind the façade of nominal support for existing policies, the New Isolationism has something quite different in mind. If the present policy can be briefly defined, in President Truman's phrase, as "peace through collective strength against aggression," the New Isolationism boggles at the word "collective," and it recoils from the whole theory of building "situations of strength." Its supreme emotional link with the Old Isolationism, for example, is its dislike of allies and its desire for unilateral action by the United States. "Go it alone," cried General MacArthur in the hearings; and Senator Taft recently added, "The United Nations is an utter failure as a means of preventing aggression. We can never rely on it again." Facts may have destroyed the Old Isolationist policies; it may now be necessary grudgingly to recognize the existence of the world. But, at least, let us not get involved in the worry, expense, and danger of intimate association with other nations.

If the New Isolationism is openly unhappy about "collective" restraint of aggression, it is only slightly less unhappy in its reaction to the whole policy of building strength in the free world. It does not disclaim the objective; but it wants other nations to establish their own strength first in order to

prove themselves worthy of American aid (this rule does not apply, however, to Chiang Kai-shek or Franco); and it adds that, in any case, the free world can be built up at half the cost. Hence the persistent campaign to whittle down every proposal for aid to other free nations; any difference, the New Isolationists protest, is a difference in degree, not in principle. Yet differences in degree in this field quickly become differences in principle, as Senator Vandenberg used to demonstrate with his story of the futility of throwing a fifteen-foot rope to a man drowning thirty feet from shore. The New Isolationism is the policy of the fifteen-foot rope.

The difference in degree, of course, is the grudging compromise the Old Isolationist emotions make with the grim realities of 1952. But it is a compromise with these realities, not an acceptance of them. Senator Taft, once again, has given the most lucid expression of the New Isolationist view. "The policy on which all Republicans can unite," he recently said, "is one of all-out opposition to the spread of Communism, recognizing that there is a limit beyond which we cannot go." The editor of the New York *Post* has dubbed this the all-out, halfway policy. It is the essence of the foreign policy of the New Isolationism.

One must say "of the foreign policy" because foreign policy is not the main concern of the New Isolationism. Indeed, a survey of the New Isolationist literature quickly discloses the conviction that issues of domestic policy, for the United States in 1952, are far more important and fateful than issues of foreign policy. General MacArthur's concern with Korea may have obscured this fact; but it was MacArthur himself who stated the basic premise of the New Isolationism with classic simplicity in his speech last summer to the Massachusetts legislature. "Talk of imminent threat to our national security through the application of external force," he flatly said, "is pure nonsense." Taft has frequently made the same point: "I do not believe it is at all clear that the Russians contemplate a military conquest of the world . . . I believe they know it is impossible. It would take them at least a hundred years to build up their sea power."

From his military estimate, MacArthur marched on to the obvious conclusion. "It is not of any external threat that I concern myself," he said, "but rather of insidious forces working from within which have already so drastically altered the character of our free institutions . . . those institutions we proudly called the American way of life." The vital dangers to American freedom and survival, in short, are not external; they are internal. And of the internal dangers, two, it develops, are of decisive importance. One of these dangers is excessive government spending. The other is Communist penetration within our own country.

Government spending, in the New Isolationist view, is the overriding issue of national survival. It makes heavy taxation necessary; and "the unconscionable burden of taxation," in the words of General MacArthur, is destroying the free enterprise system. "It is just as easy to get to socialism by increased taxes," Senator Taft recently remarked, "as it is by the Government taking over industry." Worse than that, government spending brings the threat of inflation; and inflation provides one more pretext for the imposition of government controls. "All-out war and all-out mobilization," as Taft put it, "are an easy method of socializing a country, and that socializing can easily be made permanent." Thus government spending under the pretext of mobilization is the beginning of a perilous road, whose inevitable end is the extinction of free enterprise and the triumph of socialist regimentation.

If government spending is indeed the main threat, if the Soviet threat is "pure nonsense," what possible reason is there except for New Deal doctrine and socialist intrigue to continue spending at our present levels? So let us cut down the budget — at the expense first of economic aid to free nations, then of military aid, then of our military strength. The *Chicago Tribune* has already drawn the entirely logical conclusion from the MacArthur dictum: "with far less money for defense than has been appropriated, and probably without resort to the draft, this country can feel secure. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is not needed for our safety." (This editorial was quoted recently at the UN meeting in Paris with cordial approval by Andrei Vishinsky.)

The spending issue is straightforward enough. The function of the Communist penetration issue is perhaps less immediately obvious, but on a moment's reflection it too becomes perfectly clear. The problem the New Isolationism faces is to disguise the awkward fact that, as we cut our outlays for foreign aid, we retreat, step by step, from the world-wide fight against Communism. This fact has been favorably noted in Moscow, where the New Isolationist attacks on American policy receive grateful editorial comment. On February 2, for example, *Pravda* gave nearly one quarter of its valuable space, ordinarily reserved for pietistic letters to Stalin from factory workers or collective farmers, to the most recent speech of Mr. Hoover, praising him for his attack on United States foreign policy. In a New Year's review of the crisis in American foreign policy, *Pravda* could happily invoke Joseph P. Kennedy, William Philip Simms of the Scripps-Howard press, Karl H. Von Wiegand of the Hearst press, David Lawrence, the *Wall*

Street Journal, and the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*.

How are the New Isolationists to get around the fact that their proposals are greeted with loud cheers in the Kremlin? Somehow they must cover their retreat; and what better way to do so than by raising a great outcry about the supposed dangers of Communism within our own country? Such a sham battle at home might well distract attention from the stealthy desertion of our allies abroad. And the outcry would have the further incidental advantage of putting frightened liberals out of action and of smearing the whole movement for domestic reform.

I do not suggest that these affairs arranged themselves in the minds of the New Isolationists in quite this Machiavellian way. Still, anyone advocating policies which benefit Communism abroad and win the approbation of *Pravda* might well be tempted to justify himself to his constituents by redoubling his zeal to extirpate Communism at home. This, surely, is the powerful logic of the alliance between Taft and McCarthy. The simple fact is that Taft cannot repudiate McCarthy, because he needs him too much. McCarthyism is an indispensable part of the New Isolationism. Without McCarthyism the New Isolationism would be almost indistinguishable from a policy of appeasement.

The New Isolationism thus has its plausible façade. Senator Taft has his seven points; and one can assume that, if nominated, he will talk in an even more recklessly internationalist vein. He has all the isolationist votes anyway. But, beneath the façade, there remains the reality — the all-out, halfway policy abroad, and at home a state which will refrain from intervening in economic affairs but which will intervene like the devil in the thoughts and opinions of its citizens. The triumph of this policy could lead abroad only to an overflow of Soviet power into the regions from which we retreat — until we are forced back into the Western Hemisphere, or, what is more likely, until we perceive what we are doing and then, having invited Soviet expansion, strike back in the panic of total war. And at home we will move steadily into a garrison state, run by men who admire Senator McCarthy and regard his operations as, in Senator Taft's lapidary phrase, "fully justified."

The words of the New Isolationism count less than the deeds; and the deeds shape up into a sinister pattern. The consolation is that this is probably a last convulsive outbreak of an old nostalgia. Once we have exorcised this latest version of isolationism, we may at last begin to live in the twentieth century.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



CRARY MOORE is the pen name of a young Bostonian who writes us, "I grew up on a farm, surrounded by horses, beagles, and French verbs — no people though. Remedied that by coming out in New York. Three years at Vassar, time off for good behavior. Worked for a seaweed company in New York, ambled around Europe, and retreated, in good order, to Boston. I like it here."

SEDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

by CRARY MOORE

BELINDA ARCHIBALD (Mrs. Craig T. Archibald, Jr.) is invited to all the nicest parties. Craig is doing quite well in the Law, and by next year they will probably feel they can afford a baby. They already have a small but adequate apartment in the East 60s, the use of Mrs. Archibald Sr.'s station wagon on weekends, and two regular seats at the opera. Belinda buys one really good suit every year, keeps an eye on her figure, does quite a bit of Red Cross work, and is, in general, a credit to her family.

At the time of the Mince-Pie Weekend, she was nothing of the sort. Her grandmother, old Mrs. James, always said she'd marry Craig in the end, but no one believed her, much as they'd have liked to. Belinda wasn't exceptionally pretty, and, being only just too clever to be comfortable, she was given to sulks. And she had champagne tastes — not quite on a beer income, but none of the Jameses have made any money for a couple of generations now; Ashley Beale is her only really rich relative. Luckily he is a bachelor and fond of his niece. Belinda does have the James nose and their look of breeding; but her lower lip sticks out, and she swagged in those days, instead of just walking. She said she only liked Craig because he was a comfortable habit, like tea at five. Of course, she was very nice to him, because he *was* an eligible beau, and besides, all the Jameses are nice anyway.

It's easy to see why she took to Max Hochwald, bored as she was; his fancy for her is harder to explain. Thank goodness, the whole affair came to nothing; it was really only a weekend anyway. Max first saw Belinda at a cocktail party, given by some rich and raffish bachelors, who kept a Jap boy

and liked to mix people. She was talking about art to somebody's mother (who'd got confused and thought she was at a tea or something). They were in a corner, and Belinda had the only low voice in the room. Max heard her say, in a bored but kindly manner, that she wished *she'd* come along in time to be painted by Laszlo, and how well he must have done by *you*, Mrs. Whatever. So he went right over, told Belinda she had a phone call, and took her away from the Laszlo lady. He told her that was the first "gracious" thing anybody'd said to anybody all afternoon, and asked her to go on to supper.

Belinda'd heard of him, of course. You can't live in New York very long without picking up something about Max. His ancestry is more or less Hanoverian; his brains are excellent, at least about finance and bridge; his tastes are luxurious, and his lady-friends are legion. He just does like women. Quite a surprising number of them like him — surprising because he looks and acts like a runaway locomotive, and business always comes first. Socially, he's pushy, not that it's done him any good.

Belinda thought one's kindness was an intriguing reason for being asked out, though hardly chic. And she thought Max's looks, while grotesque compared with Craig's, were quite bestially interesting. And the horror of his reputation was an added inducement. So she said yes. The party lasted so late that they never did go to supper; they managed a long talk, though, mostly about children's books. Belinda spoke winsomely of Pooh, rather a fancy subject for Max. His boyish charm got a bit frayed near the end; but, as he left her at her door, he cleverly remedied that.

"Belinda," he said, "we haven't talked about anything *real* all evening." He had a deep, harsh voice and a gray streak in his hair. It sounded awfully well. "Come to my house for the weekend."

Belinda thought that was pretty funny. However, being one of the nice Jameses, she just said he was silly, her mother wouldn't hear of it.

Which she naturally wouldn't. When Belinda mentioned her new friend and his invitation, Mrs. James (who is jumpy anyway) raised the roof. She was even foolish enough to say that Max didn't like Belinda for herself, he just wanted a well-bred wife because he was a social climber. So, of course, when Max's mother wrote Belinda to ask her to a house party, she said yes at once. And bought a new suit. Whereupon Mrs. James changed her tactics and told Belinda she was sure to get seduced. Belinda retorted that it was about time, she was twenty-three; but after a week of Mrs. James's harangues, she almost believed that Fate was about to happen.

As a matter of fact, it conceivably might have. Max, though a striking type (if you like that sort of thing), was so extremely loud and coarse that he never *had* any really refined girl-friends; it might have seemed a feather for his cap to have seduced one. But, unless his large but sensitive ego was very hard pressed, Max wasn't really apt to reason so crudely. Belinda had amused him; he had found her manner distinguished and her voice charming. He wanted a wife very much (so that Mrs. James, in her tiresome way, was at least partly right) and none of his present female acquaintances would do at all. Max had inherited a large fortune and was well on the way to making another, and far back in his mind there lurked a blonde, aquiline creature — sometimes she wielded a teapot, sometimes she arranged roses in a silver bowl, she looked well on a horse, and she knew when to clap at the opera. It could just possibly be Belinda. A house party would certainly be the quickest way to find out. He didn't feel up to the long minuet of an exploratory courtship. If she wouldn't do at all, he could still enjoy his weekend.

He signed up for a scratch polo game and collected some people: business friends and their wives; he hadn't much time for any other kind. On the appointed Friday, he put on an Italian silk suit, *very* expensive (it made him look like an Easter Island image), and picked up Belinda in his handsome convertible, all push-buttons. His two Dobermans, Thor and Odin, sat drooling on the back seat. Belinda was charmed with them, and with the push-buttons, so it all started splendidly.

He drove very fast and well, weaving in and out, bullying all the other cars. Now and then Belinda squeaked, "Oh, the poor little man!" which delighted him. And she teased him by saying he drove like Mr. Toad. He liked that, because he could repeat the rhyme about the motorcar going

poop-poop-poop. She said that proved he'd been well brought up and he told a humorous but clean story about his governess. (Indeed, he had had several.) They found themselves in accord about governesses: French ones smelled like moldy crackers, German ones like caraway seeds. Everything was proceeding on the highest plane of gentility.

They stopped at a good restaurant near the Parkway and had an enormous dinner. Max devoured four buns before it came, smoked after the soup, and drank a great deal of Margaux. As a result, he began to order the waiters about in French: loud, bad, and idiomatic. Belinda, too nice to show off her accent (it was better but not perfect), was by no means above feeling rather superior. Until then, though she had held up her end quite successfully, what with dogs, push-buttons, and Kenneth Grahame, she had felt a little apprehensive. He was, after all, so large, so violent, so blatantly sexy, and so horribly rich and consequential.

They got back in the car full of wine, comfort, and confidence; Max laid his hand palm-up on the seat; Belinda barely hesitated to take it. He began to sing "*Auprès de ma blonde*" in a bellowing, toneless voice, and drove even faster. They had to stop for a toll station; he gave the man a dime without releasing Belinda's hand. She caught the man's eye, and was suddenly enchanted by the vision she thought he must have had of her. A pretty, well-dressed girl, her large and virile companion, two superb dogs — and the whole encased in a magnificent car.

And heading at top speed for a big weekend.

Poor old Craig, she thought, was like good roast beef, but Max was mince-pie-ish; rich, strange, fruity, and bad for you.

"Wonderful Max," she said idiotically, and saw his square white smile by the dashboard light. He pulled her over beside him and bent down to kiss her. At that point, she began on a florid dream that lasted through the drive, the arrival, a long good-night, and eight hours' sleep.

2

MAX woke up first, feeling oatish. He considered knocking on Belinda's door and walking in if she didn't answer, to wake her with a familiar slap on her round behind. This would have been more or less S.O.P. with his other girls . . . and Belinda, last night . . . perhaps they *were* all the same, under the skin. He had always suspected it. But while his right hand would have liked to yank her off her pedestal, his left wanted to shore her up on it. So he put on his most devastating polo shirt and his white breeches, pulled in his stomach in front of the mirror, and surrounded it with the six-inch belt he affected. Then he went downstairs, gave orders that Belinda's breakfast should be sent

up to her, and went off to his study to make millions of dollars on the telephone.

Belinda gathered from the maid that it was usual at Max's house parties for the men to work in the morning, sitting by the study ticker, while their ladies disported themselves in the pool, until they all went in to lunch with Mrs. Hochwald. "Disport," in fact, is hardly the word. Belinda, passing through several immense rooms, found herself on an elaborate terrace. It overlooked a round pool with lions' heads spitting into it. Four padded chaise longues were drawn up by the water's edge, three of them occupied by prone figures. As she hesitated on the steps, the prevailing silence was broken by a loud metallic clank. A brown satin arm, freighted with gold bracelets, fumbled blindly toward a near-by table.

"Damn!" A bottle overturned. More clanks, more fumbling. Obviously the figure could not move, its bosom being covered only by a pocket handkerchief. Belinda helpfully cried, "Oh, do let me!", ran down to pick up the bottle of sun oil, and put it safely in the thin, glittering hand. All three forms were lank, dark brown, and exquisite. Sunglasses, lip protectors, and bandannas camouflaged the faces.

"We got you a chair," said a muffled voice. "You must be Max's girl."

"Too sweet of you," said Belinda with nervous brightness. "Yes. I mean, I'm Belinda James, that is. How do you all do?"

One figure took off its glasses and stared. "Well. How do *you* do?" They all took off their glasses.

"What a sweet bathing suit, dear," said one. "Louissette's? She rooks you." And, not waiting for her answer, they all launched into a loud, hilarious conversation about bathing suits, what they cost, what Sophie said to Oleg, and so on. Belinda, still standing nervously by her chair, heard mentions of Palm Beach, "21," Van Cleef's, and other elegant resorts. She was about to break in with a humorous reference to *Vogue* when one lady tittered, "Ask *Max* about pastel mink!" and they burst into gay shrieks of laughter.

"It's nothing, honey," said one figure, "nothing like what you think."

"I don't think *anything*," said Belinda, outraged. Yanking on her cap, she stalked to the pool. Laughter followed her, and she swam crossly up and down, thinking how common they all were and how rude Max was not to come swimming too. In between her sulking thoughts she had rather commonplace dreamy ones.

Dressing for lunch, she resolved not to speak unless spoken to. She put on her best green linen — for Max — and her best Colony Club manner — for his horrid friends. Thus fortified, she walked rather stiffly into a vast Georgian living room. Between the coffered ceiling and the thick gray carpet (which flowed like lava all over that pompous

house) herds of carved and tapestried furniture stood like sleeping monsters. It was all very dark, luxurious, and repellent. She sat down beside old Mrs. Hochwald.

Max's mother turned out to be a squat, brownish old thing, given to hairy warts and silent belches. She paid no attention to her son's giddy guests, while they sipped, munched canapés, and gibbered at each other. Instead, she turned her saurian gaze on Belinda and told her about Max's childhood. Belinda was glad enough that he had been so virtuous and clever, but revolted to find that the strange object on her hostess's bosom was a diamond-studded tooth from the late Mr. Hochwald's first elk. She was conscious of Max's fixed gaze from across the room, and of darting glances from his female guests. The men each stared once, then went on talking. The atmosphere was oppressive, loaded, so to speak, for bear, and Belinda was relieved when they moved in to lunch.

Well back on her dignity, she sat, on Max's right, through an infinity of heavy courses. The conversation was mostly about high finance. She had nothing to contribute to it, and so could easily stick to her vow of silence.

Max, attempting courtliness, got scant answers to his explanatory asides. "Oh quite," Belinda said, and "Splendid." He would mute his loud voice to a grating mumble when he addressed her, then guffaw at some reference to bulls, bears, or what have you. Max had found her rather mannered vivacity a bit of a strain, and the aloof creature by his side, murmuring her sympathetic replies, seemed to him much more like the teapot-and-roses lady. Her blonde head stood out elegantly against the mahogany gloom, she held her fork in the English fashion, and, being shrewd about such things, he could tell from their raised voices that his friends' wives were a trifle piqued, jealous perhaps. All this pleased him.

His foot nudged hers under the table, and her eyelashes fluttered before she withdrew it. He thought he saw a blush.

Max was distinctly flown, what with gin, lunch, Moselle, the state of the market, and, most of all, the piquant contrast between the comfortable familiar babble of his guests and the delicate little goings-on under the table. Down the expanse of massed orchids, crystal, and beige lace, his mother telegraphed him an approving glance.

Mrs. Hochwald and the guests refused flatly to watch Max play polo, and retired to look at TV. Belinda had just time to see the set swung out from behind a false front of book backs before Max whisked her into his car and they started for Broadfield. It was a fine release to be out in the sun with her beau, who sang and swooped happily; but the first person she saw, as they parked by the polo field, was her uncle Ashley Beale. He lived, of

course, in Broadfield, but wasn't interested in polo; she had hardly expected to see him.

Max was late, so she told him to go get his pony, and to come and see her, if he could, after the second chukker. She would be with Uncle Ash.

"Is Ashley Beale your *uncle*?"

"Well, so what?" she said pertly. "Once you know him, he's an old pet." Max looked startled. However, he thundered obediently off to where a groom was walking his ponies, while Belinda greeted her uncle and sat down beside him in the pavilion. He was a large, red old party in a shockingly battered Panama and a wrinkled white suit. Belinda always swore he wouldn't go to anything except in a four-in-hand, coaching being his passion. His neighbors called him the Squire of Broadfield, which his niece found very funny.

"Hello, puss," he said. "Look what a dutiful uncle I am, enduring this blasted broiling day just for you. Barbarous game, polo."

Suspicion crept over his niece. "*Why* are you?"

"Your mother said you were spending the weekend with that young wampus from New Zion. She made me promise to watch his damned silly polo game, so I could see if you were all right."

"Oh."

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?"

Her uncle wiped his neck with a red silk handkerchief. "Damned heat. *You* look pretty cool, I must say."

"Uncle Ash!"

"I've nothing against him, Belinda. Don't even know him. Your mamma don't like the cut of his jib; told me to ask you both over to tea or something. I sent Bates home with the car."

"Thank you so much, Uncle Ash," said Belinda, rigid with annoyance, "but Max has plans." She stared crossly out at the field, where the umpire was just collecting the players. The ball was thrown in, and the game began.

Max was playing Back, on a large handsome pony, almost muffled in bandages, a saddlecloth, a complicated bit, a head guard, and other impedimenta. She couldn't decide whether his egregious poaching was deliberate or due to being slightly overmounted, and finally concluded it was both. Though his stickwork proved to be strong and accurate, he was an oafish horseman and the pony didn't like it. Polo is a great game for sweating, cursing, and general thrashing around, but as the game progressed, Max quite outdid his teammates. She could hear her uncle's disapproving grunts.

When the bell rang and Max trotted out on a lovely bay pony, a little undersized for him, Mr. Beale could not contain himself. "That's young Jones's Comet," he grumbled. "Had to sell him. Too good for that big lummox."

"Now please, Uncle Ash," said Belinda, coy and

waspish, "stop sniping at my beau. You're a big man too. And he mayn't ride very well, but they haven't got anything past him yet."

"Quite so, quite so. I suppose the feller's all right; mounts half his team . . . too much money, I say." He paused. "You don't *fancy* this feller, Belinda?"

"I don't know." She was furious. "I certainly don't fancy his friends. Gracious, Uncle Ash, it's just a *weekend* anyway!" Then she realized she'd gone onto the defensive and given ground. So she sat in mutinous silence, and gradually, as in the pool, her long daydream went into another vivid installment. What if she didn't fancy Max in public, he was quite another thing in private.

The last bell rang, and Max's pony bore him wearily off the field. His side had won by two goals, largely on account of his own furious defensive work; he was sweaty, tired, and very well pleased with himself. It had been a wonderful day and a great game. In the intervals between chukkers, he had caught glimpses of his utterly satisfactory girl, sitting by the great Ashley Beale (her *uncle* . . . and he held the Broadfield Club in the palm of his hand!), and he had shown them both a thing or two. He slid off sideways, doused his hot face in a pail of water, and clumped into the pavilion with a towel round his neck. People patted him on the back, and one of his teammates turned to thank him for the loan of a pony, but he hardly heard their thanks and congratulations. Belinda's expression was bewitchingly dreamy, and her uncle, to Max's joy, actually *rose* and waddled up to say, "How do, I'm Ashley Beale. Nice game, young feller. Bring my niece over, give yer a drink."

Belinda looked annoyed at that, but Max thought, Time to be alone later. "Thank you, sir," he said politely, "it's very good of you. We'd like to come." Old Beale looked pleased with that well-turned speech, so Max offered him a ride.

"Can't provide a four-in-hand," he said with a complacent laugh, "but here we are."

"Most acceptable substitute," and Ashley Beale heaved himself across the leather seat. "Shut up," he whispered repressively to Belinda, who muttered that Cadillacs were greaseball cars, "very civil young man."

Max heard that last as he rounded the corner of his colossal car, and he thought he would burst with pleasure and triumph. From Ashley Beale, a famous curmudgeon, it was an accolade. His cup was running over with success, and he congratulated himself for not having smacked Belinda's behind that morning.

3

MAX, who had been around, guessed soon enough that Belinda was in a pet and trying to hide it,

so he cut short the triumphal visit to her uncle. It was a real sacrifice on his part. He had been given two large old-fashioned and the bloodlines of at least eight of Mr. Beale's hackneys; which honor he had returned by a really sound market tip. Mr. Beale, who seemed a shrewd old bird — probably Belinda's only rich relative (the Jameses, of course, were long on culture and short on cash) — had responded well to that. Made a note of it, in fact. He did seem an extraordinarily practical uncle for Belinda to have — she was such a whimsical, feminine girl — not that you'd *want* your wife to be practical. His lady guests' grasp of business matters (he had been used to think of them as smart cookies) had struck him, at lunch, as rather coarse.

Belinda wouldn't hold hands on the trip home, but whether she was flirtatious or cross, he was becoming too exhilarated to care. It was his day, all right. He was even too happy to sing; instead of bellowing exuberantly, he whistled, in a fruity monotone, using very suave dynamics on what he conceived to be "I Get a Kick Out of You." Then, reflecting that the implications might be vulgar, he switched to "Getting to Know You," as a tasteful hint.

Belinda understood but wouldn't take it. She was mulling over in her mind words like "wampus" and "lummox" and, worst of all, "shut up." Whose beau was he, hers or her uncle's? He hadn't, she thought, had to be all *that* nice to Max — even if he did want to snoop. What she did was nobody's business but her own, and if she did just happen to have a — well, a passing fancy, for someone like Max, who might not have got into the stuffy old Broadfield Club, but who counted down on Wall Street, where men were men and power was power (she sometimes thought in such phrases, but never said them, knowing her own style) — well, why shouldn't she? He might be too rich for Uncle Ash's blood, she thought uppishly, but not for hers. Her mind gave a little jump, translatable as M'mm. I must be a very passionate girl, she thought. So what? Can't girls *ever* have fun too? And, her thoughts having worked themselves inevitably round from sulks to a ladylike concupiscence, she did take Max's hand. His arm, in fact.

Max was a headlong sort of person, and speculation had taught him to ride his luck. In his inflamed mind, the whole glorious day had been building up to this. Everything was right. Belinda was exquisite, the wives were jealous, his mother approved, he'd won the game singlehanded, and Ashley Beale had welcomed him. *Liked* him. She had been so adorable last night, so cool and conscious today. . . . There had been the feet under the table, the dreamy look in the pavilion, the sulks at going to her uncle's, the side glances when they

were there, the seemly hesitation about taking his hand, and now, the graceful surrender. It all added up. Love, he thought, sure as shooting.

He squeezed her arm, stopping the car. "My wonderful darling," he said in thrilling tones, and grabbed Belinda.

Shocked by this sudden onslaught and the weight of Max's sweating bulk, she muttered, "Oh, Max, *no*." It didn't do her any good, she was smothered for fair. After a second's lightning adjustment, she decided in her chilly little brain that this was really fun and she liked it. Craig, she thought, was never like this. So she wriggled and panted and bit in the most abandoned way.

Max was a trifle surprised by her enthusiasm. It was certainly flattering, though, and he soon came to the point. Pulling away, he said rhetorically, "My own love. Belinda, this is *It*." This moving statement came without any effort; he'd been planning it vaguely for months, for use on the teapot lady once he'd found her. And here she was! "From this day forward," he pronounced, "we're together."

"What?"

She was so pretty, all surprised. "No use pretending," he cried jocosely; "it's the middle aisle for us and you know it!"

Belinda's wrath and loathing knew no bounds, no bounds at all. First she made the most unladylike scene ever staged in Broadfield County, using words like "cad" with no self-consciousness whatever — she even went so far as "dare to presume." And then she made a revolting exhibition of herself, descending to tears, spiteful personal remarks, and simple insult.

Max was so furious and disgusted that he couldn't speak. He couldn't have anyway, because Belinda was making up in overflowing measure for her day of silence. Finally, he just turned the car around and delivered her to her uncle Ashley Beale. And that was the end of the Mince-Pie Weekend.

It was not the end of Belinda James, of course, but the beginning of Belinda Archibald. Her tastes are a good deal simpler than they used to be, and she is — not strait-laced or anything, Belinda's *fun* — but she and old Craig are considered to be pretty worth-while people. They got engaged very shortly after Labor Day, when the Archibalds come back to town, and married at Christmas. The bridesmaids wore yellow, not too becoming in winter; but Belinda looked lovely. Believe it or not, Max sent them a Doberman puppy. It was hopelessly pushy of him, the family thought, but probably well-intended. Anyway, Belinda wrote him an awfully well-phrased note, just in case.

He still hasn't found his teapot lady. It seems unfair, in a way, but obviously he'd hate her if he got her.



The "freeze" on new television stations is scheduled to be lifted by the FCC this spring. TRUDIE OSBORNE tells us that as many as 2000 new stations may be allocated, and in view of their potential earnings, this sounds as if it might be a gold rush. The author was for two years a researcher with Time and for three years a syndicated feature writer with the Associated Press. She has gone to the top people in the FCC for the facts in this article and has had them checked by the editors of the leading television trade journals.

TV GOLD RUSH

by TRUDIE OSBORNE

1

THERE is a new bonanza, and it is television. An accidental monopoly is about to end. New "layers of air" have been proved workable for television's use. An enterprise that until a year ago was a sure money-loser is minting huge gross profits. Television is entering its second, or Bronze, age. In the first, a few stations served a limited number of cities. The age we are now entering will see an enormous number of stations eventually serving the entire country. The battle for ownership of these new stations has been joined, and the combatants are exhibiting the same vigor that sent men westward in the gold rush of '49 and during the land grants.

The battle is intense because there are substantially more applicants in the choice major market areas than there are possible stations. The outcome is uncertain because in each case the decision rests with a few fallible men in Washington. Only the Federal Communications Commission can decide which cities shall have stations, how many, and, after careful study and hearings if necessary, who gets them. The battle is zestful because the rewards are great.

For three and a half years the right to build new television stations has been suspended. There are and can be, until the Commission lifts its "freeze," only 108 television stations in the country. The suspension invested their owners with an accidental but not undeserved monopoly. These original owners took a risk. Television is an expensive business. Without exception the pioneers lost money. But at the end of 1951 all but a handful of them were in the black. The few stations still in the red are there because they are still amortizing heavy initial investments and losses; they have no difficulty selling advertising time. When the financial turning point in television came, it came with certainty.

The industry's profit-and-loss figures are closely guarded. Recently, however, Milwaukee's WTMJ-TV revealed its estimated 1951 profit before taxes as \$1,105,000. On the authority of *Television Digest*, the bible of the industry, the station operating today with gross revenues much under \$1,000,000 is the exception, and several are reliably reported to be pushing \$5,000,000 — one \$8,000,000.

A further index to the value of America's fastest-growing industry is provided by sales of television stations to investors who preferred to pay high prices for existing stations rather than take their chances in the free-for-all after the freeze was lifted. Nearly every existing station has had offers to buy. The average price of those sold is \$1,500,000; and in recent months asking prices have skyrocketed. Pending is a deal of \$6,000,000 for Chicago's WBKB.

These dazzling figures do not mean that a television station is an automatic money-making machine. The kind of management a station gets can make or break it, and those in smaller population areas can expect lesser grosses than their metropolitan brothers. The lowest advertising rate asked by any station for its most favorable time is \$195 an hour, or \$20 for a one-minute commercial on KOB-TV in Albuquerque, New Mexico. There were 13,000 sets in use in that area as of January 1, 1952. The highest rate is \$4500 an hour on WNBT in New York City, where 2,800,000 sets were in use as of the same date.

But profit is not the only factor spurring on applicants. Those who are already in the communications field feel their flanks pricked bloody by the threat television makes to their established media. A particular urgency is felt by applicants from the field of radio. All of them realize the power of television. "Of all its potentials," says John Crosby, broadcast expert of the New York *Herald*

Tribune, "television's potency as a political force, its ability to stir and challenge the people on public issues is perhaps the most important."

There are two outstanding examples of the way television fashioned public opinion, which in turn fashioned public events. 1) Dean Acheson's televised performance at the Japanese Peace Treaty conference in San Francisco changed the Secretary of State from a man under continuous fire, and thus a Democratic Party liability, into an official armed with public esteem. His stock rose literally overnight. 2) Senator Estes Kefauver, as a result of his appearance at his committee's crime hearings, became a national figure and threw his coonskin cap into the Presidential candidates' ring.

Last November, after local elections across the nation, Elmer Davis declared, "The real winner in this week's election was TV." Those who won with it ranged from Kefauver Committee Counsel Rudolph Halley, who ran as a third-party candidate and was elected president of the New York City Council, to handsome, telegenic Joseph S. Clark, Jr., elected mayor of Philadelphia on a "throw the rascals out" platform, albeit his opponent was a noted Baptist minister. Clark was the first Democratic mayor elected in the city in sixty-seven years. Congressman Jacob Javits of New York has already suggested that Congress, like the United Nations, be televised. However that may be, both the Republican and Democratic Parties intend to have television as an ally in the forthcoming Presidential elections. This year both parties will hold their conventions in Chicago's International Amphitheater, which affords exceptionally good network telecasting facilities.

Whatever the motive to get into television, all applicants in the battle for stations feel a special pressure. The 82 television channels, accommodating 2000-odd potential stations, that the FCC is now preparing to allocate are all the channels there are going to be in the foreseeable future. *This is it.* Television is only one of the claimants to the layers of air in the radio spectrum. The FCC has made it clear that it does not intend to give any more spectrum space to television for a very long time.

Only four years ago these grants, now so eagerly sought, were to be had for the asking by any responsible applicant. In 1948 the FCC was begging people to come into television. To many it was equivalent to a plea to throw money down the drain. To all it was a risk that meant staking up to \$1,000,000 before any profit might be shown. To some, however, it was a risk that might become rewarding. Applications increased. More stations went on the air; and in so doing they set the stage for an unpredicted event that was to bring on the freeze. As existing stations acquired neighbors, it was discovered that their signals were invading each other's territory. A number of the

37 already telecasting were too close together. Engineering problems affecting the proximity of one station to another had to be solved before any more could be assigned to their frequencies. For that reason on September 30, 1948, the FCC suspended the granting of construction permits until further notice. Thus began the freeze. (An ironical note today is that 16 of the 87 grantees then holding construction permits — with which they were allowed to go ahead — gave up the now precious franchises.)

2

THE radio spectrum, in which waves of electrical energy can be used for communications purposes, is a comparatively small part of the electromagnetic spectrum. Picture a ladder extending beyond sight into the sky. This ladder, like a fireman's ladder, is put together in sections. Each section accommodates a different kind of broadcast: among others AM radio, FM radio, television, radar, safety services, aeronautics, shipping, land transportation, amateur and experimental broadcast, and common carriers.

Each section of the ladder, or the spectrum space occupied by a particular broadcast, is known as a band. Each of these bands has certain characteristics which must be taken into account in deciding which of the services can best use it. The bands are further broken down into channels, and within these channels each station operates on a designated frequency. Not all channels, however, are the same width. Television requires a channel 600 times the width needed for AM radio. The FCC decided that 12 channels were all that should be accommodated in the Very High Frequency band, within which existing television stations operate. The great new development is Ultra High Frequency, a much larger band which provides 70 new channels and makes national coverage possible.

At the beginning of the freeze UHF was little more than a good potential. Through industry-wide researches it has become a proved means. For example, RCA-NBC has been operating a full-time experimental UHF station at Bridgeport, Connecticut, for over two years. Results have been excellent. Transmitters and antennae for UHF stations are in actual production and enough are in supply or in process to take care of the probable demand for 1952 and 1953. Converters for existing receivers in the home, and new dual sets to receive VHF and UHF, have been designed and tested with good performance by virtually all manufacturers. Some have started limited production. Two manufacturers have announced the price of dual sets as only \$50 more than single sets. Converters will cost from \$10 to \$50. The FCC is solidly behind UHF, giving it every benefit and pushing it hard.

For all this, UHF stations presently remain sec-

ond-choice awards in the contest. The reasons are simple. VHF is tried and true, with 108 stations already transmitting on it. Over 16,000,000 VHF receivers are in American homes. UHF, on the other hand, requires new types of receiving apparatus. It won't give quite the radius or coverage of VHF.

UHF faces the same problems as VHF in regard to the defense materials situation. One is under no greater handicap than the other. The more important consideration is *to win the right to a station*. Any delay in receiving materials will in no way lessen the value of a construction permit or the intensity of the fight to get it.

The FCC discouraged the filing of applications until the freeze is lifted. Many petitions which were pending when it went into effect were already on record. They were joined by many more, despite official discouragement, to make a total of over 500 applications on file by the middle of March. At that time there was an average of three applicants for every VHF channel in major market cities. In some cities the ratio was seven to one, and in others there were as many as five applicants for VHF channels where none were to be allocated. Although the FCC had some 2000 stations to distribute, and anticipated only 1000 immediate applications, this abundance in no way alleviated the shortage of stations in major market areas. Obviously there will be little or no incentive to build stations in many small isolated towns where the FCC has allocated channels against any future contingency.

Competition is perhaps at its peak in Denver. It is the largest U.S. city with no television at all. A number of strong nonlocal interests have indicated they will compete against local applicants for its allotment of stations. But the fight will be no less intense in cities where television is already operating. Pittsburgh has one VHF station. In a tentative allocations chart the FCC made one other commercial station available. There were seven applicants. So keen was competition within the city that contestants began to cast their eyes beyond it, and several of them, acting individually, petitioned the FCC to give Pittsburgh one or both of the two VHF stations it had tentatively allotted to near-by Wheeling, West Virginia.

An added impetus to the fight in many cities is the fact that the FCC is reserving a portion of total station assignments for the use of educational institutions. Hungry commercial applicants feel that most of these reservations will go to waste; that most educational institutions cannot swing the stations financially. The FCC has given assurance that educational stations must be utilized in the "reasonably near future" if the reservations are to stick. At the same time it points out that state legislatures, appropriating funds for state universities, might need two sessions to accomplish

the task. Meanwhile, commercial applicants in major cities are watching the reserved channels greedily.

3

PROMINENT names in applications that have been filed with the FCC are as diversified as Bing Crosby, Marshall Field, Mary Pickford Rogers, Senator William F. Knowland, and Texas oil millionaire Glenn McCarthy. Although lumber, automobiles, movies, real estate, and advertising are represented, oilmen outnumber any other group of newcomers to the broadcasting field. At least 35 producers of petroleum, who would like to see the Southwest sprout with their antennae as it does with their derricks, are listed as stockholders of companies applying to the FCC. The groups or individuals who acquired the original 108 stations, on a first come, first served basis, fell largely into four categories: radio station operators, newspaper and publishing concerns, radio manufacturers, and some theater interests. Radio interests still comprise the majority of applicants.

From whatever diverse fields they came, the applicants, during their long wait, had one thing other than their competition in common. All were up against a lack of known policy from which they might best determine their chances for grants. The Communications Act of 1934, and such precedent as could be derived from radio practices, governed their thinking. There were only four basic requirements for application: citizenship, financial stability, a good legal record, and conformance with the rules limiting the number of stations owned by any one broadcaster. All corporate applicants are required to be represented by counsel, and wherever a station assignment is contested it will be settled by hearings before an FCC examiner.

Money cannot win a television grant, but it is a prerequisite for application. Unlike radio, where an operator can start transmitting from his garage, the installation costs of television are enormous. Equipped VHF station costs range roughly from \$225,000 in cities under 50,000 to \$450,000 in cities over 1,000,000. For UHF cities in the same population groups, prices range from \$250,000 to \$475,000. The price of transmitters runs to one quarter of station costs. These round figures do not include real estate and self-supporting tower costs; engineering, consultant, or legal fees. Washington lawyers have been said to get up to \$1000 a day for time they actually spend at hearings. First-year operating expenses range from \$300,000 to \$500,000. To measure the financial heights to which television programming can rise, one has only to look at the cost of a big network show. Time and talent for the hour-and-a-half Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca *Show of Shows* come to \$6,000,000 for 39 weeks. Six advertisers split the bill. A station like Milwaukee's WTMJ-TV lists its 1951 program-

ming expenses at \$105,000. Its telecasting, however, is heavily supplemented by network shows.

A second prerequisite for winning a station in a contested area is legal skill. It is at a premium. In the absence of specific television allocation policy, lawyers will be able to plead each case on the individual merits and requirements of the individual clients and communities. Only a few signposts for guidance are apparent. The most important one (after basic requirements have been satisfied) is the capacity to serve the particular locality well.

Benedict P. Cottone, General Counsel of the FCC, names four considerations which he thinks will strongly influence the separate decisions. 1) Ability to do the best job for the locality. 2) Local residence. This is a deciding factor, and Mr. Cottone says, "As a general rule the local applicant will win over an outsider." 3) Integration of ownership and management. In the event that all applicants are local residents, Mr. Cottone finds it likely that one who intended to run his own station as his major business would win over an applicant who intended to have the station run for him. The General Counsel indicates, however, that this would be a decisive factor only if everything else was equal. 4) Diversification of ownership. The FCC is strongly opposed to any monopolistic tendencies in the communications field. Competition is the agency's major aim and battle cry. It welcomes newcomers to the field of telecasting. Eight years ago it issued a directive to the disadvantage of newspapers applying for radio permits: "Other things being equal," the FCC "prefers the non-newspaper applicant." There is a serious proposal in Congress to alter this policy, but the FCC's own attitude is clear.

Diversification of ownership poses a number of problems. Radio, the parent of television, is also in the communications field. Some contend that motion picture companies, with their resources for programming and filming news events, are kin to communication. If radio policy applies to television, are their applications to be at the same disadvantage as those submitted by newspapers? Radiomen wonder if the bids of newcomers will be preferred over their own. They maintain that radio is not supplementary to television but in competition with it. One radioman says heatedly, "The FCC wants to incubate the baby. There is a kind of justice involved in recognizing the parent who borned it and must now compete against it." Publishers of journals other than newspapers wonder how they will fare in view of their newspaper kinship. Newcomers, welcome as they are, wonder if their newness to communications techniques will handicap them under the point of offering best service to the locality. Attorneys for applicants will battle bitterly over these points.

On the other side of the counsel table FCC attorneys will be probing into the applicant's corporate past. They are interested in everything from his history of court cases, his history of public service, his hiring policies, his management policies, to his reasons for wanting to enter television; why he selected a particular city; exactly where the money is coming from; the qualifications of his proposed staff; and, highly important, the nature of his proposed programs. The FCC attorneys are interested in more than just a programming philosophy. They want to know hour-by-hour programming plans.

To conduct its proceedings the FCC has a ridiculously inadequate staff of seven hearing examiners (two vacancies have not been filled because of budget cuts). No more than five of these seven may be assigned to the television hearings because of the magnitude of the FCC's other broadcasting work. Additional engineers and attorneys are needed. In recent months the FCC not only lost its chairman to private enterprise but saw four legal staff members leave to join private law firms. Other losses are expected. This year the FCC asked Congress for funds of \$2,000,000 above its present budget. Should the money be appropriated, \$200,000 of it would go for additional personnel to handle TV. Even then a certain amount of time would be necessary to familiarize the new staff with the intricate and technical nature of the FCC's duties.

The work records of examiners show that each seems to be able to hear from 10 to 15 applications per year. If there are as many as 500 contested applications, the five presently available examiners, each handling an unlikely maximum of 15 cases per year, would require six and a half years to complete the job.

The FCC's chairman recently said, "I am afraid that there is an expectation in some quarters that when the time for making grants comes, they will issue from the Commission in a tidal wave. . . . The hard reality is that they will come more in the nature of a trickle."

Perhaps only the matched impatience of prospective viewers and prospective telecasters can swell that trickle into a stream. Considering the unexampled rapidity of television's growth since its emergence from the experimental stage just after V-J Day, it is not fantastic to suppose that the slow rate of grants will in some way be speeded. It is possible that the competing applicants who posed the problem will help to solve it. In the words of one Washington attorney, "There's only one method of getting fast grants in any contested city. That's by locking up all applicants in a hotel room, permitting them no liquor or cigarettes, and telling them to come out with no more applications than channels — through murder or merger."



The most eminent philosopher in the Western world, GEORGE SANTAYANA has been living and writing for some years at the Convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome. His first work of philosophy, The Sense of Beauty, was published in 1896; his latest, Dominations and Powers, in 1951. In between he has been working on his memoirs, two volumes of which have already appeared — in part in the Atlantic — and from the third of which, In the Old World, we are happy to draw this independent chapter, written in Italy in 1942.

I LIKE TO BE A STRANGER

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

I

WHEN at the threshold of old age I found myself free and looked about for a place of retirement and finally found it in Italy and particularly in Rome, I was not at all in search of an ideal society or even of a congenial one. I was looking only for suitable lodgings, where the climate, the scene, and the human ways of my neighbors might not impede but, if possible, inspire me in my projected work and where I might bring my life to a peaceful end. As to society, I was quite content with that which naturally surrounded me; for I still had my family and my friends in America, in England, and in Spain; while in Italy later the Anglo-American residents, with their fringe of distinguished Italian acquaintances, would have been accessible to me if I had cared to cultivate them more assiduously. But essentially I desired solitude and independence: not in the English form of quiet home life in the country, but rather after the fashion of ancient philosophers, often in exile but always in sight of the market place and the theater.

Nor was I at first entirely adrift. Even my relations with Harvard were not suddenly severed. President Lowell had resisted my wish to resign and we had come to an agreement that, after eighteen months leave, I should return for the first half of each year. I meant to carry out this plan so long as my mother lived; but she died soon after my departure, and my sister Josefina returned to live in Spain. I had henceforth no home in America. At the same time my income was somewhat increased, and I resigned my professorship by letter. The question of an official residence thus presented itself immediately, and remained more or less open during the next ten years.

My nominal headquarters, as well as my books, remained for some time at my friend Strong's, in the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and my passport was periodically renewed by the Spanish Consulate in

Paris. But Strong and I were never there in winter, and he usually went in summer to see his parents. Sometimes I spent a season there alone, in a silence most favorable for concentration of mind. Then, in the evening, I could remember that all Paris lay at my feet, behind that screen of green trees, and I would go to the Boulevards or to the Champs Élysées for a stroll and for dinner.

There was evidently no finality, no sense of home, in such a *pied-à-terre*. Nor was Paris a place where, even if I had been younger and richer, I should have cared to live. It did very well for an occasional season of cosmopolitan pleasures, but even its intellectual and artistic movements, though they greatly attracted and rewarded attention, were episodes, fashions, and extravagances with which no one would wish to be identified. Even distinguished and philosophical persons that I came across never inspired any confidence in my mind. Three of these might be mentioned: Bergson, Boutroux, and Dr. Cazalis, who wrote under the name of Jean Lahor. None of these were Catholics, so that in them all there was a certain strain of self-consciousness, as of outsiders who always felt a little aggrieved and a little insincere in the French atmosphere.

I have never had a French friend. In the most charming of them I felt something false, as if an evil spell bound them to some secret and sinister cause and they were feigning all their amiability for an ulterior reason. They could never be disinterested, never detached. They had in their hearts a sort of covert intensity and stubborn nearsightedness that I could not endure. On the other hand I have fed with perpetual delight on the French way of putting things: everything was perceived by them, everything tolerated, nothing overdone, nothing insisted upon. The French mind is an exquisite medium for conveying such things as can be communicated in words. It is the unspoken things of

which one feels the absence or mistrusts the quality.

During my first free years I instinctively turned to Spain, and besides long visits in Ávila, I lived awhile with my sister Mercedes in Madrid, in that circle composed of twenty-seven women and not one man. For partial relief, I then went with her and Josefina to Seville. After a while they were bored there, and left me to enjoy the air in the gardens, the Cathedral, the little plays at 10.30 at the Teatro del Duque, the bullfights, and the processions of Holy Week. I even went sometimes to the music hall *Novedades* to see the local dancing and hear the local songs. It was well enough for once, or for the young natives who can enjoy it all gracefully, and escape to higher things. But for me, with my tastes and at my age, it was only a flimsy spectacle, a surface without volume or depth and with nothing to hold me.

During another winter, being cold and bored in Madrid with Mercedes and her intimates, I made a trip to Valencia, Alicante, and Murcia. I saw some lovely spots along the coast, where a Spanish Riviera might exist; but the towns and the life were distinctly second-rate, and even the language, as far as Murcia, not Castilian. Ávila, I perceived, was the only place in Spain where I might live happily. I kept that in reserve; for the moment I would look about elsewhere. Before long, however, the First World War broke out, and by chance caught me in Cambridge at the Red Lion; and in England I remained for five years.

When I returned to Ávila after the war I felt a distinct change in the moral climate. My long residence in England and the fact that my sympathies during the struggle had been strong on the English side produced a chill towards me in my sister's family. Their sentiments had been, and continued always to be, inspired by clerical and nationalist Spanish opinion, which anticipated what it became during the second general war. At that time I didn't altogether appreciate the grounds of such violent Anglophobia. It was not founded on knowledge of England, as my feelings were. It arose indirectly, through traditional fear and hatred of English influence in other European countries; and to this was added the detestation of French influence in Spain both in politics and in religion. These good people did not suspect (although the Pope did) that modern Germany was more anti-Catholic than England or even than republican France, in that it preached an enthusiastic return to heathenism; whereas England and France were merely Erastian, worldly, greedy and money-loving, as the Catholic soul of Castile certainly was not. Yet they did not preach a racial war on the Jewish foundations of Christianity, nor propose to saddle a Nietzschean morality on peaceful lands like Austria, Bavaria, and the Rhineland that were traditionally Catholic.

Not that my own philosophy was partisan or afraid of Nietzsche. Neither tribal nor commercial

morality inspired me with particular horror. I knew that the first was brutal and the second vulgar; but they both were intelligible phases in human civilization, just as Catholicism was; and it was an accident of temperament or circumstances how far my sympathies were enlisted on one or the other side. Essentially I could sympathize with them all, but could identify myself with none. That I was a philosopher, that I could identify myself willingly only with intelligence and with the truth, offended my friends in Ávila, as it now seems to offend some of my friends in other places.

2

THE idea of eventually living in Ávila, with one of my sisters or with both, remained with me; but the moment had not arrived. Meantime I would make trial of the Riviera, the common refuge of the lazy in exile; and I took rooms with only breakfast served, first at Monte Carlo and then in Nice, going to Italian restaurants for my other meals. I should have liked the old town of Monaco, with its gardens overhanging the sea, but there was no hotel there, and no likely lodgings. In Nice I had a bad attack of my chronic catarrh, and moved to a clinic where, lying comfortably in bed by a wide open window, I had a pleasant convalescence spent reading Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes*, all but the mathematical part, which I couldn't understand and distrusted a priori; for it is a marvel that mathematics should apply so well to the material world, and to apply it to history or ideas is pure madness.

The atmosphere of the Riviera, physical and moral, didn't agree with me very well. And the same may be said of Florence, in spite of the presence there of some old friends, Strong, Loeser, and Berenson. They, Strong especially, with his new villa, caused me often to stop there, as I never did again at the Riviera; yet even in Fiesole I was never happy. All nationalities are better at home, where they are less conspicuous as special nationalities, and may pass for common humanity. When you transplant the species, it suffers constraint and becomes sickly or intrusive or both at once.

I like to be a stranger myself — it was my destiny; but I wish to be the only stranger. For this reason I have been happiest among people of all nationalities who were not of my own age, class, or family circle; for then I was a single exceptional personage in their world, and they a complete harmonious milieu for me to drop into and live with for a season. Where there were other foreigners among whom I was classed, and with whom I was expected to be more at home than with the natives, I was ill at ease in both camps, and disliked each for not knowing how to live with the other. For this reason in America I avoided all foreigners, especially all Spanish people; and in England or Spain or even Italy, I suffered when I was with Americans.

Only in Paris, a cosmopolitan caravansary in itself, did Americans and other foreigners fall nicely into the picture and spoil nothing in the charm of the place. This would probably not have been the case even there, if I had known the best French people; but I saw only persons already cultivating foreigners and making up to them for interested reasons, and it was not among such that I cared to move.

3

IT MIGHT seem that I turned to Italy and especially to Rome as a last resort, but that was not the case. Italy and Rome were my first choice, my ideal point of vantage in thought, the one anthropological center, where nature and art were most beautiful and mankind least distorted from their complete character. But I had wished to look about first to see if my own country, or places more allied to my later associations, like England, would not be, for me, more desirable retreats; for it was a retreat I was looking for, not a field of action. No: upon trial I was sure that none of them would be better. Therefore I began to spend my winters in Rome in 1920, as I have done ever since. For the summer I still went to Paris, to Ávila, sometimes to Glion over the Lake of Geneva, a short walk to the clinic where Strong often took refuge. But I remembered the terms in which my poetic friend Trumbull Stickney had eulogized Cortina, an ideal Tyrolean village in an emerald-green valley amid the mountains of the moon; and now, after the war, Cortina was in Italy. I tried it, going to the Hotel Cristallo high on a hillside. It was here, in a bare little bedroom on the top floor, that I wrote at one stretch *Platonism and the Spiritual Life*. In that year (1926) the valley of Ampezzo was still green and rustic, with only a few roofs clustering about the church, with its noble spire. The peasants were ideal peasants and the strangers very few, and true lovers of nature.

Cortina had extraneous advantages for me as well; it could be easily reached, yet not so easily as by a night express direct from Rome. It was almost inevitable to stop in Venice; and I fell into the habit of stopping there for some weeks in each year, especially in September and October. The fashion in Venice had moved to the Lido, where I didn't follow it; and the sea front, the Piazza, and the Piazzetta preserved an Italian rather than a cosmopolitan character. I found a book by an old-fashioned English resident on *Walks in Venice* with accurate little maps indicating the turns to take at each point in the labyrinth of lanes; and with this guide I walked all over Venice, without ever taking a gondola, except on my arrival and departure, when I had luggage. The eye was feasted in Venice as nowhere else on light and color. The sea, most inhuman of elements, met in perfect friendship here with the soft and pleasure-loving side of man; and the mixed

architecture of a bygone plutocracy reconciled me to the experiments of today.

Here too the desire to be splendid is in evidence, rather than vital greatness betrayed by a splendor that was unintended. How different these palaces, so rich and ornamental outside, so evidently striving to outshine one another, from the severe grandeur of the palaces of Rome, each turned inwards, walled and barred like a castle or a monastery against the outer world, plain like a fortress or a prison, yet imposing by the scale of the monumental doors and spaced windows, the cliff-like walls and the defiant cornices! In Venice, originally on the human scale, all was pleasant loggias and balconies, where the gay inmates might crowd to see and to be seen. Business was not hidden; it might be transacted in the great Piazza or on the frequented Rialto; but Pleasure soon drove it indoors, into the secret cabinets of rich men, while the young and gallant paraded the squares or the Grand Canal, to display their finery and plot their amours.

Venice would have been vulgar but for two blessed accidents that made it inimitably beautiful. One was the magic of that lagoon on which it seemed to float, and that mesh of canals vivifying it as the veins vivify the body and everywhere mirroring a sky itself softened and dyed by the denser tints that earth and water have reflected back upon it. The other happy accident was the age in which Venice flourished and from which it borrowed its arts. The model at first was Byzantium, also a commercial city, although an Oriental and hieratic one; so that everything, even nautical things, came to the Venetians already mellowed and refined by the traditions of many ages and many empires. These Venetians were *nouveaux riches*; they could never have developed their arts from within; but they had many contacts, such as other Christian nations generally lacked, and they could adopt and combine many fashions, not without a festive originality in combining them. So later, when it became the fashion in Italy to be classical, the Venetians again had models nobler than their own genius; yet these models gained a new charm and elegance when reproduced, on a smaller scale, in the incomparable stage setting of Venice.

I lodged habitually at Danieli's, going out to Martini's by the Teatro Fenice for luncheon, because it was quiet and pleasant there at that hour, sitting under an awning in the well-paved square, with interesting façades before one, and not too much food, as happened then in good hotels. For dinner I usually went to the Olympia, where a table at the back was reserved for me; and when the band began to play at nine o'clock, I was ready to go and stand in the Piazza, or walk about in the upper end of it, where few people gathered.

The public seems to think that to hear music is to see the musicians fiddle and blow. I preferred not to see them. Here, and on the Pincio in Rome, I

had my only taste of instrumental music — shocking confession, no doubt, for a person supposed to relish the fine arts. But music bores me if I am sitting penned in among a crowd in a hot place, with bright artificial lights and a general pretense at intelligent interest, whether such interest exists or not. It is too much like sitting through a service in a Protestant church. At the opera I can forget this discomfort because the impression, visual as well as auditory, is violent enough to hold my attention; but for pure music I desire the open air, solitude if possible, and liberty to move about and to go away. There is a wonderful sense of freedom in standing on one's two legs. It adds, in my feeling, to the sincere enjoyment of both nature and art. Music and landscape then come as a gift, not as a thing procured for a ticket that constitutes a promise and imposes a sort of pledge. I prefer that the beautiful should come upon me unannounced, and that it should leave me at liberty.

At Danieli's my favorite room was a little one in the entresol, No. 8, close over the entrance, where I could sit, during my writing hours in the morning and during my reading hours in the early afternoon, by my low-silled window, open but discreetly curtained, little above the level of the Riva degli Schiavoni. Here I was conscious of the life of the place but not disturbed by it, and refreshed, whenever I looked up, by the lovely picture of San Giorgio Maggiore across the Bacino di San Marco. If I stretched my neck a little, I could also see the Dogana and the domes and belfry of La Salute; but this, although more ornate, seemed to me less beautiful than San Giorgio, less naturally perfect and individual, because the brick and marble harmonies of San Giorgio, with the green roof of the tower, were a happy gift of fortune. Doubtless the plutocratic rebuilders of the old convent and hospital would have liked to face everything with white marble; but the rich, on their lavish scale, are no less or even more hampered than the poor; and in this case they had the exquisite taste of Palladio to redeem and to glorify their comparative poverty. The new west front should be shining white, to be gilded and mellowed by the setting sun; while the walls, the dome, and the outlying low buildings should preserve their weathered pink with only touches of white and gray in the lintels and cornices. And fortune smiled again when the campanile was added, a slender and more graceful copy of that of St. Mark's, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*; for it completes the harmony of its church, as the great campanile does not, lends it height and unity, rhymes the same russet with the same white, and caps the whole, in the hood of the spire, with a touch of aerial green. So nature has blessed and adopted this work of art, as if it had descended like a vision from the clouds and remained suspended between the sparkling sea and the depths of air.

Once, in 1939-1940, when the Hotel Bristol in

Rome was closed and about to be rebuilt, I spent a whole winter in Venice — not a thing to be recommended; yet a pleasant walk had just been opened along the sea front uninterruptedly to the Public Gardens. There were nine little bridges — I counted some four hundred steps to go up and down on the way; but from each bridge there was a new vista, and the varied shipping carried the mind from ancient wars to the one then beginning, and from those placid lagoons to the Southern Seas.

4

IN Rome fortune at first lent me a living guide, in the person of the Reverend Luciano Zampa of Gubbio, a modernist priest who had translated my *Egotism in German Philosophy*. It was with him that I first ventured into Italian conversation. He helped me without discouraging me by too many corrections; and I could always put in an English or Spanish or French or even Latin word if my Italian failed me. Besides, he could often guess what I wished to say before I quite said it; my later friend Michele Petrone used to do the same; and with these two I could even become eloquent in Italian, in spite of my insecure hold on the language.

But the great service that Zampa did me was to show me the less obvious sights of Rome. Being a provincial priest — at first dressed as a layman, having been unfrocked for his modernism, but afterwards restored to his clerical privileges — he had a traditional admiration for all that was ecclesiastically important. Great ancient columns and rich marbles inspired him with respect, apart from their beauty; and this proprietary human esteem for the arts was a good corrective to the priggish aestheticism of my English-speaking artistic friends. Later some of these artistic friends — Geoffrey Scott, for instance, in Florence — abetted this ecclesiastical view in so far as they renounced pre-Raphaelism and learned to love the baroque; but that was an aesthetic fashion also, and corrupt, Aubrey Beardsley substituted for Burne-Jones; whereas my honest Zampa was simply impressed by the positive qualities of great size, rarity, cost, or splendor.

In spite of these lessons, however, I soon retreated into my aesthetic, or rather my poetic, shell and limited my diet of visual impressions to a few chosen sights. The central streets came in inevitably for a person who lives in them and frequents cafés; but my usual walk was to Trinità de' Monti, the Pincio, and the Villa Borghese. On some days I would go instead to the Tiber, St. Peter's, and (when it was made) the admirable garden at Castel Sant'Angelo; or else to the Janiculum, San Pietro in Montorio, and, above all, the Aqua Paola, where I always read the monumental inscription over the fountain, until finally I knew it by heart. And if any friends turned up, I would explain my aversion to museums and picture galleries, but would offer to take them,

after luncheon, to see three things: the Pantheon, Michelangelo's Moses, and the Forum from the top of the Capitoline, which included admiring the two pavilions of Michelangelo and the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Of these things I never tired; but of seeing more things or other things I had had enough. Fresher thought came and I could transmit more pleasure in recognizing these old objects than in staring at new ones.

Yet when not compelled to talk or to avoid useless explorations, I took many other casual turns in the labyrinth of the old streets, sometimes purposely making little circuits in search of odd variations on the theme of doors and windows, not to speak of church fronts and of fountains. Sometimes lovely things turned up in this way: for instance, the German burying ground by the Sacristy of St. Peter's, and the court of the hospital adjoining the church in the Borgo Santo Spirito, not far distant. Monte Cavallo, at the tip of the Quirinal, where also a band played, was another spot to loiter in at sunset, when the level light gilded the whole length of the Alta Semita as far as the Porta Pia, a caprice of Michelangelo's. Many things depended on the time of day and the weather for their full effect, as landscape necessarily does; and great weathered works of architecture become part of the landscape and move the mind to poetry, not to pedantic criticism.

This for me, with my imperfect eyesight wrapping everything in a second often merciful atmosphere, applies even to interiors. With Spanish preconceptions of what a church should be — somber, devotional, and rich in shrines — Italian interiors are apt to strike me as empty and cold; and even the great basilicas in Rome seem to lack a focus and to be too much like artists' models and too little like places of worship. But this may be due to personal prejudice, which a new personal experience may correct. Now (1942) that I live not far from the Lateran, I often cross San Giovanni, as I used to do the Cathedral of Ávila, in order to avoid the hot sun on the rough pavement; and being old and fond of sitting upon public benches, I rest for a moment on one of the wooden seats that are found there (but not, alas, at St. Peter's); and in those calm moments my eye has learned to frame wonderful vistas in that great church, forward to the restored apse with its golden mosaics and its papal throne, or across aisles and aisles, into vast side chapels, each a church in itself. And then the whole place seems to lose its rigidity and its dead pomp, and to become a marvelous labyrinth, as if it were a work of nature or of fancy rather than of human art. The gigantic violent Apostles in the nave cease to seem monstrous; they become baroque works of nature, as if water by chance had molded the sides of a cliff into the likeness of Titans. And what might have disappointed in the mother of cathedrals, the moderate height, becomes only the condition of

unlimited breadth; and you cannot complain that in the center you have a ceiling instead of a vault or a soaring dome, when you see beyond, quite subordinate to this rectangular space, soaring domes and vaults, enclosing other spaces and shedding variously colored lights on other elaborate altars. Thus familiarity discloses the richness of what seemed bare at first glance, and you find amplitude, time, and silence intensely present in what you had passed by as insignificant.

5

IT MIGHT seem that with age places gained upon persons in interest to my mind; and that my pleasure grew in intercourse with things rather than with ideas. Yet what held me in things was only their aspects, the picturesque or moral suggestions in them; for to things as material weights or forces I have never become attached. The old animal passion for fetishes, for hugging and hoarding particular objects because of their material identity, seems to have been entirely extinct in me; and it was precisely this indifference to physical identities that made me episodic in friendship and Platonizing in love. I was far from inconstant or variable in affection towards the *true* objects of my choice, but these were not the material things or persons that chance put in my way, in their necessarily mixed and changing composition. I saw only the gifts and virtues of which, perhaps for the first time, they gave me a clear idea. They became to that extent my local shrines or the saints for that day in my calendar; but never did the places or the persons turn into idols for my irrational worship. It was only the *numen* in them that I loved, who, as I passed by abstracted, whispered some immortal word in my ear.

It is true that persons, however changed in aspect, at least keep their memories. They may hark back to the scenes and the interests that may have bound them once to their old friends; and beneath memory there is also a soul, an innate disposition and character that may be recognized at moments in spite of all the incrustations of age, servitude, and vice. And besides that, there are lessons of experience; acquisitions and remunerations brought about by fortune that sometimes transform the most commonplace persons, or the least prepossessing originally, into noble minds; and then the Holy Ghost, that is no respecter of persons, speaks to us through those so softened and pathetic masks.

I would not nurse my animal aversions any more than my animal favoritisms. Without disowning in any way the bonds of blood or of comradeship or of social utility, I gladly recognize the good and the beautiful in unexpected quarters; and I am not daunted in my cult of those divine essences when I find that they have disappeared from a place or a person that had once seemed to possess them.

Never have I enjoyed youth so thoroughly as I have in my old age. In writing *Dialogues in Limbo* and *The Last Puritan*, I have drunk the pleasure of life more pure, more joyful, than it ever was when mingled with all the hidden anxieties and little annoyances of actual living. Nothing is inherently and invincibly young except spirit. And spirit can enter a human being perhaps better in the quiet of old age and dwell there more undisturbed than in the turmoil of adventure. But it must be in solitude. I do not need or desire to hobnob artificially with other old men in order to revisit them in their salad days, and to renew my own. In Rome, in the eternal city, I feel nearer to my own past, and to the whole past and future of the world, than I should in any cemetery or in any museum of relics.

Old places and old persons in their turn, when spirit dwells in them, have an intrinsic vitality of

which youth is incapable; precisely the balance and wisdom that come from long perspectives and broad foundations. Everything shines then for the spirit by its own light in its own place and time; but not as it shone in its own restless eyes. For in its own eyes each person and each place was the center of a universe full of threatening and tempting things; but old age, having less intensity at the center, has more clearness at the circumference, and knows that just because spirit, at each point, is a private center for all things, no one point, no one phase of spirit, is materially a public center for all the rest. Thus recognition and honor flow out to all things from the mind that conceives them justly and without egotism; and thus mind is reconciled to its own momentary existence and limited vision by the sense of the infinite supplements that embosom it on every side.



THE LAND THE OLD ONES KEEP

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Snow is on the head of him who plows
The steep New England acre green with May;
No quicksilver boy drives home the cows,
It is a man who brings them, old and gray.

The woman tending flowers is November,
The keeper of the house, lonely and old;
This northerly New England is an ember
Burning low and graying towards the cold.

No young voices fill the twelve-roomed house,
No sons put the stones back in the wall;
The only quick things here are mind and mouse,
All seasons are the quiet one, the Fall.

There are more dead than living in these small
Villages below the Northern Lights,
The chimneys smoke but an hour or so in all,
Windows grow dark early all the nights.

It is a sadness that was always so;
Always New England places knew the doom
Of having to see the hosts of children go,
Of having a house to keep with too much room.

This is a cradle for the richer places,
This is the land the old ones keep and tend;
They sweep their rooms, and hope still turns their faces
Towards Spring and children at the south road's bend.



An Atlantic Story



*A free-lance writer now living in New York City, MARC BRANDEL has four novels to his credit — the last two being *The Barriers Between* and *The Choice*. He was born in England thirty-three years ago, educated in France, Switzerland, and at Cambridge University, but has become so Americanized in his fourteen years in this country that this is the first story he has ever written with a European background.*

THE LAW-ABIDING

by MARC BRANDEL

IT WAS raining again: the drops slapping against the window of the compartment. At times it seemed to Hallam that it was always raining in Europe. Thinking of Germany, for instance, where he had spent the greater part of the last three years working in collaboration with Army Intelligence, he remembered the cold rain dripping from the eaves of the ruined buildings, the spattering pools among the rubble. And now the driving wetness of England.

The train was beginning to slow for East Croyden. He glanced warily across at the only other occupant of the narrow English compartment. But the wariness was really no more than automatic now. He wasn't afraid that Radjek would leave the train at Croyden, would try and give him the slip or even contact anyone. He knew only too well what Radjek was going to do. He was going to sit there just as he was, his large head settled back against the embroidered antimacassar provided by the Southern Railway for its first class passengers, his heavy lids closed, the infrequent restive shifting of his square reddish hands on his knees the only indication he was so much as aware of Hallam, that he was even awake. He was going to sit there until they got into Newhaven Harbor at nine tonight and then he was going to take his bag from the rack and move slowly and ponderously ahead of Hallam down the station platform, through the customs sheds, and up the gangplank of the Channel boat to safety — carrying the figures he had been sent to England to get securely packed away inside his mind beyond any possibility of detection or recapture. And there was absolutely nothing Hallam could do to stop him.

Disgustedly he turned back to his own window, looking out over the twilit acres of identical red roofs, the row of somehow pathetically cared-for gardens running down to the base of the railroad embankment. A woman in a flowered apron stood in the shelter of a doorway holding a child in her arm. Her hand clasping the child's wrist fluttered its arm up and down, waving at the train. Hallam raised his own hand in response and then let it fall back beside him. For a moment he hated Radjek with a quite personal hatred.

"It must be such a lonely job," his sister back in Rhode Island had once said to Hallam. But he had never seen it that way. He loved his job — not for the occasional risks involved; he had as a matter of fact little stomach for that side of it: at forty-two it was a conscious effort of will for him to be even moderately courageous — but for the very reason that it gave him such a sense of belonging. In working against a man like Radjek he could feel he was working *for* so many people. People like that woman: decent, friendly, standing in the doorways of their ugly little houses waving their good will at passing strangers.

He wondered again if Radjek knew just how safe he was. And was bitterly forced once more to admit to himself that he almost certainly did. It had been a last doomed hope this: to show his own hand, to follow Radjek quite openly since last night, follow him to the station, into this empty compartment. A last hope of scaring Radjek into thinking they weren't going to let him leave the country. But Radjek hadn't seemed in the least perturbed, had scarcely even looked up when Hallam entered the compartment. And he must

certainly know by now who Hallam was, that he was being followed, must surely have suspected it ever since he landed in England. To Radjek's kind it would seem unthinkable that a foreigner, any foreigner, shouldn't be kept under constant watch.

And yet, Hallam thought more hopefully, Radjek *had* taken this train, this slow halting local instead of the more obvious Channel boat express. Radjek still couldn't quite believe apparently that it could be this easy: that even a suspect foreigner might have the *right* to move freely in a "corrupt democracy," in England.

But then Radjek hadn't been at the Yard yesterday when Hallam talked to MacDonald. Good old Mac with his worn, homely face and worried eyes, his fuzzy hair and mustache. Like a little gray panda, Hallam had thought sitting across the desk from him in the small office. There was nothing disrespectful in the thought: it was a habit he had trained himself to, to settle on some simple association of this kind for each new face he encountered. It helped fix it in his memory.

"We've checked with our Passport Control people." Mac pulled a sheet of paper towards him. "Everything in order, I'm afraid. 'Naturalized Czech citizen. Visitor's visa issued by the British Consul in Prague.' Our fault, that. 'Traveling as the representative of the Continian Aluminum Company.' A bona fide firm with legitimate business connections in this country."

Hallam nodded. "You've got to hand it to them. They know exactly how to take advantage of every legality they can."

"So there it is," Mac slid the report back into the folder on his desk. "If he wants to leave the country I don't see how we can stop him. I mean we can't go around breaking our own laws, can we? We can search his luggage of course. Might even stretch a point and make a search of his . . . person. Though we don't like to do that if we can help it."

"Wouldn't do any good anyway." Stretch a point, Hallam thought. And if the positions were reversed? Radjek's kind wouldn't consider it stretching a point to commit murder in broad daylight. "He hasn't a thing on him," he continued. "Not a scrap of paper or a note of any kind. It's all in his head. That's why they sent Radjek. Because Radjek would understand what those figures meant. He wouldn't even have to memorize them exactly — only their meaning."

"I see." Mac pulled a rough-textured black pipe from his pocket and began to fill it. "Just how important are they?" he asked after a moment. "Not precisely a closed secret, would you say? Anyone doing the same experiments could get the figures for themselves."

"Sure. Sure, they could. Only it took your boys twenty-eight months and they had the best equipment in the world. Twenty-eight months that

we're just handing them on a platter the moment Radjek leaves the country tomorrow." Hallam stood up, his own self-disgust suddenly overwhelming. "Right in front of me," he said. "Right there on a public bench in the bang middle of Hyde Park with me sitting within twenty feet of them. Can you imagine! All the time I'd kept thinking Radjek would have to go to Harwell himself, or they would have to smuggle copies of the figures out to him. It never even occurred to me, pinhead I am, that was how they would do it, that was how they had planned it all along. Word of mouth. I hadn't even seen that was *why* they sent Radjek. A scientist. Far too important a man for them to risk unless they were absolutely sure what they were doing. And that whole hour. That whole hour they were sitting there, Radjek and Hart, I didn't suspect a Goddam thing. Me! I didn't even know who Hart was."

"Not your fault, that." If there had been any sympathy in Mac's voice Hallam couldn't have borne it, but it was a mere statement of fact. "We didn't know about Hart ourselves until just before his death." He shook out the match he had been holding to his pipe. "Extraordinary, a fellow like that, isn't it?" he went on. "Hart, I mean. Oxford man. Senior science scholar. Brilliant record. Went all through the war. Comes of a good family too. You can imagine what this has done to them. His sister was in here this afternoon. Awfully nice girl, got a special citation for her work during the Blitz, night ferry service up and down the river. She just sat there, fidgeting with the clasp of her handbag, saying 'Isn't there anything I can do to make up for my brother?'" Mac reached gloomily for another match. "Beats me," he admitted. "Men like Hart. What makes 'em do it, do you think? Not money. Kind of a disease, I suppose."

Hallam turned back to his chair and sat down. "Why did Hart kill himself?" he asked. "Did he know you were after him?"

"No." There was a look of sadness in Mac's honest, worried eyes that might almost have been taken for pity. "No, we can be pretty sure he didn't. Do you know what I think?" he continued. "It was because of them. Radjek's lot, I mean. They didn't trust him. I don't mean to say they killed him. It was suicide all right. But they were through with him. They let him see they didn't trust him any longer. And after all he'd done for them the realization was just too much for him. He had betrayed his own country, his family, everything he had been brought up to believe in, and suddenly he had nothing left, nowhere to turn."

"Look." In his urgency Hallam leaned forward and rested his hands on Mac's desk. "Suppose I was willing to swear, go to court and swear Radjek was in touch with Hart. Wouldn't that be enough for you — at least to detain him?"

"Could you swear what they talked about?"

"No." Hallam shook his head. "No, I guess for all I can prove they talked about the weather. But we both know they didn't."

"That's not enough, though, is it?"

Hallam did not answer and after a moment Mac asked frankly: "Look here, what's your particular interest in Radjek? Is there anything you people can prove against him?"

"Not legally." Hallam felt for a cigarette and lit it. "We think . . . Hell, we know he's the coördinator of a group of agents working in the States. That's why I was sent here after him. We knew he was after those figures and we hoped we could get something on him here. Something that would stick in your courts." His own anger with himself crept into his voice again. "And now that he's got the figures on top of everything else we can't even stop him leaving the country."

"Well, after all, Old Chap." There was a strange, rather likable embarrassment in MacDonald's gray eyes. "I mean that's rather what it's all about, isn't it? Can't go around arresting people on suspicion or we should none of us sleep safe in our beds at night. What?"

"I guess so." These English, Hallam thought. He'll be offering me a cup of tea next. But he felt a great affection for Mac at that moment. "It's too bad it doesn't work both ways, though," he said. "Too bad a man like Radjek can come over here and take advantage of your decency, your regard for laws he despises you for having."

"Do you suppose he knows?" There was a sudden sharpness in MacDonald's voice, a look of bright speculation in his eyes. "I mean do you suppose Radjek himself knows just how safe he is, that we can't touch him without breaking our own laws? They have funny ideas about other countries sometimes, you know, these people."

Sure he knew, Hallam thought now, watching Radjek across the narrow aisle of the compartment. His taking this train, this local that stopped at Newhaven Town as well as the Harbor, was no more than an irrational reflex of caution, a way of leaving himself a last out in case he was stopped and questioned.

2

THE train jolted to a stop, a shower of raindrops shaking loose from its roof, splashing on the platform. A wave of passengers rippled forward from the shelter of a wooden awning, disclosing a row of billboards. "Did you Maclean your teeth today?" The door of the compartment was opened from the outside: a girl entered in a flurry of parting advice. She settled her suitcase on the seat opposite Hallam and turned back to a tall woman on the platform, opening the window and leaning out.

"Have a good time."

"Oh, I shall. Don't worry. I expect I shall make an absolute pig of myself."

"Do. You deserve it, and dear . . ."

"Two eggs every morning. Just fancy . . . I wish you were coming too. It's too awful to think of your having to stay in England. I wish . . ."

"Don't, dear. Just try and forget it all. Forget him. Stay as long as you can and have a simply lovely time."

There was a warning whistle, a moment's silence as the brake pumps stilled, the slamming of doors up and down the train. The girl stepped back and closed the window, pulling on the heavy leather strap until the single pane slipped into place and held. The older woman's face moved slowly past. Looking out Hallam saw her turn back to the shelter of the awning. There had been two men in rain-coats standing beneath it and in the instant before they were lost to sight Hallam had the impression that they had been waiting for her there. The thought caused him a slight uneasiness, like a word in a cipher that did not quite fit. Why had only the woman come to the door of the compartment?

He watched the girl as she moved briskly about, straightening her suitcase on the seat beside her, folding her coat on top of it, settling into her corner. She was rather pretty in an English way, the softness of her eyes and mouth oddly contrasting with the bones of her face, the firmness of her chin, the long capable hands. So many English people were like that, he thought; all shy apology on the surface and underneath as tough and serviceable as the shoes they made, with that curious indignant toughness that came from their assurance of being always in the right.

The girl had scarcely even glanced at either him or Radjek. Having made herself comfortable she opened a book, a green clothbound book with no wrapper. As she raised it Hallam noticed the red sticker across the bottom of the jacket. Boots Circulating Library. He was aware again of that faint sense of disquiet, as at something that did not quite fit. "Stay as long as you can," the woman on the platform had said. Then wasn't it a little strange to be taking a library book with her?

His attention was distracted by a movement in the corridor outside. A man passed, glancing briefly in. Hallam had the impression of a white pointed face beneath an absurdly narrow-brimmed, high-crowned black hat. Like an irritable gnome, he thought. His glance shifted to Radjek. The other had not moved, but looking at his hands, Hallam felt an instant's stirring of excitement. The thumb and forefinger of Radjek's right hand were rubbing softly, insistently together. It was a mannerism Hallam had noticed before; it reminded him of a gambler fingering his last chip; and he had come to recognize it as a sign of anxiety. What was it that had disturbed Radjek? The girl's presence in the compartment? He brought his eyes back to her.

Perhaps it was only the contrast between his hatred of Radjek and his instinctive liking for her, or perhaps something in the girl herself, her air of gentle independence, of hidden reserves; but for a moment looking at her, Hallam was aware of almost suffocating anger. It was girls like this who had stood beside the ack-ack guns in 1940, who had run the little boats up and down the Thames those too bright London nights. Who were now being edged a little closer to a still greater ordeal, an even worse Hell, because of his own stupidity and failure.

The train was beginning to slow again. Hayward's Heath. The quiet little country station, peaceful as an old print, seemed only to echo his own self-accusations. Did you Maclean your teeth today? Only one stop more now, he thought, Lewes, and then Newhaven, first the Town, and a mile further on the Harbor, and the waiting boat. A figure passed the window, glancing in, moving on down the corridor. Hallam caught a glimpse of the little white face beneath the absurd black hat. The irritable gnome again. He looked at Radjek. His hands were moving once more, the fingers whispering nervously together. He *was* afraid of something, Hallam decided. But what? What in God's name had he got to be scared of? All he had to do was walk aboard.

Opposite him the girl closed her book, laying it beside her. There was a thin white celluloid marker, the accompaniment of all Boots Library books, slipped between the pages towards the end, but she had not moved it. Had she finished the book already? He looked at her face. She was staring out of the window, thoughtfully watching the green Sussex fields, the neat hedges, the still trees slip by, but Hallam had the impression of a certain tenseness in her manner now. Like Radjek she might have been nerving herself to something.

Before he could recover from his surprise a signal box slid past the window. Lewes. The train slowed, shuddered, halted, the air brakes panting. Doors slammed shut. There was the sound of men's voices in the corridor; the train was on its way again.

The girl seemed to drag her eyes from the window and straightened a little in her seat, staring directly ahead of her.

3

THE voices were approaching their carriage. Two men came into view and halted. At the sight of them Hallam felt a surge of hope. There was no mistaking that air of deferential firmness, of somehow apologetic authority. The two Yard men wore their profession like coats as they stepped into the compartment and stood just inside the door taking in the three passengers.

"Anyone for the Channel boat?" It was the elder of the two who had spoken.

Hallam frowned, puzzled. Then: of course, he thought, his brief hope dying. Money. They have to check your money. You're only allowed to take out so much.

"Yes, I am." The girl snapped open her bag and pulled out her passport. "I'm going to Paris."

The Yard man took it from her, opening it at the first page, reading her name. His eyes hardened unaccountably. "And just what are you going to be doing in France?" he asked.

"Taking a holiday."

"That all?"

Hallam was incredulous: he had felt a note of menace in the question.

"Plenty of nice places in England for a holiday." The Yard man gestured brusquely toward the suitcase on the seat beside the girl. "This yours?" Without waiting for an answer he bent down and unfastened the locks. "Or don't you like England?" he asked, fingering expertly through the neatly piled clothes inside.

Hallam looked at the girl's face. Within this framework of the English carriage with its old-fashioned upholstery, its fading photographs of Bognor Regis, the English Lake Country, the expression in her eyes filled him with a sense of waking nightmare. He had seen that same expression in men and women's eyes before; but then it had seemed to him a mere extension of their surroundings: the barrier, the arc lights, the booted guards, the little huddle of refugees from the Eastern Zone presenting their papers with that same look of fearful hope.

"Yes, of course I like it. Why shouldn't I?" Snap. Lock. Snap. Lock. Her voice matched the brittle staccato sound of her fingers blindly opening and closing the clasp of her handbag.

"What's this?" The Yard man picked up the book from the seat beside her. "*European Crossroads*. Ilya Ehrenburg. Russian, isn't he?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Afraid we'll have to ask you to come along with us." He had closed the suitcase and now handed it and the book to his companion in the doorway. "Come on, Miss."

"But what for? What am I charged with?" The trembling of the girl's lips was pitiful.

"Not charged with anything . . . yet. Just taking you into protective custody." There was a nasty, jeering quality in the Yard man's voice. "Just on suspicion, you might say."

"Suspicion of what?" Snap. Lock. Snap. Lock. She was fighting hard to control it, but she was plainly terrified now. Hallam watched her with a kind of sickened fascination, as one might watch some scene in a Grand Guignol pantomime, some scene that bore absolutely no relation to reality. The worn, homely compartment, the quiet English countryside sliding serenely past outside had ceased to exist for him, transformed into grotesque

fantasy by the incredibility of what was happening in relation to it.

"You're known to have associated with the traitor, Jonathan Hart."

"But I hardly knew him . . ."

"Come along, now. Come along." The Yard man made a quick impatient movement towards the door. "Halpert," he called, "take her outside."

Still protesting, but with an air of terrified resignation now, the girl stood up, her fingers struggling awkwardly with the buttons of her coat, and followed the younger Yard man out into the corridor. The other stood for a moment looking after her and then slipped her passport into his pocket. There was a dreadful finality in the gesture: he might have been turning a key in a lock.

"Anyone else for the boat?" He turned suddenly on Radjek. "You leaving the country?"

There was no change of expression on Radjek's heavy face, only the reddish hands moved now with increasing restive speed. He did not answer at once, but his eyes reflected no sign of hesitation, or even of thought. It was simply a moment lost, a moment Radjek might merely have been waiting to pass before replying.

"No," he said in his flat, dryly factual voice. "I'm only going as far as the town. On business. I'm returning to London tomorrow."

The words rang in Hallam's ears like a reprieve. Bewildered as he had been by what had just taken place, shocked beyond words by the Yard man's treatment of that girl, by the fact that such things could happen here, in England, he was conscious now only of a sense of quite physical relief.

Radjek had committed himself. He wouldn't dare now try and go aboard that boat — at least tonight. It was only slowly that the full implications of this fact became clear to Hallam. For the moment it was enough to realize that he had been given a second chance, a second chance to meet the harsh demands of his own New England conscience, to do his job, to stop those figures in Radjek's mind leaving the country at all, ever.

"May I see your ticket, please?"

The large hand stilled on the heavy knee, fumbled with a button, searched an inside pocket.

"This ticket is for Newhaven Harbor." The detective turned the small green pasteboard card in his fingers.

"A mistake." For all the interest in Radjek's voice he might have been correcting an error in grammar. "The ticket seller misunderstood me."

"We'll be coming into the town in a few minutes now." There was an unmistakable note of warning in the Yard man's voice. He handed the ticket back and without a glance at Hallam turned and left the compartment, sliding the door shut behind him.

Hallam was alone with Radjek once more. His mind was working desperately, trying to fit things

together. MacDonald. What he had said about Hart. The Yard man's incredible treatment of that girl. "Just on suspicion, you might say. You're known to have associated with Hart." Had some confederate of Hart's come forward then, implicated a whole new group? If so, why hadn't they arrested Radjek? At least warned him directly not to try and leave the country? None of it seemed to fit.

They were beginning to slow for Newhaven Town. Feverishly Hallam searched his mind for some fact, some detail he might have overlooked that, like the key word in a cipher, would make the whole thing clear. And then all at once he had it. The library book.

Hallam did not actually smile, but his relief, his sense of impersonal victory and above all his admiration for MacDonald, to say nothing of that girl, were so great at that moment that if he had been alone he would have laughed aloud.

4

It was a quietly respectable hotel on a side street about a quarter of a mile from the station. Above the double glass door a flaking gilt sign announced "The Traveller's Arms" and below it in smaller letters "Licensed to sell Wines and Spirits."

Hallam waited outside until he had seen Radjek follow the aging porter in his green baize apron up the stairs and out of sight and then crossed to the desk himself and asked for a room. The gray-haired woman on duty pushed the book towards him and Hallam signed his name. On the line above in Radjek's brisk, awkward hand was the entry "Konrad Bergen, Sweden" and the room number, 119.

Radjek must be even more scared than he had imagined, Hallam thought with a flush of triumph, to have reverted, so futilely, to a false name.

"Do you have a phone?" Hallam asked. He had an idea Mac might not be very far away, might be waiting at the local police station for this very call, in fact.

"It's right down the hall, sir."

Hallam thanked her, making his way past the cheerful murmur of the public bar to the box at the end of the corridor. "Lift receiver and insert two pennies. When your party answers press Button A." Good old England, Hallam thought. Its own special way of doing everything: to the English the only, the right way. And yet what a good, just way it often was — like Mac's way of stopping Radjek. He pressed Button A.

"Hullo, Mac," he said a moment later. "Yes, it worked. You did it. That girl was wonderful. . . . Oh, is that who she is? Well, she's certainly made up for her brother now. She did a marvelous job. Sure, she fooled me. I was all ready for a moment there to denounce England as a totali-

tarian state. Yes, he's taken a room at The Traveler's Arms on West Street. I'm downstairs. All right, I'll wait for you. About five minutes. Fine." He hung up and whistling happily under his breath strolled back into the lobby.

"Do you want to see your room now, sir?"

"No, thank you." Hallam smiled at the woman out of sheer high spirits. "I'm waiting for a friend." He walked over to a chair from which he could watch both the door and the stairs and lit a cigarette.

He was less than halfway through it when he first noticed the shoes. They were small, very shiny, very pointed black shoes and they were standing on the top step in sight of where he was sitting, the landing above cutting them off from the rest of the figure. For perhaps half a minute they remained quite still and then slowly and with a kind of conscious deliberation they began to descend the stairs.

The legs of a pair of narrow blue serge trousers came into view, a dark belted raincoat, a sharp little white face, and finally a narrow-brimmed, absurdly high-crowned black hat. It was the irritable gnome from the train.

Without hesitation, but with the same conscious deliberation, the little man continued down step by step until he reached the lobby. Like a hunter, Hallam thought, moving through the forest, afraid of snapping a twig. Like a gambler fingering his last chip.

In an instant Hallam was out of his chair.

The gnome turned and started back up the stairs at his approach, his livid hand moving in a curiously graceful arc towards his pocket. But Hallam was too quick for him. He felt the delicate bones of the other's wrist like something not quite living in his hands, as he wrenched the gnome's arm up behind his back. Then his other hand slid into the little man's pocket. It was a gun he had expected, but instead his fingers wounded themselves on a blade and withdrawing them Hallam found them reddened and viscid with more than his own blood.

He was aware of the gnome's feeble struggles: aware of them in a sickened, impalpable way that somehow recalled to him the doomed struggles of a dead chicken. His mind fled from them up the stairs into room 119, already knowing what he would find there. It had always been difficult for him to accept violence, even more to practice it.

He brought his hand around grasping the gnome's thin shoulder with some idea of forcing him before him up the stairs, into Radjek's room. And became

conscious all at once of the lobby beneath them, the raised faces, the suddenly disturbed expressions of the guests. And then the glass door onto the street swung open, and in a moment Mac was beside him on the stairs. With his quiet matter-of-fact presence, order seemed to reinvade the scene at once.

"Come, come now. Don't want to cause a disturbance." There was something absurd and yet wholly admirable in the way the helmeted bobby took the gnome from Hallam's hands, leading him with quiet certainty towards the door.

"What room?"

"119." Hallam bounded up the stairs ahead of Mac. In front of him a long corridor stretched towards a window. At its end, to the right, a door bore the number in brass.

Radjek lay face down across the bed. Except for the wide gashes in the dark cloth of his coat where the gnome's knife had ripped through to the heart, he might have been sleeping.

They didn't trust him either! Hallam thought with a kind of dazed wonder. They sent the gnome after him to make sure he got on that boat. But then Radjek made his one mistake. The words Mac had spoken the day before came to his mind: "They have funny ideas about other countries sometimes, these people." In spite of everything, Radjek had never quite been able to believe that any law could protect *him*. When Mac had had his men stage that scene in the compartment with the help of Hart's sister, Radjek had been only too ready to accept it as real. And so for a moment he had been afraid. "No, I'm only going as far as the town. I'm returning to London tomorrow." And after that he had been afraid even to try and leave, thinking those same two Yard men would surely be watching the boat. . . . While all the time he had had nothing, nothing in the whole world to fear—except from his own people. . . .

Hallam's thoughts broke off, interrupted by a sound beside him.

Mac was standing quite still, staring at the man on the bed, his lips moving in what seemed at first to be a string of indistinguishable curses. And then gradually Hallam made out the other's words.

"Oh, damn them," the little Scotsman was muttering to himself. "Damn them. Why do they have to try it here? I don't care if they murder each other in their own country until there's not one of them left. But damn them, I won't *stand* for it here. Here amongst decent, law-abiding people."



THE EXILES

We reached the ancient desert,
There sat down;
The group of us sat down.

We were a band of exiles
Left behind
By others who went on ahead
To reach a happier time.

For us the gourd tree did not grow,
There was no raven in the sun,
Nor any crow.

We prayed
As if the tiger in our midst
With yellow eye
Were tiger sent from God,
And we could pray.

The tiger stretched his stripes
Out in the sun,
The jackals fawned on him,
He did not make them run.

There was one in the heat
Cried out that we could beat
A stone to make the water run,
And so outwit the sun.

The tiger showed no haste;
There was no stone or stick
In all that waste;
Nothing at all to beat
Except the tiger in the heat.

That night the stars came out,
And Arab dead, in hosts,
Came to claim our ghosts,
Wrapped round in burnooses,
Wrapped round in burnooses
As if in shrouds.

LEONARD L. WOLF



The 500-mile Memorial Day race on the Indianapolis Speedway is run each year at ever higher speeds. But in comparison with European road racing, KEN PURDY contends, track contests have contributed little to the advancement of design in production cars. Mr. Purdy is Editor of True and widely known for his writings on motor racing and high-performance automobiles. He is the author of the book The Kings of the Road, which will be published May 26 under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

THE RACE AT INDIANAPOLIS

by KEN PURDY

I

THE phenomenon of the annual Memorial Day pilgrimage to the Indianapolis Speedway would baffle an anthropologist. As a matter of policy, the officials do not release attendance figures or gate receipts, but skilled estimators consider 150,000 an average Indianapolis crowd. The people come from the ends of the country to visit a brick and pavement-surfaced $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile track that is unique among the world's automobile racing circuits. Here is a privately owned track that is open to the public for only one day of the 365. The rest of the year it lies fallow.

In 1909 when the Speedway was started, it was dedicated to the proposition that upon it the infant motorcar would mature, grow great and strong. It was to function as a kind of giant laboratory. Here all manner of inventions, innovations, developments, could be assayed for use in ordinary passenger cars. Such was the pious credo of the founders. But American manufacturers of today are largely indifferent to this function of the Speedway. The major producers have their own elaborate proving grounds, better suited to the purpose than Indianapolis. Two years ago Austin of England sent a crew over and ran one of its cars around the oval day and night for a week, breaking dozens of U.S. stock-car records. The feat made a great stir abroad, but Austin was baffled to find that it created not a ripple of interest in America, and the model concerned, the A90 convertible coupé, was a total failure on the U.S. market.

Austin had been deceived into thinking that the tremendous annual attendance at Indianapolis reflected an informed enthusiasm on the part of the American public. It reflects nothing of the kind. Most of those attending have no basic understanding of automobile racing as such. They do not know what kinds of automobiles are running. They

do not know that Indianapolis regulations as to engine size prevent some of the contemporary fast European cars from competing; so they believe that only American automobiles are good enough to run successfully. Unlike French, German, British, or Italian crowds, they have no technical understanding of driving skill, and anything but flat-out speed is lost on them. Very many of them do not actually see the race, since there are few good vantage points for general-admission ticket holders. Why, then, do they bother to come?

The hard kernel of the crowd is of course composed of men — and women — who follow the fortunes of racing automobiles the year around. They know the difference between the "big cars," the championship cars, and the little midgets. They know the drivers. They know who is good on dirt tracks and who is not. They know the men who made the successful transition from midget driving, when it lost favor, to the maniacal, tin-bashing stock-car contests. However, even these few are rarely well-informed in technical matters. They may not even know the number of cylinders in the engine of any given car circling the track, or whether it is supercharged or not. But they do come to watch motor racing.

Why do the others come? The quick and easy answer is that they come in the hope of seeing someone killed, that they come for blood. I do not believe it. Most veteran race promoters do not believe it. They may come for the vicarious thrill inherent in watching close brushes with death, but they do not hope to see death itself. A fatal accident always has a depressant effect on a crowd, and is often followed by the immediate departure of notable numbers of people.

It is probably closest to the truth to say that the attendance at Indianapolis reflects, most of all, the skill with which the legend of the track has

been nurtured down the years. The Kentucky Derby offers a fair analogy. To go to Churchill Downs on Derby Day and get drunk on mint juleps identifies one with a great tradition and offers a soothing poultice to the ego. The love of horse-flesh and the "improvement of the breed" have nothing to do with it. So it is with Indianapolis. Automobile racing is a manly sport. Few endeavors are more dangerous. The spectator's virility is vicariously attested. And automobile racing at Indianapolis, the Speedway shrewdly assures its patrons, is more than mere sport: it is a contribution to the Automobile, the wheeled base upon which this nation lives and has its being.

2

THE opening of the Speedway in May of 1909 was inauspicious. The main event was a race run over 250 miles and won by Bob Burman, a noted Buick driver of the day, but the driver and "mechanician" of one of the Knox entries were killed, and in subsequent racing three more men lost their lives, one a mechanic and two spectators. The final race, scheduled for 300 miles, was called off after 235 miles had been covered. Subsequently the track was repaved with brick laid over gravel, tar, and sand. The resulting surface was, for its day, a good one, but the bricks offered poor adhesion for rubber tires and produced a rough ride. Most of the present surface is asphalt, although a section of the original brick has been left on the finishing straightaway for tradition's sake. It is not beloved by the drivers, and some of them have said that in the course of a 500-mile ride it will take the seat out of the best pair of trousers money can buy. The original brick paving was finished in December, 1909, the final stone being gold-plated and 52 pounds in weight. It was not left in the track.

There were various meetings run at the Speedway in 1909 and 1910, but the first of the 500-mile Memorial Day events was scheduled for 1911, and the life of the track is commonly held to have begun then. Harroun's six-cylinder Marmon took 6 hours and 42 minutes to win it, and 80,000 persons were present to cheer him on. The victory was worth \$10,000 to Harroun. He had earned it. He had driven steadily, carefully, and as fast as he could. Incidentally, the first recorded appearance of the rear-view mirror was on Ray Harroun's Marmon.

The steady upward march of winning speeds and prize monies that has characterized Indianapolis began the next year when Joe Dawson won in a National at a speed of 78.72 miles per hour, something over 4 miles per hour better than Harroun's mark, and was rewarded with \$15,000 more than Harroun had taken. The 1912 running furnished a notable example of the bitter determination that

is so important a factor in the make-up of all successful competitors. Ralph de Palma, driving a German Mercedes, had led the race for much of the distance, and at the 197th lap he was 10 miles in front of Dawson when his engine began to miss. The car slowed, and was barely a third of the way into the 198th lap — 200 make the race — when it stopped altogether. De Palma and his riding mechanic got out and pushed it all the rest of the way around the track. To finish the race, de Palma would have had to push the car another 5 miles, twice more around, and of course this was out of the question.

The third running of the 500-mile race roused the interest of the Europeans. The amount of money to be won seemed to them formidable, as indeed it was. No other race in the world has consistently been worth so much to its winners. The star-struck American pressmen were quick to urge on the native favorites. *Motor Age* sounded the tocsin: —

America will be called upon to defend its speed laurels on Friday, ominous Friday, but America is ready, as America ever is.

On the rim of a colossal brick saucer are perched the mute cars of four nations, foreboding monsters that sound a menacing challenge when gasoline and oil course through their hardened veins. In the chaotic camps, where grimy men sweat and toil under the lash of Ambition, the champions of four nations are waiting to put the strength, stamina and strategy of America to the crucial test.

As in the misty centuries of romance when plumed knights from all over Christendom entered the lists at the tournaments and proved their skill at feats of arms, at riding and at tilting, so foreign invader and American defender will match courage and cunning Memorial Day on the Indianapolis motor speedway. Chivalry will be born again when the starting bomb sounds at 10 o'clock in the morning . . . the gods of speed will have reason to rejoice when the checkered flag of victory drops and a new speedway champion is crowned.

But the urging was all in vain: Jules Goux, driving a Peugeot, took the glory — and the money — back to France with him. Only about 76 miles an hour was required to win, and by refreshing himself with seven pints of vintage champagne during the 6 hours and 35 minutes of the race he was able to achieve it easily.

Goux had beaten some good men: Ralph de Palma; Ralph Mulford, winner of both a Vanderbilt Cup and an Elgin Trophy race; Harry Grant, winner of two Vanderbilts; Teddy Tetzlaff, then holder of the world's over-the-road speed record of 78 mph; Bob Burman, holder of the land-speed record at 142 mph. Goux himself was no novice: he held the world's hour record, having put 106 miles into 60 minutes at Brooklands, the big English track.

The 1913 race was technically important because

the winning Peugeot, with its small, fast-turning engine, put an end to the supremacy of the huge, slow-running power plants of the day. In this, as in most other developments of the automobile, the Americans turned quickly to adapt to their own uses the foreign innovation. They were not quick enough, however. The 1914 race was a runaway for the French. Delage, Peugeot, Delage, Peugeot finished in the first four places in that order. They split \$58,925 in prize money. Barney Oldfield's Stutz was fifth, the first American car across the line.

Ralph de Palma had a well-deserved triumph in 1915. He drove a German Mercedes and pushed the course record to 89.94 mph. A Peugeot was second, Stutzes third and fourth. The Duesenbergs, ultimately to dominate the track, placed sixth and ninth. A Duesenberg was second to the winning Peugeot in 1916, the only American car in the first five. Eddie Rickenbacker, driving a Maxwell, no joke then, was half a mile ahead of the entire field in the ninth lap, but a broken steering knuckle put the car out of the race. He took over another Maxwell and placed it sixth. The improvement of the automobiles in reliability and staying power in the five years since 1911 was clear. Pit stops were comparatively few. Dario Resta, the winner, came in only once during the entire 500 miles, and that for a mere minute and 4 seconds. Many contemporary competitors would be happy to do as well.

3

THERE were no Memorial Day meetings at Indianapolis during World War I, and when Howard Wilcox's Peugeot won the first post-war meeting, in 1919, at 87.95 mph, the Speedway authorities decided that the pace was becoming too fast. The race was dangerous, and accordingly the regulations were changed for 1920. Engines were to be smaller. Instead of 300 cubic inches of engine capacity, they were to have only 183 — the equivalent of the 3 liters allowed in Europe.

The change had no effect on speed. Gaston Chevrolet won in 1920 driving an American Monroe at 88 miles per hour. Chevrolet's engine was of standard high-efficiency design: overhead valves worked by twin camshafts, hemispherical combustion chambers, spark plugs in the center. Engines running at Indianapolis now differ from it only in detail. When Chrysler announced an overhead-valve, hemispherical-combustion-chamber engine in 1950, it was hailed as a discovery perhaps second in importance only to atomic fission, but the hard fact is that it has been known for decades that a high-efficiency engine can be built in no other way.

The Americans got control of things in 1921, when Frontenacs and Duesenbergs split the first four places among them. There were four Duesen-

bergs in the first eight places, and public acceptance of the passenger Duesenberg, the most luxurious automobile America has ever seen, began to climb. The Frontenac, created by the great Louis Chevrolet, was not made in a commercial version. Tommy Milton, one of the great drivers of the day, earned \$36,000 in the 5½ hours he was on the track.

Jimmy Murphy, famous as the only American ever to win a European Grand Prix race, ran a Duesenberg to victory and a new record in 1922. He averaged about 95 miles an hour, and the magic 100 figure seemed possible of attainment. There were seven Duesenbergs in the first ten places.

The next year the cars were single-seaters, carrying no riding mechanics, and an American H.C.S. won, followed by three Durants. All the new cars — the engine size had been reduced again, to 122 inches — handled so brutally that only three of the twenty-four starting drivers ran the entire distance without relief. Even Tommy Milton had to come in to have his blistered hands bandaged. By 1924 a speed of 98.24 mph was required of the winning Duesenberg, and the first ten cars were American. All the cars were termed "Specials" now, the beginning of the curse that was ultimately to make it almost impossible to tell what kinds of cars were running. Harry Miller, one of the most gifted of American engine designers, had fourteen cars entered, and the supercharger, a genuine American contribution which had first appeared on the Chadwick (1905-1912), was in general use.

In 1925 Duesenbergs and Millers divided the first nine places, a lonely Fiat tagging along tenth. The second-place Miller was a front-wheel-drive car, and front-wheel drives have ever since been considered an advantage at Indianapolis because of their ability to corner a bit faster than the conventional type. For the first time, the winner's speed was over 100 miles an hour: 101.13.

For the 1926 running, engine size was again reduced, this time to 91½ inches. The race was stopped at 400 miles because of rain. This is a practice peculiar to American racing. In Europe, a race will not be stopped for rain unless the course is completely flooded. During the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans, France, in 1951, the leading cars were doing 145 miles an hour in pouring rain, at night, running on ordinary headlights.

A Duesenberg won again in 1927, a Miller in 1928, a Miller in 1929. For 1930 the allowable engine size was raised to 366 inches, exactly four times the previous limit, and four-wheel brakes became mandatory. They had appeared at the track at least as far back as 1921, but they were standard equipment on the Italian Isotta-Fraschini cars in 1911. The riding mechanic was back, too. Billy Arnold won in a front-wheel-drive Miller.

The attempt to interest manufacturers of standard automobiles met with some success in 1931. Eight of the fifteen finishing cars were of stock

origin: two passenger-model Duesenbergs, Studebaker, Rio, Chrysler, Hudson, Buick, and Cummins Diesel. One of them, the Studebaker, was fifth to the winning Miller. In 1932 Millers ran first and second, a Studebaker third, a Hupmobile fifth. The 1933 running was won by Louis Meyer, for the second time, and while there were still a good many semi-stock cars on the track, the fundamental indifference of the great producers, now beginning to concentrate hard on the feminine side of the market, was much in evidence.

When "Wild Bill" Cummings won at 104.8 mph in 1934, the custom of giving competing cars any name that pleased their owners was in full effect. The first four cars were called: Boyle Products Special, Duray Special, Foreman Axle Special, Stokely Food Products Special. They were all Millers. In 1935 every car running at the end of the race had a Miller engine, even if one of them was named the Cocktail Hour Cigarette Special. The indomitable Louis Meyer won again in 1936, at 109 mph, and Wilbur Shaw pushed the record to 113.5 mph to win in 1937. His engine was an Offenhauser, derived from the Miller, and in its turn parent of the Meyer-Drake engines which, in Kurtis-Kraft chassis, completely dominate the track today. Shaw was second to Floyd Roberts in 1938 and won again in 1939, this time driving an Italian Maserati. He won again on the same car in 1940, and the last pre-war race was taken by Mauri Rose, sharing with Floyd Davis the wheel of something called a Noc-Out Hose Clamp Special.

4

SINCE the war's end, everything about Indianapolis has grown bigger: the crowds are pushing 200,000, qualifying speeds are around 130 miles an hour, winner's grosses count as substantial fortunes: 1950, \$57,458.63; 1951, \$63,612.12. Indianapolis is a typically American, busting-out-at-the-seams kind of institution. As automobile racing goes, it's dull, but the customers don't mind that because most of them have never seen any other kind of racing, do not know, in fact, that there is another kind — the classic European road race.

Indianapolis is a square oval track and it is a top-gear course. The four bends are tricky, but they are all curved and banked identically. It is not necessary to brake for them, the cars being slowed by their own compression when the driver eases his pressure on the accelerator.

A typical European Grand Prix course is 10 miles of ordinary two-lane road with twenty bends,

curves, and corners that can be taken at speeds ranging from 30 miles an hour to 150. The distance of the race is usually 350 miles. The acceleration power of the cars must be prodigious, and brakes 3 inches wide and as big in diameter as the wheel itself are imperative. The driver must constantly change gears. As he approaches a hairpin corner at 190 miles per hour, he may shift through four gears, in addition to making tremendous brake applications, in order to slow the car enough to keep it on the road. He must use all the horsepower he has — perhaps 500 — to accelerate quickly out of the corner. The kind of driving skill called for is quite different from that required at Indianapolis, while the endurance demanded is, because of the steady gear-shifting and wheel-fighting, no less. European drivers have not been successful at Indianapolis, nor have Americans been successful on European courses. Even Wilbur Shaw, probably as good a driver as Indianapolis has produced — and certainly as tough as any — did not succeed on the European circuits. No one has a monopoly on skill and courage, and these are not the governing factors. Questions of technique, practice, and experience are paramount. And the cars themselves are different.

The International formula governing racing cars throughout the rest of the world — 1½ liters supercharged, 4½ liters unsupercharged — is not accepted at Indianapolis, where the governing formula provides for 3 liters supercharged, roughly 4½ (4.4) liters unsupercharged. The smaller European cars would probably beat the U.S. 3-liters on a road circuit, where their superior acceleration and road-holding would count, but they could not do so on a track where these factors do not come into play. The big Europeans might do well here, but the investment of time and money required would be great. At the least, four to six weeks of absence from the European circuits would be required — and that might mean missing three profitable Grand Prix races. If identical rules obtained on both sides of the water, the big Indianapolis purses might make the risk an attractive one, but as things presently stand, we need not expect soon to see Tony Bettenhausen, the champion American driver, pitted against Juan Manuel Fangio, champion of the world, at Indianapolis. However, Bettenhausen may drive in Europe this summer. He has been offered a car by the makers of the Italian Ferrari, presently the fastest road car extant. Incidentally, there are late reports that American backers will enter a team of Ferraris in the Memorial Day race at Indianapolis this year.



Books and Men



In the early years of this century, BURGESS JOHNSON served as one of the junior editors in the book department of Harper & Brothers. One of his first assignments, and surely his most memorable, was to revise The Mark Twain Library of Humor, which had originally been published in a single volume and which now, under the watchful eyes of Mark himself, was to be fattened up and published in several. Mr. Johnson received no share of the royalties, but a number of other things came his way.

A GHOST FOR MARK TWAIN

by BURGESS JOHNSON

NOT long ago I received from my favorite rare-book dealer a three-volume set which had been on his list of "books wanted" for several years. All three are in good shape, attractively bound in green and gold, and bear the common title *Mark Twain's Library of Humor*, but have individual subtitles: "Men and Things," "Women and Things," and "The Primrose Path." Not only had I failed to find them in any shops, but several Mark Twain bibliographies fail to mention them. Yet I know that they sold, in their heyday, went into more than one printing, and the first edition was bound in red. I ought to know.

Any upstart who raises his hand at this late hour and asserts that he once did ghost writing for Mark Twain is sure to arouse skepticism, and cap-tious folk will suspect that he waited until all possible corroborators were dead of old age before asserting his claim. But those three volumes smiling down at me share my secret and embolden me to disclose it.

In the early years of this century I was employed as a very young man on the editorial staff of Harper & Brothers, with my desk in the book-publishing department. I was frequently drafted by the editors of the Magazine and the *North American Review* to scout for articles, and I regularly contributed to the Magazine — either essays or frivolous verse for "The Editor's Drawer." In those days Mark Twain came to Franklin Square almost daily when he was in town. He was a genial visitor, though at the same time a shrewd one, for he kept close watch over his literary properties, following his own precept: "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket."

I must interrupt myself here to recall Mark Twain as I remember him best in those days: coming briskly up the broad stairs into our spacious office, frequently accompanied by his close friend Mr. Howells. Both wore white suits, and Mr. Clemens with his rumpled white hair, bristling

brows, and mustache would be talking, talking, talking, while his gentle companion, slighter of build and with smooth silvery hair and silvery mustache, would be silently taking it in.

One morning when I was passing the entrance stairway, I saw Mark Twain coming in alone, with a half-smoked unlit cigar in his mouth. He called out to me, "Young man, have you got a light?"

I fumbled in my pocket for a match, eager to be of service. He bent his head toward the flame, and my hand shook with anxiety, for the mustache stuck out so far, and the cigar was so short, that I feared I might go down in history as the man who burned off Mark Twain's mustache.

But we got it lit, and then he looked at me sternly and barked, "Young man, do you smoke?"

I said, "Yes, sir; not very much, sir."

He said, "Don't do it; it's a filthy, expensive habit. I've got so I can smoke only dollar cigars." Then he frowned at me and turned to go to Colonel Harvey's inner office. I stood there a moment and he called back to me over his shoulder, "Dollar a barrel."

Among Mark Twain's literary properties which he had turned over to the House was *The Mark Twain Library of Humor*, compiled with the assistance, I believe, of Charles Dudley Warner and originally published by the Webster Company in Hartford. It contained extracts from the writings of outstanding American humorists; and because many of them had risen to greater fame since the book had first appeared, permissions to use their copyrighted material had risen in value. It was a fat volume in an unlovely binding, and I first saw it when Mr. Duneka, the general director of all of our departments, called me to his desk and put a copy in my hands.

"We are going to bring out a new and revised edition," he said, "keeping all of the old contents, but adding enough new matter to bring it up to date and spread it out into several volumes. You

are to do the selecting and compiling, in your office time, dropping your other work as far as necessary."

Evidently I was to reap no financial reward; but of course I was flattered by the assignment and by the knowledge that Mr. Clemens approved. Perhaps Mr. Duneka's conscience troubled him a little, since I was to receive neither extra pay nor recognition on the title page, for he stopped at my desk one day and told me to be sure to include some of my own stuff. "Something in each volume," he said, with a generous wave of his hand. I shyly followed his instructions in part, putting rhymes of mine in two of the three volumes. I also reproduced on the flyleaf of each volume the brief preface which appeared in the original book: —

COMPILER'S APOLOGY

Those selections in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. That is why there are not more.

— MARK TWAIN

And I wished I had courage enough to add another line or two: —

The ghost compiler would have included more of his own stuff if he had had the nerve.

— BURGESS JOHNSON

The three first volumes of the new set appeared in due course, each bearing a subtitle dictated by Mr. Duneka on the spur of the moment, and I wish to attest that I had no part in their coinage. Only once, very near the start, did I have any evidence that Mr. Clemens was aware of my labors. He stopped at my desk and said, "Well, how are you getting on?" But when I reached for various files to answer his question, I found that he had wandered on to other fenced enclosures.

The third volume had gone to press, and I was about to lay out my copy for the fourth, when I had orders to cease and desist; there were to be no more volumes. I questioned Mr. Duneka and he seemed evasive, though he spoke kindly enough of my editing. I inferred, and office gossip supported the notion, that Mr. Clemens had not been consulted about the extension of the work into an unlimited number of volumes and had sharply objected when he learned of it. But I wouldn't know; those matters were settled at a higher level.

A short time afterward I was invited to a dinner of New York newspaper cartoonists, where Mark Twain was to be the guest of honor. The affair was held at Reisenweber's, in a long narrow room, with a table extending the length of it and barely space for waiters to circulate between the wall and the backs of the diners' chairs. The menu card — I have it put away somewhere — was a large cardboard folder with an announcement of the place, the hour, and the occasion on the front cover. The

first inside page had but one word in enormous type in the center — STEAK; on the opposite page was the one word BEER; the back cover was blank except for the word "Autographs" at the top.

When Mark Twain arrived he was seated at one side of the long table, in the exact center. I watched him sizing up the situation. He liked things to be done right, and this was wrong. He knew that when he arose to speak he must either address the opposite wall or turn his back to half his audience while he talked to the other half. Then I saw him studying the menu. At all dinners he attended there were always fellow guests who would take their menus to him to be autographed, and they were a nuisance. But here was a dinner where all were practically invited to do it. His heavy eyebrows seemed to be bristling. He didn't like it.

The affair was running its course pleasantly. The cartoonists were their gay selves, and we had come to the dessert course. The cartoonists didn't wait; they started in procession the length of the room, reaching their cards across the narrow table to Mark Twain for his autograph. Meanwhile his ice cream melted and his coffee grew cold. He so obviously didn't like it that I felt something would happen. But I didn't guess what.

I stood up, of course, with all the rest and fell into line. But I felt I could save him from at least one signature; so when I came opposite to him I did not reach out my card, but my neck. I said, "I won't bother you, Mr. Clemens; I can beg my autograph tomorrow in the office. I'm the editor of the *Mark Twain Library of Humor*."

I had provided the last straw, and he began at once to "cuss me out." I faced all the pent-up wrath accruing from the badly arranged table, the autograph fiends, and whatever difference of opinion he and Duneka had had over that three-volume work. Mark Twain was highly skilled in invective, to state the fact in dignified terms. The procession was stalled; no one at any distance could hear what was said, but it was obvious to all that one of their invited guests had seriously offended the guest of honor.

I must have looked woebegone, whatever that means, for when he stopped improvising and looked up at my face, his own broke into a smile. "I'm sorry," he said simply, and reached out his hand. "You had your orders and you did a good job." We shook hands; but all that most of my fellow diners knew was that a guest had insulted their guest of honor in some fashion and had been magnanimously forgiven.

I haven't the faintest recollection of what Mark Twain's speech was about. I hope it was a good one. I slipped away from that party early, feeling that I was a marked man.



Books and Men



PIERRE EMMANUEL, himself a poet and a critic, is particularly aware of

the problems of the critic. Mr. Emmanuel, who was born in 1916, is the author of some fifteen volumes of prose and verse; he taught mathematics and philosophy at a French lycée but stepped out of academic dress to take an active part in the Resistance movement. He is now in charge of the English-language broadcasts of the French government radio station, Radiodiffusion Française.

THE CRITIC AND THE COMMONPLACE

by PIERRE EMMANUEL

1

WE HAVE seen too many examples of appropriation of artistic works by the critics not to fear their readiness to add literature to literature, as if the work of art they chose to discuss were merely a pretext, an incitement, and finally an epiphenomenon of their own system of thought. Aren't we then justified in reminding them that the work of art not only comes first, but transcends whatever critical thoughts it suggests to them; and also that the critics' subsequent reader does not read them for their own sake, but for what they have to say of a given work of art? Literary criticism is *relative to*: it cannot be taken as an absolute without becoming a counterfeit of philosophy, a philosophy for non-philosophers — that is to say, ridiculous bosh.

I am not adverse to the commonplace. I have always cherished it as an unexplored field of thought where everything has to be discovered again and again. The artist's relation to the commonplace is a deep and contradictory one: he tends to escape it as it appears, and yet he wants nothing but to find it as it is. When he is true to himself, he always returns to it by his own way, which may be a very long and painful one, full of admirable failures and apparently fruitless experiences. No matter how he strives to achieve his aim, he aims only at the truer forms of life, and the simpler ones, which is the same thing. His work contains a secret, but it is a common secret: what he wants to communicate is not something utterly new, which nobody had thought about before him, but a basic though forgotten knowledge, the resurrection of a common experience hidden or lost under the strata of indifference, prejudice, or habit. The artist's ultimate desire is not only to express himself but to communicate, even if he does not admit it openly. He may tell us that he writes *ad se ipsum*. He nevertheless uses the words of common language: the dialogue with his soul is a dialogue with the world.

There is no such thing as artistic solipsism, for

whenever words are used, they express an interest (*inter-est*); that is to say, a situation *among*, and simultaneously — or consequently — a relation *to*. The syntax of language reflects the syntax of life: to utter the word is to show one's deepest need — the need to be related, to communicate, either immediately or beyond the limitations of one's time. But there would be no such need without the deep feeling of a commonplace reality, whose presence is both proved and masked by what we superficially call the commonplace, regarding it as worthless or, at any rate, without any mystery. When Baudelaire writes: "The immense profundity of thought contained in commonplace turns of phrase: holes burrowed by generations of ants," he has in view, without any doubt, what is behind what we take for granted: a deeper evidence lying under customary evidence, a science of life that makes him say, "Nothing is more beautiful than the commonplace." The artist is a man who has discovered evidences as plain for him as can be; who wants to share them, for they are not his alone, but a common treasure. When Baudelaire, or Novalis, or Nerval claims that creations of the mind are more alive than matter, let us not take their assertions as an autojustification coming from dreamers who try to make their living out of their dream, but as a fundamental belief in the universal reality of human imagination, a belief without which they wouldn't have been artists.

Yet the artist's world is a singular one, and its greatest value comes from the conflict between its singularity and our actual view of the universal. It is common to say of a great work of art that it is inexhaustible, but the meaning of the adjective has to lose its mystical vagueness if we want it to be of any use for us. A work of art is both in time and out of time — or more precisely, beyond time: it appears, and it lasts while we are passing. After having reflected the artist's situation within the universal, it becomes a living reality in itself, while

its creator fades away, and with him the personal references that once made the work of art explainable in terms of individual experience, as a transubstantiation into symbols of a concrete destiny. Gaining in freedom, the work of art tends to become *anonymous*, being no more considered as the artist's property, but as a common field of further experience, as a moral space whose investigation may still lead to new discoveries. Proust, speaking of Beethoven's quartets, shows that a work of art grows within time, maturing its admirers and being matured by them.

What we call the inexhaustible character of the work of art does not come from the potentialities the poet might have put in it. These potentialities are there without the poet's realizing them, for his symbols carry a far wider and deeper unconscious knowledge than he suspects. The inexhaustible character of the work of art is in fact the constant possibility of confronting it with ourselves and our time. A work of art is a potential and provocative witness that can be questioned and attacked as if it retained that part of the truth we are always striving for and never *attaining*. It is disquieting, and yet fruitful, to see ourselves put on trial by the massive and silent presence of a world within our world. The masterpiece we are examining will not answer except through our own voice the question that contains all others: Does the world you tell us about exist? Is there such a world as that singular universe of the imagination whose figures appear again and again under the same mythical shapes, but never in the actual world? Or shall we consider such a constant aspiration as a delusion of the mind, ending in failure or at best in a well-controlled dream?

In other words, our relation to the work of art is ambiguous inasmuch as the world it proposes seems both more substantial and less real than our own. Because we are not sure of the reality of our own world, we are in a state of perplexity and desire before the poet's universe — that singular self-evidence set up, it seems, once and for ever, never changing and yet always revealing new aspects, suggesting some deeper communion than our relative solidarity with our world, a vast insight into what is permanent and beyond what unceasingly changes. Yet when we try to translate the poet's vision into common language, we find nothing left of it but the dust of awkward ideas, neither original nor closely linked. We have killed the magic of the work and lost faith in both the realms of imagination and common sense.

2

WHAT we have said is sufficient, I presume, to show how dangerous it is to be a critic. Literary criticism is at ease neither in the world of imagination nor in the conceptual world. Yet that funda-

mental uneasiness is the condition of the critic's activity — a condition that exposes him to attack both by poets and by philosophers, on the grounds that he introduces either bad philosophy into poetry, or bad poetry into philosophy. The critic's language is indeed a very ambiguous one; and such an ambiguity, though necessary as a means, may well become an end when the critic enjoys it in itself. Literary criticism as an art would be the art of ambiguity: the art of drawing at will unreal ideas from a nonconceptual reality, the literary critic being finally able to find in the work of art whatever pleases his faceted mind or suits his taste for paradox. At that point, the work of art has disappeared, and with it what substantiated the critic's language, which becomes pure emptiness, a mere game of words. And a very esoteric one sometimes, far more hermetic than the poet's work. Maybe some readers will be taken in by it — nothing seems more profound than carefully produced obscurity — but it cannot fool for a long time even the critic himself.

For the critic, there is nothing so unsatisfactory as to translate symbols into ideas. He cannot do it, and yet he has to do it. If he knows the meaning of words — that is to say, if he has had some philosophical training and is not inclined to reduce complex abstractions to their common-sense value — he won't dare to move among philosophical concepts that would become nothing but empty conch shells vaguely retaining the remote and confused noise of some vast intellectual dream.

When I read a piece of criticism that pretends to be philosophical, usually I cannot understand it in philosophical terms, though I may perceive in it an obscure nebula of concepts, feelings, and intuitions mixed together. This shows that philosophy and poetry, being two languages of completely different nature, have nothing to do with each other. The X rays of philosophy, when used to analyze a work of art, will show us an imprecise structure of more or less heavy shadows, suggesting a thick and voluminous matter, but nothing like a rich biological system of interactive images.

The reader, especially when he has a philosophical mind, will not accept a constant abuse of words and will become irritated against both the critic and the poet. The pseudo-philosophical description of a work of art is a very naïve kind of swindling, which overshadows with intellectual contempt the genuineness of the poetical activity.

The critic's approach to the work of art is perhaps easier under the cover of metaphysics; but even for the philosopher, metaphysics is not firm ground, and how much less firm will it be for the critic, who is so commonly lured by words. Instead of observing the process of creation, the critic is often tempted to isolate apparently clearer fragments of the whole, to put them in plainer words and to link them together, not as they really are,

but as he has chosen them to be. He substitutes for an organic structure a system of conceptual relations that may retain a vague reflection of the whole it is intended to translate, but that will make it appear inconsistent and sometimes rationally childish. No doubt one would prefer a sort of personal commentary starting from the poem as a mere matter of experience, and describing by what ways of approach and through what combination of hazard and intuition the critic made the poem his own, felt it as a spiritual reality.

Yes, one would prefer such an account of the critic's encounter with the poem: this would be a conversation the critic would have not only with himself but with the poet and the critic's reader. Any conversation where the interlocutors state the best of what they think and love has a chance of being fruitful, even when it is loose, hesitating, and desperately trying to overcome the uncertainties of the mind by the inner revelations of experience. Or is it precisely because of those hesitations and discontinuities that it is really fruitful? If only the critic could accept his ambiguity without being ashamed of it, but without taking it either as a sign of particular distinction of mind, of election to some sacred office appointing him to stand as an Interpreter of mysterious signs on the threshold of the Unknown! The critic's ambiguity is an aspect of his ambiguity as a man: it is the weakness of his finitude, and I sympathize with him when he feels that it is a permanent self-dissatisfaction.

We all know that the poet's vision is nothing but a vision, in which he aspires to live and yet does not live. Such a world may exist, and yet its expression is only a substitute for its actual existence, a perpetual inadequacy whose tragic character not only is felt by the poet himself but pushes him forward into further attempts which he perceives as equally unsuccessful and yet necessary.

"He who is with himself dissatisfied
Though all the world find satisfaction in him
Is like a rainbow colored bird gone blind
That gives delight it shares not,"

says Thomas Hardy in *The Dynasts*. Such a dissatisfaction is the active principle of all creative necessity; it does not disappear but grows with the practice of art, never ceasing to question the ultimate value of that practice and the works of art resulting from it. Thus, at the same time, art may reveal to the artist both its utter futility and its absolute reality: a paradox related to the ambiguous position of man, a being who becomes, a whole forever alienated from itself. Not only the artist but the critic and the average reader may think simultaneously before the work of art, "This is nonsense, let us go back to the commonplace" and "This work of art tries to open our way to that very commonplace we believe we know and still is essentially unknown to us." Maybe the artist only discovers

man's total separation from what he is; were it the only evidence he could communicate to us, it would remain an invaluable one, for it contains an inexhaustible possibility of contradiction.

3

OF COURSE an evidence which brings contradiction into our proud practical certainties is highly undesirable for the many: certain literary critics consider it their special vocation to kill art and to stuff it in order to make it more sufferable, and yet even such a dead art remains strangely disquieting. A good way to kill art is to systematize it, to make it sound like a by-product of philosophy, or psychology, or even religion. Another and much more clever way is to take art not as a *sui generis* spiritual activity, but as a technique of language, and scrupulously (that is to say unscrupulously) to avoid any reference to something beyond perfect craftsmanship. One can even, if one wants to sound profound without the inconvenience of profundity, define the so-called *rules* or *canons* of art as Platonistic ideas or patterns and dress the corpse of poetry in majestic garments of nothingness. It is plain enough that the disturbing reality of a world of signs irreducible to general consent (or general misunderstanding) will never be admitted by the average consumer of words, who would not indulge in imagination without first protecting himself from it, by naming it fancy, dream, or at best another way of putting things that can be said more clearly otherwise. That type of reader finds a perfect accomplice in any of the critics mentioned above, who may never have devoted one moment to thinking why art is art and not something else — why poetry still remains obscure after having been explained "philosophically" or "technically."

Nevertheless, is it not remarkable to observe that for more than one hundred years the poets and other creative writers have been the first to burrow the depths of human psyche, thus leading the way to future psychologists as well as existential philosophers? The greatest inventions in the field of human nature were first due to poets: when Kierkegaard, for instance, makes himself "the physician of his own soul," doesn't he announce what will later become not only new therapeutics but a new method of exploration, a science of the deepest self in its complex relation to itself and the universe?

The modern revolution in psychology makes it possible to expect a new type of reasoning — detached from the logic of ideas and familiar with the logic of symbols. A good modern critic therefore would be one who would consider first the process of growth of the poem, and find what it expresses from the way it grows. A good critic would let the poem grow in him, reproduce the poet's creation in his own way, which may not necessarily be the poet's way — but even that differ-

ence would show that the poem, once written, is not merely a still life.

There is a tendency in modern criticism to insist on the importance of the poet's *situation* as a determining factor of his work. True enough, any work of a living artist is in *situation*, which makes it both achieved and yet unfinished, a whole and a possibility. Every critic realizes that there is infinitely more danger in dealing with such a work of art than in adding some new aspects to the knowledge of a consecrated one. But he knows too that his real vocation is precisely to take the risk of life — with the possible failures it implies; he is not afraid of the uncertainty of literary criticism: he may even be convinced that sometimes the only way to be wise tomorrow is to be taken today as a fool. Actually he will not rely upon rules, firmly established as they may seem, to canonize the existential novelty of a work of art. Everything new starts in a context that is moving and yet chaotic. Chaos and confusion are not the privilege of our time, for there would be no time without confusion and chaos. But inside chaos a process is going on: man tries to take shape, to make sense. The artist's part in that process is predominant because he ventures a new shape, he tries a next development, he attempts a further integration within his time and ahead of it — and he may very well fail, but even his failure is significant and necessary. Shape grows out of a series of trials and errors — or more precisely, of a simultaneous outburst of often contradictory and transitory forms. Beauty may be a temporal revelation, a transient shape announcing a more adapted one, like the chrysalis that contains and is not yet the butterfly; or it may become timeless, changeless, after having overcome the challenge of time. There are no decisive means of detecting absolute beauty; in any case, we mortals are much more interested in contemporary beauty than in abstract archetypes in which we do not believe. Even lasting beauty is for us nothing but beauty confirmed by time, and still subject to revision or oblivion.

A critic aware of the permanent challenge which makes beauty *exist* in time, will understand a work of art in connection with the fundamental insecurity of human condition as our time reveals it; the work of art in that perspective is both in time — a report — and beyond time — a prophecy. But what interests the critic is less the former than the latter; he really becomes a critic when he is prepared to bet that a work will turn out to be a lasting one, and to give reasons why he is betting. This implies that he sustain a deep relation to his own time, a relation which enables him to foresee the future in the poet's words.

But the critic must also show us the poem as a living organism, revealing some of its dynamic characteristics, which are part of the active forces of its time, be they realized or not; those characteristics, coupled with others coming from the

poet himself, are the components of his effort to project a new shape. He who examines the poet's work will find there recurrent, insistent images, from and around which all others seem to spring. Generally, those primitive and obsessional images can be reduced either to a single one or to what I would call a symbolical symbiosis: here is the core of the poet's thought, his obscure intimacy with himself. Here he watches his imagination grow, by that special kind of attention to *shape* which is influenced by the unconscious forces underneath. Such an attention to shape is not the poet's privilege alone: isn't sympathy the faculty of molding oneself in somebody else's shape? When the critic has discovered the poet's imaginative center, he can from there observe and feel by the same act of sympathy the work of art taking shape. Thus he participates, though by delayed action, in the creative process. Only then will he be able to pronounce an aesthetic judgment on a work that escapes the old rules, precisely because we live at a time when creation and destruction are at work together: a time of radical change, shapeless and striving to take shape, by projecting its confused desires and dreams.

No critic can be asked to renew indefinitely his sense of shape, so that it would be born again for every new work he studies. Such a faculty of metamorphosis at will, were it possible, would not be criticism, but mere mimicry. Every critic has his limitations and prejudices; to test their elasticity will be wise, but not to break them. They are sometimes among the best tools of the profession. No critic is obliged to sell his soul for what he does not love; it may be important for us to know why he reacts to some works as if they were personal offenses. No critic is obliged to hide his feeling for what he loves; let him show it and impress upon us the passion of the poet, the urge that possesses him. A temperamental critic is better than a so-called objective one: he is a man for whom works of art live by themselves, like persons; a man who looks at a book as he would look at a face. Only such a critic can approach the poem in itself, the poem as a poem, and make his the fusing force bursting into images, the organic process from the undifferentiated plasma to the symbolical articulation of the whole, with its levels of understanding, its echoes, its complex solidarity.

It is easy to help the reader to become the procreator of the work of art when the critic understands why such a thing as a poem exists, how it is born, develops itself, and ripens into its full shape. I even dream of a critic who would believe not only that he can convert people to poetry, but that poetry can convert people to themselves, make them able to *burrow* the commonplace, not unconsciously as Baudelaire's "generations of ants," but with the same deep attention, the same power of self-creation, as the poet's.



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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

It was Dr. Johnson who said, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," and this certainly applies to those who are contemplating a motor trip to some of the historic and literary houses in New England. House hunting is a quest which gains appetite from reading and anticipation. The beautiful old ports of Salem, Marblehead, and Portsmouth have preserved sturdy and exquisite houses built by the famous seafaring families, and these dwellings will mean much more to you if you have some familiarity with Samuel E. Morison's *Maritime History of Massachusetts*, in which are portrayed the virile, audacious men who built them. Salem in its Golden Age (1790-1812), when it was the richest port in North America, is also to be seen in Esther Forbes's novel, *The Running of the Tide*, and in *The Peabody Sisters*, by Louise Hall Tharp, where the courtship of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia is recounted in the Salem of a later day.

I value old houses for the woodwork, for the kitchen fireplace, for the hinges and the hand-hewn beams; for the four-posters, the tables scarred and buffeted by age, the parson's writing chair with a broad arm which I covet for my own study; and last but not least, for the color and individuality which a house acquires from its most illustrious occupants.

Very useful to my itinerary is the new book *Who Lived Here?* (Little, Brown, \$5.00) by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the biographer, and Samuel Chamberlain, the artist, to be published on June 9; the text and photographs depict thirteen New England houses, all still accessible, and the people who made them famous. I welcome such guidance on the trips I am about to describe. I shall specify the weekdays on which the old houses are open — almost all are closed on Mondays — and such good restaurants and comfortable inns as I recall.

The motorist entering Connecticut on Route 1 gets his first glimpse of characteristic New England architecture in the "salt box" roof of the Thomas Lyons House just over the state line. Two miles further east stands the Putnam Cottage, known as Knapp's Tavern during the Revolution (open Thursday, Friday, Saturday). Tradition has it that General Putnam was shaving one morning when, in the mirror, he saw a reflection of the oncoming British troops. He escaped through the rear door and made off at full gallop down the steep and rocky pathway to the road.

The most interesting old house in the neighborhood of New Haven is the Morris House (open weekdays except Monday) in Morris Cove. To reach it you pass through New Haven over Tomlinson Bridge and, turning into Townsend Avenue at Five Corners, head for 325 Lighthouse Road. The first house was built on this site soon after 1680; it was burned by the British in 1779 and rebuilt a year later by Captain Amos Morris. It has a lovely ballroom with a barrel ceiling, powdering closets for gentlemen to refresh their white wigs, a chimney with a secret hiding hole, a herb garden, and the old family coaches.

After New Haven the next town I would look for is Old Lyme, with its quaint Ferry and the Florence Griswold House (open weekdays except Monday); then follow the Connecticut five miles to the town of Essex with its beautiful main street, fill up your gas tank there, and swing back to Route 1 — with the warning to be on the alert as you approach Stonington. From Stonington, Route 3 will be a short cut to Providence, where the John Brown House (1786) is, according to Mr. Howe, "of a beauty unsurpassed by any house of its period in America." It is now the home of the Rhode Island Historical Society (open Monday through Friday). When you see it, bear in mind that Abigail Adams used to spend the night here on the first leg of her coach trip to New York or Washington.

As an alternative to the shore road, you can take the new highway (No. 15) to Hartford. A few miles south of the capital, at Wethersfield, are two famous landmarks (both open weekdays except Monday). The first, the Buttolph-Williams House, was used continuously as a dwelling from 1692 to 1947, and has been little changed structurally since its seventeenth-century origin; the second, the Webb House, is a handsome white mansion which Washington visited in the spring of 1781 when he was

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On the way from Hartford to Boston, Route 15 passes through Sturbridge township; about a half mile from the highway you will find a homespun museum of a New England village complete with gristmill, craft shops, printing press, and meeting-house. The brothers Albert and J. Cheney Wells have spent about a million collecting and restoring these old buildings at the crossroads, with the idea of showing an eighteenth-century village in actual operation. Here are no great mansions, but the blacksmith, the potter, the weaver, the furniture maker, working at the old crafts and on objects which you may buy. It takes close to two hours to get the feel of the little place and to see it at work. So you may want to break your trip with a meal in the Village Tavern or by spending the night in the comfortable Wight House.

The Connecticut Valley

Motorists coming from the West by way of Albany would do well to pause in the Amherst-Northampton area. There are excellent hotels here; the Lord Jeffery in Amherst, and the Northampton Hotel and Wiggins Tavern. In Amherst you ought to see the Nehemiah Strong House (open Tuesday and Friday), which was built in 1774 and now holds the treasure-trove of the town; also, Emily Dickinson's home and, on the University campus, the Stockbridge House. In Hadley, close by, your aim will be "Forty Acres," the Porter-Phelps-Huntington House (open Tuesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday). It was built by Captain Moses Porter three years before he met death in the French and Indian Wars, was enlarged and enriched in 1799, and has remained unaltered since then. The house is entirely furnished with ancestral articles, many dating from the seventeenth century, and it was Bishop Huntington who, in the mid-nineteenth century, made it his summer home and kept its precious contents intact. Big, rambling, with its many ells and giant fireplaces, it gives you a sense of the spaciousness and amenity of the eighteenth century. This is the gem of the Connecticut Valley and its survival will depend upon the interest and donations of visitors.

If you spend the night in Amherst, it will certainly be worth your while to drive the fifteen miles to Deerfield the next morning. This little town with its giant elms is saturated with the traditions — and cruelty — of the French and Indian Wars. The Frary House, the Parson Ashley House, and the Asa Stebbins House are but three of the old ones worth seeing; and if before you go you will glance through Grace Zaring Stone's novel, *The Cold Journey*, you will have in mind the dangers to which their onetime occupants were exposed.

There is no object in my extolling the beauties of Boston and Cambridge, for this has been done in

scores of guidebooks. "Fascinating Trips to Historic Spots in and about Boston," distributed gratis by the American Oil Company, seems to me quite the best of the present crop; and if in addition you apply to the New England Council (Statler Building, Boston) for their booklet, "New England Museums and Historic Houses," you will have all the Baedeker you need.

Of the many inviting side trips I select three. In Quincy, ten miles south from the State House, stands the Adams Mansion (open daily), so wonderfully described in *The Education of Henry Adams*. The Old House, as the family called it, was the home of our second and sixth Presidents, of Charles Francis Adams, Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War, and of Brooks and Henry Adams, the more remarkable of his sons.

The Gore Place (open daily) in Waltham, reached by Route 20, has been rated one of the five most notable houses in the United States. It was the country seat of Christopher Gore, Governor of the Commonwealth, 1809-10; with its incomparable furnishings, its deer park, stables, and farm cottage beautifully intact, it shows how a cultivated American squire lived a century and a half ago.

In Concord, your first stop should be the Alcott House, where there are so many endearing traces of Louisa May Alcott, the Jo of *Little Women*. This was the home of an improvident philosopher ("Send him for a pail of milk and he will come home with a cow") who was protected and cared for by his womenfolk, and their presence quite overshadows his. Once the Alcotts have fired the imagination, it is easy to follow the path to the Old Manse, to "The Wayside," the only house ever owned by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and to Walden Pond. Think of Thoreau walking in from Walden on Saturday nights and pausing at the Emersons' kitchen for his expected slice of apple pie.

Salem and Marblehead

North of Boston the big occasion this spring will be the opening of the famous Federal houses in Chestnut Street, Salem, on June 25. These twenty-five mansions with their rose gardens and peonies and overspreading elms compose what is surely the most beautiful of old streets in North America, and you should see them from the outside even if you can't be present on June 25. This will be the first time since 1947 that the homes have been open. With their silver tea-paper walls, their porcelains and ivories and mahogany brought back to Salem in the great days of the sailing ships — here are the houses which Joseph Hergesheimer called to life in his *Java Head*. They will be open for just one day, the 25th, when the families of the hosts will wear the old brocades, the Indian mulls, and the Liberty silks which were brought back in the sea chests over a century ago. You can make overnight reservations at the Hawthorne Hotel

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how
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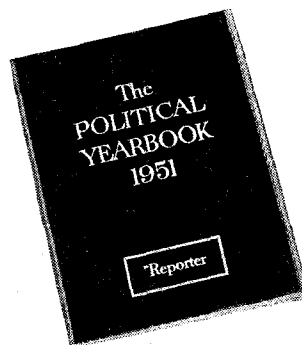
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in Salem, the New Ocean House in Swampscott, or the old Daniels House, Essex Street, Salem.

See Chestnut Street in the morning, take luncheon at the House of the Seven Gables (1668), after lunch visit the Peabody Museum with its incomparable collection brought home by the mariners, and save a little time for the Richard Derby House, the Ropes Memorial, and the Pingree House. No day is ever long enough.

For supper that night the Ship's Cabin at Marblehead beckons. There has long been a rivalry between Salem and Marblehead, and you will notice that I have not tried to incorporate them in a single day. Marblehead has a craggy, wind-swept character of its own, with more than a few pre-Revolutionary houses facing and tilted on its hilly narrow streets. Marblehead still breathes "The Spirit of '76," the original painting of which hangs in Abbot Hall (and is seen by 150,000 people annually). The town remembers that the first vessel of the American Navy, a reconverted Marblehead fishing schooner, was commissioned by Washington in this harbor on September 2, 1775; it remembers that Colonel Glover's company of 'Headers rowed their Commander-in-Chief across the Delaware on that fateful Christmas night and they ferried the retreat across the Hudson when the British had run us out of Long Island. Marblehead is proud of St. Michael's Church, one of the most ancient meetinghouses in the country. It was built in 1714 and its silver organ pipes, originally at St. Paul's in Manhattan, pealed the anthem at Washington's Inauguration. And Marblehead has retained two of its finest houses: the King Hooper Mansion, a perfect example of a residence of a wealthy eighteenth-century merchant; and the Lee Mansion, whose interior woodwork and fittings are almost perfect examples of such skill. The view from Fort Sewall, the sight of the harbor with the afternoon sun on the sails — these are the personal photographs you won't forget.

Portsmouth

Now, after a good night's rest, I want to take you to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to see some of the most exquisite Georgian houses in New England. Here again a book will give you a foretaste of what is in store. *Early American Architecture* by **Hugh Morrison** (Oxford, \$12.50) devotes an illuminating chapter and many photographs to these houses which lie ahead. Instead of drinking gasoline on the Newburyport Turnpike, I recommend that you take Route 1A, the smaller, winding road within sight of the marshes and dunes. This road takes you past the beautiful Wenham meetinghouse, past the Ipswich Green with its cluster of Colonial frame houses, past Rowley and Newburyport, and into Portsmouth.

Begin with the Jackson House (1664) on Christian Shore, the earliest dwelling in town. (All these

Portsmouth houses are open weekdays.) The sharp-pitched roof, the exposed construction, the wide floor boards, the leaded glass windows, show the skill and strength of the early builders in wood. The Warner House (1716), on the other hand, is one of the finest examples of a brick urban mansion. The mural paintings on the staircase wall, the splendid paneling, the portraits and furnishing of the period, carry you back to the days of the Honorable Jonathan Warner, who lived here until his death in 1814 and was known as the last of the "cocked hats." The Wentworth-Gardner House facing the quiet water of the tidal bay was built in 1760 as a present for Thomas, younger brother of John Wentworth, last of the Royal Governors. It has a blocked front with beautiful pediments over the windows and doorway, and the carving inside is said to have required fourteen months to complete.

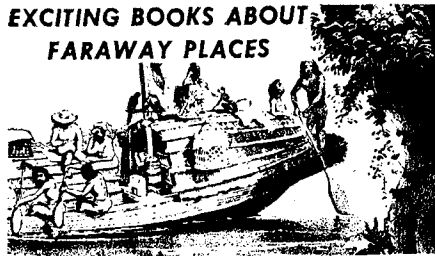
Then, for a change, stop by to see the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial (1790), the home in which was lived *The Story of a Bad Boy* — a very human rather than a grand house, every detail of which, from the pump in the kitchen and the knitting beside the family Bible, to the spinning wheel in the attic, suggests the serenity and simple comfort of the plainer folk.

The best hostelry in town is the Rockingham Hotel, and there are delicious meals and comfortable rooms not far away at the Wentworth-by-the-Sea.

Houses at the water's edge have a singular attraction. Overlooking Portsmouth Harbor on the Maine side at Kittery Point stands the fine late-Georgian house built for Lady Pepperrell in 1760 (open weekdays). Her husband, Sir William, raised and financed the regiment which he led to victory in Louisburg, and for this he was awarded a baronetcy. He was just as successful in business ventures, and when he died was reputed the wealthiest man in the Colonies. His widow devoted much of his fortune to this manor house with its paintings by Copley, Smibert, and Hopner; its furniture by Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Duncan Phyfe; its fine Waterford glass and Lowestoft china.

Some twelve and a half miles from Portsmouth, with an entrance off Route 103 in South Berwick, Maine, is the Hamilton House (1770), the home of Colonel Jonathan Hamilton, a successful West Indies trader. The house stands on a bluff overlooking the Piscataqua River where the *Ranger* lay at anchor while Captain John Paul Jones visited with Hamilton before sailing for France. This is the site of Sarah Orne Jewett's historical novel, *The Tory Lover*, and her home in South Berwick, to which Mr. Howe has devoted a charming chapter, is as far north as this present pilgrimage and my space will permit. I realize that I have not scratched the surface of Vermont, shown you the shrines of the Cape, or done more than open the door of Maine. We can go farther afield next time if enough are interested.

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CHARLES J. ROLO

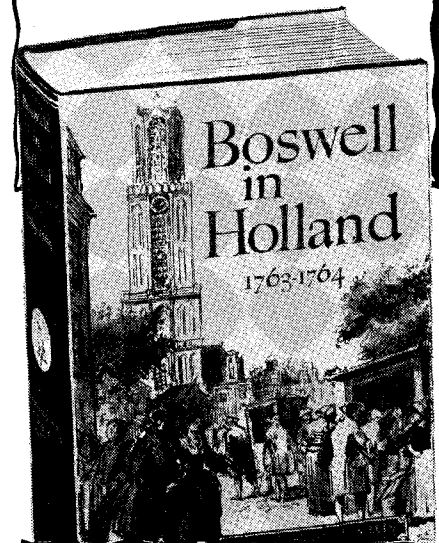


"You got up dreary as a dromedary," Boswell glumly reported to Boswell, one morning after he had put behind him the delights of London and the dream of a commission in the Guards. During the ten months he spent studying law at Utrecht, Jamie struggled manfully — and with success — to live up to his father's stern ideas and the moral precepts of Dr. Johnson. But the wages of virtue so heroically achieved was fits of the blues. Boswell was industrious, frugal, dignified, modest by his lights, even chaste — and he almost went out of his mind. He was often so melancholy on awakening that he thought of having a bed specially constructed which, when he pulled a cord, would jerk him into an upright position and so dispel the "vapours."

The Journal Boswell kept in Holland was lost and has never been recovered. But the editor of the Boswell papers, **Frederick A. Pottle**, has compiled an admirable replacement by fitting together in chronological order selections from Boswell's memoranda, notes, correspondence and other documents. *Boswell in Holland* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.00), though not as lively and not of the same literary quality as the *London Journal*, is captivating reading, studded with piquant revelations about the human heart and mind. The self-portrait here is completely unretouched; and the chronicle has a brilliant and outspoken heroine — Belle de Zuylen, also known as Zélide — a young woman of Boswell's age, who belonged to one of the oldest Dutch families.

Few men can ever have plied themselves so copiously with good resolutions committed to paper as Boswell did in Holland; or rubbed in their backslidings so zealously by writing them out in longhand; or kept so meticulous an accounting of their moods, conduct, and daily plans. "Pray, pray be retenu," Boswell continually exhorts himself. "Never aim at being too brilliant. Be rather an amiable, pretty man. Cure Vanity." "Write to Temple of *Veuve* [a rich and comely widow Boswell was respectfully court-

ANNOUNCING the publication of the second volume of the Private Papers of James Boswell



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ing]. Separate fiery passion. Tip her valet." "O man, thou hast a sad inclination to talk." "Yesterday you did just as well as you could wish. Upon my word, you are a fine fellow. . . . Bravo!"

Boswell adhered to a formidable program of study — Latin and Greek; French and Dutch; civil law. But he also became well-known in Dutch Society, and on occasion was quite the man of fashion: "Dress in scarlet and gold, fine swiss, white silk stockings, handsome pumps, and have silver-and-silk sword-knot, Barcelona handkerchief, and elegant toothpick-case which you had in a present from a lady."

Three months after his arrival, he recorded in his "Ten-Lines-a-Day" Verses that Belle de Zuylen had made "my gay bosom beat with love's alarms." The priggish young Scotsman, however, considered Zélide "too forced-meat" — too sophisticated and vivacious — to be suitable as a wife. When Boswell left Holland on his European tour, there began a four-year correspondence with Zélide — and about Zélide to others — whose high points were published in the April *Atlantic*. It is certainly one of the oddest series of love letters ever written, as Mr. Pottle says.

Report on Asia

Last summer, **Thomas E. Dewey** made a 41,000-mile trip as a private citizen to acquaint himself with conditions in the Far East; and now he has turned in an account of what he saw and learned in the seventeen republics, kingdoms, territories, and colonies he visited. His *Journey to the Far Pacific* (Doubleday, \$3.50), while critical of the Administration's past policies toward Chiang Kai-shek, does not grind a partisan ax to any appreciable degree, and it is quite free from the emotionalism which has muddled discussion of the Far East. The Governor of New York has done a valuable reporting job — modest, very readable, informative (and not, by the way, ghost-written).

Mr. Dewey's headline point is that the West, with its mind understandably focused on Korea, has failed to appreciate that the crucial spot in the Far East is Indo-China. If Indo-China's Rice Bowl were to fall to the Communists, Japan, where food is already scarce, would either starve or be forced to trade with the enemy; Thailand, Burma, and Malaya would be wide open to penetration; and our

whole Pacific position would become calamitous. The struggle against the Viet-Minh Communists is a large-scale war, a very tough and costly one. The French, whose effort over the past year Dewey speaks of with admiration, now have 173,000 troops in the field, and their casualties (killed) to date have been one and a half times the number of American dead in Korea.

Indo-China, says Dewey, furnishes an eloquent example of how American aid to its allies can pay off. A few million dollars' worth of U.S. munitions, rushed to Indo-China at the desperate moment when General de Lattre de Tassigny took command, turned the tide. The French must at all costs be helped, Dewey stresses, to defeat the Viet-Minh rebels; and the Chinese Communists must be warned that, if they invade Southeast Asia, "we will retaliate . . . with every weapon at our command."

Dewey ran into considerable divergence of opinion about Chiang Kai-shek. One informant said to him: "Chiang is the only man who can hold this government together and he is the only man under whom it cannot succeed." There has been a real housecleaning, Dewey is convinced, at the top of the Nationalist government; and he also believes that millions of Chinese idolize Chiang as a leader. On the other hand, he found that "no one had any illusions that the Formosa army could immediately land on the mainland and hold large areas."

Some of the other major points in Dewey's report are: 1) The figures of enormous enemy casualties in Korea are *not* exaggerated. 2) The Filipinos are extremely bitter about the Japanese Peace Treaty. 3) "In almost every country . . . I found the ugly trail of damage done to our diplomatic service by unfounded or ignorant criticism at home." 4) "We must spend more on propaganda and make it infinitely better." Freedom, democracy, "the American Way of Life" mean nothing to the Asiatics. "One of the most damaging mistakes . . . has been our seeming insistence on making Asia over in our own image." 5) Dewey's conclusion is that we urgently need a Pacific treaty of mutual defense organized on similar lines to the North Atlantic Treaty.

The U.S. in the world today

The Irony of American History (Scribner's, \$2.50) by **Reinhold Nie-**



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Dr. Niebuhr punctures some of our most cherished assumptions about prosperity and virtue; he contrasts devastatingly our present role as a world power and our self-portrait of innocence. But above all he gives us a forceful restatement of man's place in God's universe.

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SCRIBNERS

buhr, Professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is a small book with a large content. Written with lucidity and intellectual grace, it discusses this country's position in the world community. Although there are matters on which I do not share the author's outlook, I found his essay packed with provocative insights and important truths. If — to indulge in a fantasy — it were to be read and inwardly digested by millions, I suspect that this commonwealth would add greatly to its understanding. In fairness to Dr. Niebuhr, I must stress that the penetration and scope of his essay can only be crudely suggested in a few hundred words.

The ironic view of history, Dr. Niebuhr holds, is the Christian view. Irony points up responsibility, and it induces us to moderate vain pretensions by exposing their consequences. Dr. Niebuhr sees sharp irony in the way that history has refuted so many of the dreams of our Puritan and Jeffersonian forefathers, and also in the many incongruities within the contemporary situation.

This nation came into being with a sense of being "separated" from the Old World's evils and power politics, and the idea of American "innocence" became deeply embedded in American tradition; but history has forced us to assume leadership in a global power struggle, and we cannot exercise the virtue of responsibility without risking the guilt of atomic warfare. Our orators profess abhorrence of the Communist creed of materialism, but "we are rather more successful practitioners of materialism as a working creed than the Communists." Prosperity is linked with virtue in our ethos; but every effort we make to uphold our way of life by proclaiming our prosperity proves our guilt to our enemies and even strengthens our allies' prejudices about our culture. The crowning irony is that the Communist evils against which we now contend are "frequently the fruit of illusions similar to our own."

These ironies have their root, Niebuhr argues, in the delusions and pretensions of the "bourgeois-liberal ideology" — for instance, the belief that man is fundamentally reasonable and virtuous, and that all his problems can be solved by the "scientific" approach; the complacent economic dogmas of laissez-faire and its blindness to passions and ideals not recorded in the market place; a smug and shallow view of the relations between power

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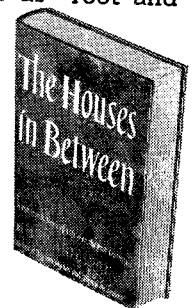
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and freedom, power and justice. Power, says Niebuhr, cannot be exercised without guilt, because man is imperfect: it is virtuous to accept the responsibilities of power, but those responsibilities involve us in guilt, since man cannot act with perfect disinterestedness.

Dr. Niebuhr sees Communism as an ideology in which the dangerous sentimentalities and pretensions of bourgeois culture have been stripped of their redeeming inconsistencies and have been transmuted, with diabolic logic, into hateful realities. On the other hand, America's great achievement has been in developing social policies which are wiser than its official credo: our practices have often run counter to our cultural dogmas.

While showing that liberal-bourgeois culture has taken a naïve and too complacent view of man, Niebuhr develops the social implications of a viewpoint which accents man's moral ambiguity and scales down his pretensions. This viewpoint, though Dr. Niebuhr calls it a recognition of "original sin," has its secular counterpart, it seems to me, in modern psychology; even without its theological premises, most of Niebuhr's argument would remain searching and persuasive. Its political implications are the reverse of "illiberal" in the conventional sense of the term, and they are immensely relevant to our immediate tensions and perplexities. Among other things Dr. Niebuhr, by demolishing the conceit that we are the masters of history, supplies a corrective to "the hysteria which arises from the mistaken belief that [a disastrous development] is due merely to some political or strategic miscalculation by this or that government agency."

The muckrakers

If Stalin had charged his most high-powered propagandists to confect, for American consumption, a book that would blacken the U.S.A. and help demoralize its citizens, they could hardly have turned in a more obscene piece of garbage than *U.S.A. Confidential* (Crown, \$3.50), subtitled "the lowdown on all of us." The authors, **Jack Lait** and **Lee Mortimer**, are the kind of super-patriots whose patriotism runs to the conviction that the United States is becoming "a nightmare": whose "lowdown on all of us" is that we are a nation of crooks, spineless ninnyes, moral lepers, and "manicured hermaphrodites." It's time, the authors suggest, to tear

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THERE ARE always many more books on our desk than there is space to tell you about them. But, certainly, this spring should not go by without your looking at **LOOK DOWN IN MERCY** by Walter Baxter. This shockingly realistic first novel has been compared in England to *The Cruel Sea* and *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. *Time* says: "No one has brought back a truer, tougher account of jungle warfare since Norman Mailer wrote *The Naked and the Dead*. But the shocks in **LOOK DOWN IN MERCY** are the shocks of event minus droning obscenities." \$3.50

AT ABOUT the same time this magazine reaches you, your bookseller will have copies of **THE GOLDEN HAND** by Edith Simon. This is a gorgeously vivid tapestry of life in England during the fourteenth century. It is a novel of passion, superstition, and simple faith during the years of the Black Death and the Peasants' Revolt. It is a long novel — 512 pages — but you will not regret a single minute of the time you spend in reading it. \$4.00

AND HAVE you read **THE GOSHAWK** by T. H. White? The English reviews of this new book by the author of *The Sword in the Stone* were ecstatic. It was described as "... an ornithological *Moby Dick*" — "a masterpiece," etc. Lewis Gannett now writes in the *New York Herald Tribune* that it is "unique, exquisitely written, rather terrifying." To say of **THE GOSHAWK** that it is simply a book about falconry is to do it a grave injustice. It is an intense, vivid, and extraordinary personal narrative. \$3.50

IF YOU have sufficient interest in the literary scene to want to be a discoverer, you must surely get your copy of **THE WEAK AND THE STRONG** by Julia Savarese, an unquestionably talented young lady of twenty-six. Ten years from now you might well be proud to have a first edition of this novel in your library. \$3.50

AND, ALTHOUGH it is not our book, you will certainly find entertainment and excitement in **THE TUNNEL** by Eric Williams which has just been published by Coward-McCann. If you remember Mr. Williams' *The Wooden Horse*, you will want this. \$3.00 ... All of these books are at your bookseller's ...

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down the Statue of Liberty and replace it with one of Virginia Hill holding high a jimmy: they feel that our national symbol should be "the Statue of Larceny."

The newspaper reviews have already caught the authors out on a host of discreditable errors. Besides being inaccurate, their book is a vulgar compound of the leer, the sneer, and the smear, inflated with indiscriminate name-calling and reeking of racial prejudice. Any political figure less reactionary than the Hearst press makes Lait and Mortimer see Red. General Marshall "prolonged the war in the Pacific . . . to give Stalin time to come in and claim spoils." Margaret Chase Smith, Saltonstall, Herbert Lehman are "stunted visionaries." Kefauver is a pet hate. The authors' favorite smear tactic is guilt by remote association with underworld elements: they represent the Eisenhower boom as a particularly dirty political "deal," and assert that many of the preliminary expenses were contributed by "bookmakers [and] bootleggers."

The fact that the previous "Confidential" titles stimulated an advance sale of 125,000 copies for this book makes me wonder whether, just possibly, I have done the authors some injustice. One section of the nation, the book-buying public, must be in a really bad way if so many people can be fooled into swallowing this kind of irresponsible muck — much of it gathered, avowedly, by skipping around the country on two-night stands and collecting gossip from cab drivers and bell-captains — as the authentic low-down on the U.S.A.

Men fighting

Shiloh (Dial, \$2.75), a Civil War novel, is focused on the bloody battle fought on April 6 and 7 of 1862. The author, **Shelby Foote**, is a young writer with three novels behind him, the best of which was *Follow Me Down*. *Shiloh* is a better one: a fine accomplishment.

"Historical characters in this book," Mr. Foote notes, "speak the words they spoke and do the things they did at Shiloh. Many of the minor incidents also occurred, even when here they are assigned to fictional persons." But though the action sticks closely to historical facts, *Shiloh* bears the stamp of a genuinely creative talent. The combat episodes have the realism which only art can impart to reality.

The book that shakes
accepted traditions of
history as his
**WORLDS IN
COLLISION**
rocked the
scientific world! . . .

Velikovsky AGES IN CHAOS

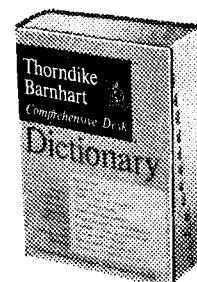
— Here is startling new light on the historical accuracy of the Old Testament . . . "His conclusions are amazing, unheard of, revolutionary, sensational. If his findings are accepted by historians, all present histories for the period before Alexander the Great must be discarded, and completely rewritten. If Dr. Velikovsky is right, this volume is the greatest contribution to the investigation of ancient times ever written."

—DR. ROBERT H. PFEIFFER,
Head of the Department of
Semitic Languages and History,
Harvard University

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Mr. Foote unfolds the various phases of the battle through the eyes of a succession of officers and men on both sides, each speaking in the first person singular. He weaves in life sketches of the leading generals and brings them sharply before the reader's eye in the course of the action. The novel does not take sides, and strictly speaking it has no hero — though the swashbuckling cavalryman, Forrest, with his magnificent charges, was possibly the hero of Shiloh. The author's achievement is that he has fused the landscape, the weather, the generalship, the fighting, the atrocious suffering of the wounded, the thoughts and feelings of the living, the shattered bodies of the dead, into a single dramatic entity which takes possession of the reader.

The first narrator is an Aide-de-Camp on General Johnston's staff: the Confederates are moving up to surprise Grant's army, camped between two creeks with its back to the Tennessee River. Captain Fountain, Adjutant 53rd Ohio, is in the front line of the Union army which is awaiting Buell's reinforcements to march against the Rebels supposedly down at Corinth. Rifleman Dade, 6th Mississippi, describes the successful Confederate attack in which General Johnston lost his life; and Sergeant Polly takes part in Forrest's head-on cavalry charge into the Union batteries. Meanwhile, the Union retreat has been rather humorously glimpsed in Private Flicker's story ("I ain't scared . . . I'm what they call demoralized"). The twelve members of a squad of the 23rd Indiana are in the vanguard of the Union's counterattack. And finally, we see the Union pursuit checked at Fallen Timbers by another of Forrest's dashing charges; and we leave the retreating Confederates as the lamps of Corinth come into sight.

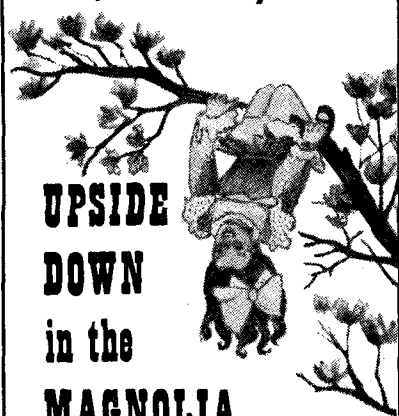
Potpourri

CAESAR by Gérard Walter. Scribner's, \$5.00.

A very comprehensive biography of Julius Caesar, based on industrious research into contemporary sources. It is a pity the book is so pedantically written and awkwardly translated (from the French), because Caesar's life, of which most of us know only a fraction, is quite phenomenally rich in color, drama, and psychological interest. At the age of seventeen he was appointed to one of the highest priestly offices in Rome, but was

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DOWN
in the
MAGNOLIA
TREE**

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soon forced into exile. On his return, he combined the life of a luxury-loving, wildly extravagant Don Juan (which nearly landed him in jail for debt) with the tenacious pursuit of his political ambitions. He was a skillful demagogue and an immensely resourceful careerist. When he was put at the head of an army at the age of forty, he had virtually no military knowledge. At this point he suddenly changed his entire way of life. The play-boy-politician became a hardy soldier and a great strategist, and there followed the twelve famous years of insatiable conquest.

CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW by Bryan MacMahon. Dutton, \$3.95.

This Irish first novel has a quality rare in fiction nowadays: an immense relish for life. The narrator, casting his eye back to the 1920s, relates a series of episodes that happened to the people of a Munster village called Cloone. The episodes — most of them humorous, a few poignant, and all of them full of vividly colored Irish talk — have to do with the young people's loves and the old people's fear of death; with festivals, poaching, brawling, greyhound coursing, a departure for America. The Cloonies are an engaging set of characters — "children of the rainbow dwellin' always in the mornin' of the world."

This is a book, as one Cloonie says of their lives, "thronged with small beauties." I have two reservations about it. The episodes are so disconnected that it is perhaps stretching a point to call the book a novel. The Irishness, a quality I'm very partial to, is so thickly laid on that I sometimes felt the people were concerned with nothing so much as being picturesque Irish.

MATISSE by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Museum of Modern Art, \$12.50.

This splendidly produced volume is the most comprehensive book to date about Matisse. It is arranged in sections, each covering a few years, which deal first with the artist's life, then with his work and its reception by the public and critics. Although the documentation is as exhaustive as painstaking research could make it, the method of organization results in a clear, step-by-step account of Matisse's development. Among other things, the book draws attention to Matisse's sculpture, which has been rather neglected; and to the intensity of the creative struggle out of which have come the happiest canvases of our day. The several hundred illustrations, about a score of them in color, are extraordinary in their range. In addition to his paintings, they cover his drawings, sculpture, theater designs, and illustrated books; and there is a collection of photographs documenting his life. Admirers of Matisse owe Mr. Barr warm congratulations for this scholarly, imaginative, and exciting compilation.

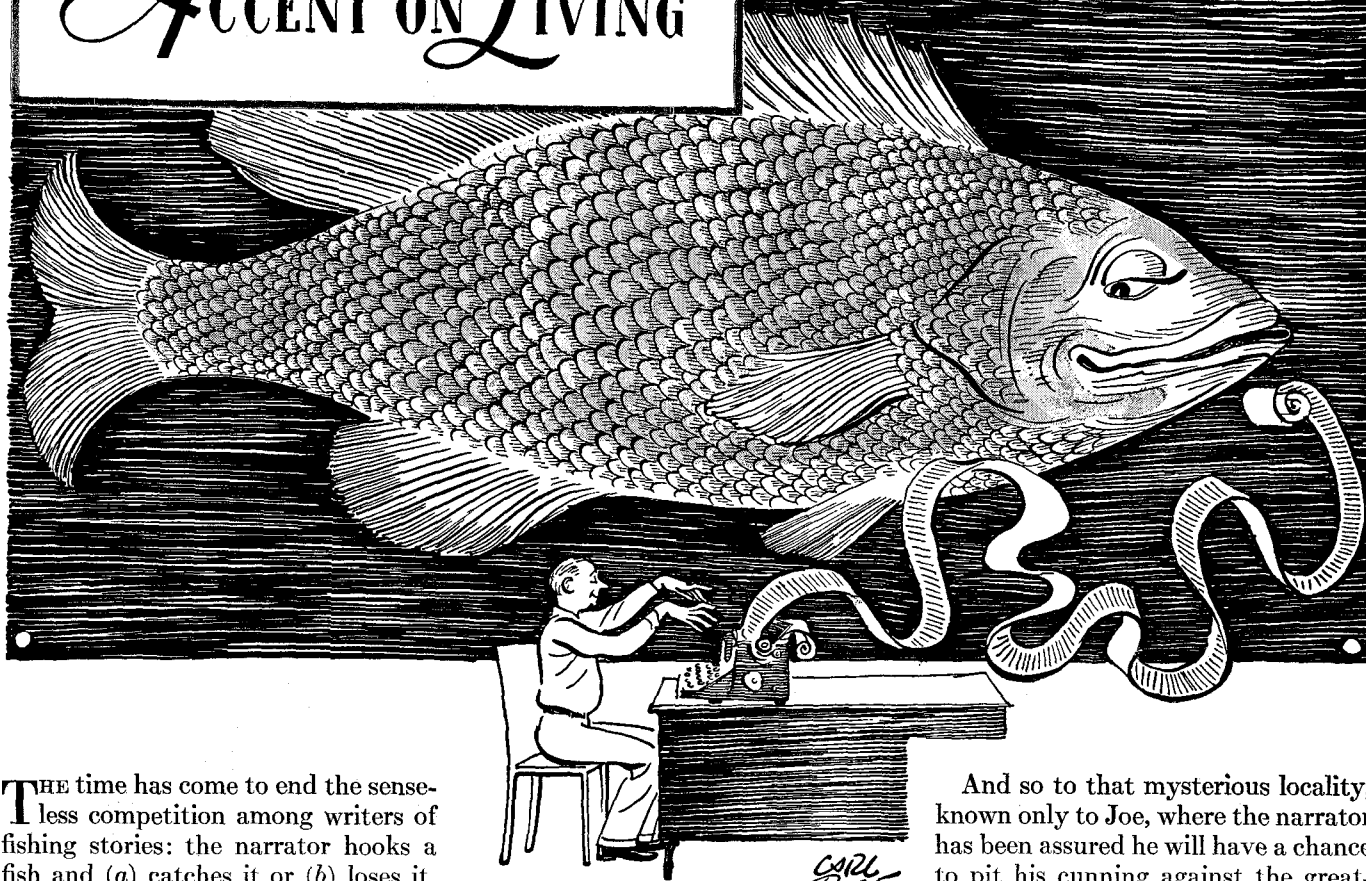
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE time has come to end the senseless competition among writers of fishing stories: the narrator hooks a fish and (a) catches it or (b) loses it. The only items in the story that are at all variable are the species of fish — and hence its size and habitat — and the kind of tackle used in his wisdom (or folly) by the narrator. These, along with a few details, would simply be left blank in the standardized fishing story, to be filled in as the facts warranted. Thus, whether it all took place at the headwaters of the Orinoco or the narrows of Spectacle Pond, much pencil chewing and time-consuming thought will be saved by adherence to the simple rules governing all fishing stories.

The fishing story must begin with a modest statement of the author's credentials: "I've fished for the mighty — off Acapulco and the battling — along the Florida Keys. I've seen a maddened — swamp a dory off Wedgeport, but for sheer power and gameness I've seen nothing that can equal, pound for pound, a —."

That's a perfectly workable opening paragraph for any fishing story. If the reader is foolish enough to doubt its validity when applied to some notoriously inert species, let him remember that the fill-in of the

battle itself will prove everything that the narrator contends. It's bound to, for the narrator uses just the same fill-in for a rock cod, which behaves much like a boot full of water, as he would for a fifty-pound muskellunge.

After presenting his own credentials, the narrator must introduce his guide. Guides are always terse, monosyllabic men — which saves the author from writing much improbable dialogue and dialect. They grunt or they gesture, but that's about all. The narrator must assume at this point the disarming role of chump and leave the high strategy to Joe, the guide. ("We never did learn Joe's last name, but he taught us all there was to know about —s.")

Another purpose of the guide is to wake the author up on that never-to-be-forgotten morning and give him his breakfast: "My head had hardly touched the pillow, so it seemed, before Joe woke me up. The delicious aroma of —ing — greeted my nostrils, and I lost no time in getting out of my blankets."

And so to that mysterious locality, known only to Joe, where the narrator has been assured he will have a chance to pit his cunning against the great-granddaddy of all —s. It makes no difference whether Joe is a Kanaka or a Canadian, or whether they travel by express cruiser, mule, or pirogue — their destination always disappoints the narrator when he gets there: "It looked like the last place in the world to try for —s, but Joe merely grunted and gestured vaguely at the water. '— here,' he said. 'Big one.'"

Joe of course was right, the author ruefully confesses. His first lure, a — (spinner, fly, minnow, or grapnel baited with a small shoat — it's all the same) had hardly touched the water when down went the rod, out screamed the line! It was all the author could do to keep his footing against that first wild rush of the —.

The next two hours are crammed with action, while the author brings in one gigantic — after another, certainly the biggest he has ever seen and one of them looking as if it would go for at least — pounds on the club scales. But hold on. What's wrong with Joe? He seems disgusted. He grunts contemptuously. Bored stiff.

The author, still the chump and slow to catch on, presses Joe for comment. Joe grunts. "Big — still here," Joe replies, gesturing at the water, and the author begins to realize that Joe is talking about a — of a size never reported in all the annals of — fishing.

Comes the final cast. Nothing happens. No — of any size seems to be interested. The length of this interval of writing depends on how much space the author is trying to fill. If need be, he can reminisce of bygone feats against giant clams, electric eels, or things that have nothing to do with —s.

Suddenly, a few yards beyond the lure, the waters swirl: "Some vast, invisible force was causing a submarine upheaval. Spellbound, I watched a great tail appear for an instant as the monster lazily rolled over and

submerged again. I turned to Joe. 'Don't tell me that was a —!' I whispered. '—s don't get *that* big.' But Joe only grunted. 'Big —,' he replied."

The author realizes that his tackle is far too light for a — of this size. Joe had really known what he was talking, or grunting, about. But it's too late now. So: *DOWN* goes that rod again, *OUT* screams the line. Even with a — pound drag, the —'s rush carries all before it. Crash! The leviathan hurls himself far out of the water and comes down with an echoing splash. The author vainly tries to reel in precious line. "My rod bent almost double. Pandemonium reigned." Sooner or later, as the line races from the screeching reel, the author does a very foolish thing: "I tried to brake it with my thumb." Naturally enough, he gets a

bad burn on his thumb. More leaps, lunges — a page or so of them.

"Suddenly, my line went ominously slack. I began frantically reeling in. '— gone,' Joe grunted."

True enough. The tale is almost told. Remains only the unbelievable circumstance of the leader when the narrator finally winds it to the surface. Gut, wire, or $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch log chain, its condition never varies: "*Bitten clean through!* Mute evidence that the — had met man's challenge — and won!"

They prepare to leave. "But suddenly the waters were convulsed again as the mighty — broke the surface in all his majesty and, with a final derisive smack of his great tail, disappeared — still the Monarch of —" (Spectacle Pond, the Upper Orinoco, Hillsboro Inlet, etc., etc.).

CHARLES W. MORTON

THREE—COUNT 'EM—THREE

by GILBERT SELDES

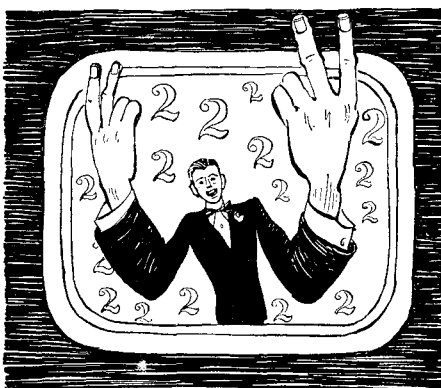
A pioneer in television production, GILBERT SELDES knows the medium from the inside as well as from the viewpoint of the audience.

SUNDAY, May 13, 1951, is an historic date. On that day, the New York *Herald Tribune* published a picture of Miss Barbara Bel Geddes. Miss Geddes was appearing in a play which has three principal characters; in the picture, Miss Geddes held her right hand up near her shoulder with three fingers showing.

What Miss Geddes — on all other counts an independent-minded person and a talented young woman — indicated was that the influence of the TV commercial had penetrated beyond the confines of the 16-inch screen and had entered our common life. For something like two years it had been a tradition of television that any number over one had to be visualized for the audience — in special cases, one also is visualized. (You raise the right hand, close down the thumb and three fingers, and the audience instantly knows that when you say "one" you mean "one.")

It is not true that an actor reciting "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" is compelled to raise one finger after another for the count of

three; the visualization of numbers is restricted to the commercial, officially, and counting on the fingers is optional in *Three Blind Mice*, the *Seven Ages of Man*, and the *Hundred Best — er — Books*. Only a few months ago when an actress raised one finger of her right hand and all five of the left, as she announced that she was *one* of the *Five Little Peppers*, the director told her not to try to



build up her part; but on a quiz show the contestant who spread the fingers of both hands when asked how many Commandments there are was considered to have answered properly.

The casual observer thinks that all this has come easily to television, and is not aware of the problems involved. Commercial announcers have their own techniques and their own pro-

fessional pride; they are waiting for the day when General MacArthur (or — reader's choice — Dean Acheson) has to refer to the 38th Parallel, because on that occasion the triumph of their technique will be demonstrated. Meanwhile they have special individual difficulties to face: —

The two-hand dilemma. For instance: "The bread that's good for you eight ways." Should the announcer raise four fingers of each hand or the entire hand on one side and three fingers of the other?

The fraction. Few commercials announce that their product is two and a half times as good as the nearest competitor — but you have to be prepared for everything.

The comparative-divisible (for example, 7 out of 10 prefer something or other). Not yet accepted, but running high as a favorite, is the use of two announcers, one gay as grease paint, the other dour as dirt; one shows seven fingers, the other three. Uncertain, as of now, is whether to trust the audience to add up for the total.

Absolute zero. No one (except, perhaps, Victor Borge) knows how to handle this.

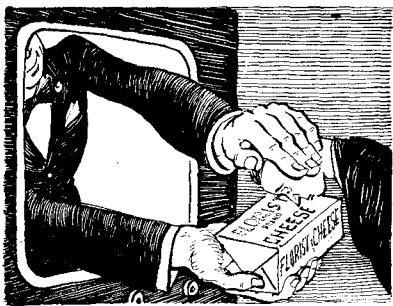
Parallel to the problem of numbers, commercial announcers are plagued by the *indicative hold*. Cigarettes, small packaged goods like cleansers,

soaps, and hair fixes, have set the standard here. The announcer is stationed in front of an outsize reproduction of the package. At various times during the five-to-ten minute commercial, the announcer turns, faces the facsimile, kneels or bows (male or female), and assumes an expression of devotion and desire — the two things have to be exactly balanced and that is why good announcers get high salaries and get ulcers. At the last moment — “Get one (a package, a carton, a thousand, a million) today” — the announcer is obliged by the laws of his union to hold a package above the heart.

The psychological base is absolutely sound. After listening to the Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, Camel, Ajax, Ivory, Birdseye program for half an hour, and having seen the enlargement of the package, the TV spectator, merely hearing the name of the product and seeing the package life-size, cannot be expected to know what the announcer is talking about. The fundamental rule is that action is necessary: reaching out (into nowhere) and (what luck!) finding a sample of the product to clinch the sale.

The psychological problem of the indicative hold is, therefore, a purely professional one — it concerns only announcers. Already you can see those who sell motorcars, washing machines, friendly banks, looking about, at the decisive moment, for something to hold up over their hearts and finding nothing. They fold their arms, they clasp their hands, they find a convenient pocket — but the consciousness of not having a carton to show you makes them feel inferior. And they cannot use miniatures.

The reason they cannot use minia-



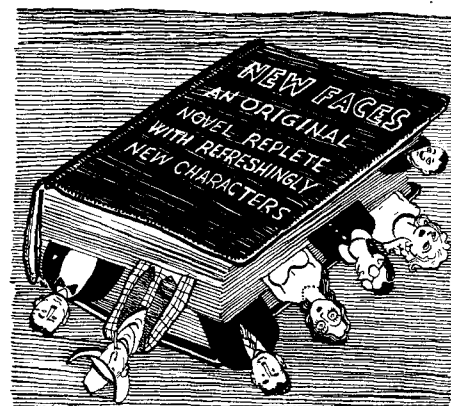
tures is embodied in the major *Principle of the Traveling Index*. Although this is a highly visual device, it stems from radio, where it is known as the *Slow Spell*. “Send your letters to 264 Washington Street — that’s Washington — W-a-s-h-i-n-g-t-o-n —

Street”; “Get Ivory Snow — S-n-o-w.” The inventors of the Slow Spell committed themselves years ago to the proposition that they wouldn’t need it if they had a picture for the audience to remember; consequently, when the picture arrived, the Spell had to go. Research in depth proved that the vacuum caused by its absence had to be filled and the Traveling Index was created. It consists of moving the index finger of the hand not holding the package under the letters, spelling out the name of the product in precisely the tempo of the Slow Spell, but announcers have not been required to mouth the individual letters soundlessly. You hear the full name of the product, you see the separate letters, and your attention is called to them one at a time, the direction of the Traveling Index making it clear to you *in what order* you are to put the letters together.

It is a hazardous business at best. Fluffs occur. An announcer was once caught with his carton upside down, and his uncertainty was not a pretty thing to see, because either he had to make an awkward gesture in reversing the package or he had to use the Traveling Index *at the top* of each letter, shutting it off from view at the crucial moment of maximum sales impact. Incipient schizophrenia set in.

As a model or miniature of a car, small enough to be held in the hand, would reduce the size of the name too much, substitutes for the Traveling Index are being looked for. The only thing that stands in the way is the *Law of the Total Object*. At any time before the final word is spoken, you can show a trademark or insignia; at the end, you’ve got to show them exactly what you want them to buy. When they go into the store, they want to *point* at your product, not to ask for it.

There are several other General Laws governing television commercials, but those I have mentioned are the ones most likely to influence our behavior. You may think they are too rigid, but experience has proved the necessity of each one of them. That experience reaches back to the far-off radio days when Ivory Snow was offered without the Slow Spell. A woman in Portland, Maine, somehow got the idea that the correct spelling was S-n-e-a-u and, after a series of acute misunderstandings with her grocer, ended by buying a package of Luicks instead.



SOME NEW FACES

by EVANGELINE DAVIS

EVANGELINE DAVIS now lives in Greensboro, N. C., where her husband is a newspaperman. She was formerly a staff writer for the *Atlanta Georgian*.

TREMBLING with fear in the old bones that fiction writers for the frilly salad magazines are going to get so far down in those ruts they’ll never escape, I offer free the following list of new ideas for characters.

JOHN: A tall, handsome, unusually healthy male. A former All-American football player, he is not a veteran of World War II or any other war. He has no trick knees, broken arches, or obscure tropical disease. His war-time occupation was: gigolo. He was not in the service for the simple reason he ran out the back door every time the draft officers ran in the front door.

JIM: A tall, handsome, unusually sickly male. He wears glasses, is very quiet, and seems to be thinking deep thoughts all the time, like a professor or a scientist. He just doesn’t have anything to say (he wouldn’t have gumption enough to say it if he did).

BILL: A tall, handsome, unusually healthy male. He is struggling at the bottom of the ladder in an advertising agency. He couldn’t get any other job in the agency, because his father is a bricklayer. As the story progresses, he remains tall, handsome, and so forth, and at the bottom of the ladder of the advertising agency.

JACK: A homely guy, with an engaging grin and hair that hangs down on his face. The grin infuriates everyone. Especially his girl, who leaves him flat for the villain, a caddish sort of fellow who has over four million dollars and doesn’t smoke or drink.

WILLIAM: A blond male with broad shoulders who likes to sail boats. He

seems to like scraping, painting, calking, and overhauling them. He is always dirty and unkempt. The rich girl thinks he is a drip but he gets cleaned up and takes her to dinner at the local chop suey house and she is sure of it.

HARRY: The Western type. He's of medium height, with medium hair, narrow shoulders, medium eyes that refuse to glint in the sun even after hours of practice. He can't shoot very well, either, and killed a cow when he was shooting at a desperado. He's finally killed in a gun battle with Black Demon, who marries the heroine. Between *them*, things hum.

STEPHEN: A young, frightened fellow who's doing his first cruise under the Old Man, a skipper tough as they come. Stephen, with a chance to save the ship and all their lives when a combination typhoon, hurricane, and windstorm hits, is too scared to move from under his bunk. He's drowned there.

ANN: A slight, wispy female with cute blue eyes, cute turned-up nose, cute freckles, cute clothes, cute way of talking. She becomes an old maid because she's too damn cute for anyone to put up with her.

FRANCES: A tall, sophisticated female — handsome and well dressed, perfectly groomed. She is a career woman and hard as nails. She stays that way too, happy and carefree, until her death at the age of 109.

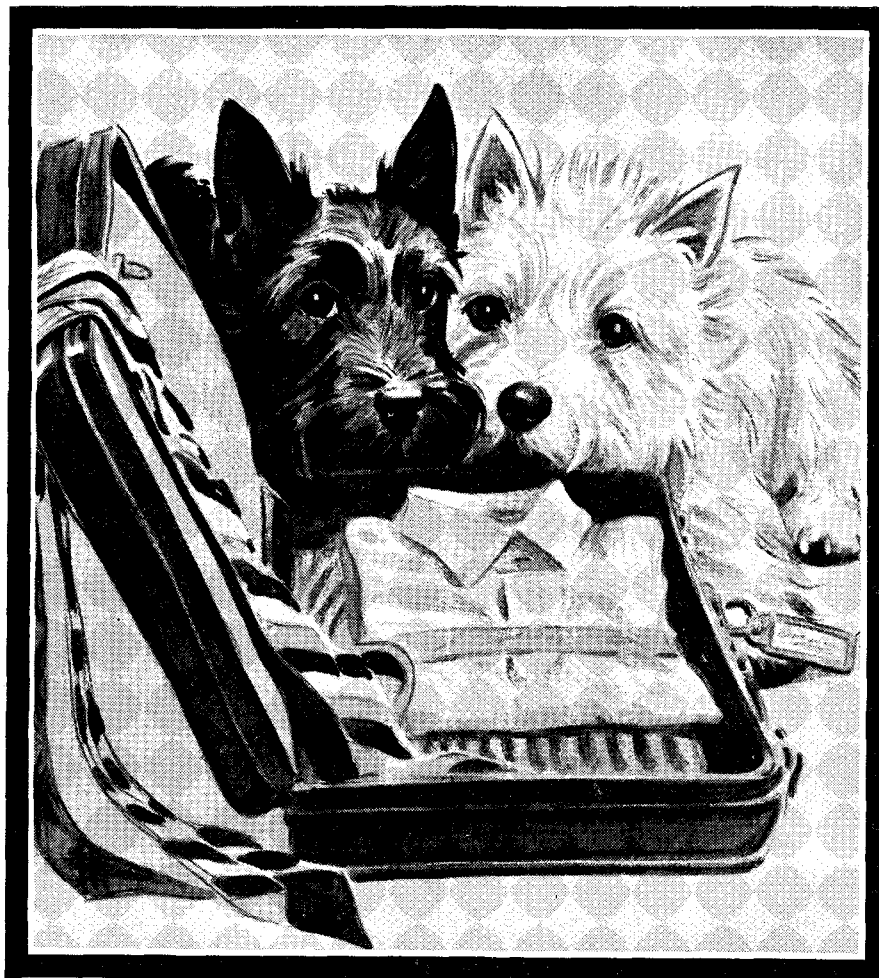
ADELE: A studious-appearing female who wears thick horn-rimmed glasses. She never does acquire a liking for men and she looks like the very devil when she takes off her glasses. Because she is a Recluse all the way, that's all right anyway.

BERTHA: A wholesome, brunette All-American girl, at home with tennis racquets, golf sticks, and billiard cues. She helps old ladies across the street. Men steer clear of her because she's Athletic. Good thing too. Turns out she's a homicidal maniac and winds up in an institution.

MARTHA: A pert redhead, snappy with the comeback. She always has the last word. She's rich as all get out, has curves in the right places and a new convertible. She keeps things pepped up. She decides, however, to move to South America and raise mongooses or something like that. Everyone heaves a sigh of relief.

Well, there you are, authors. Make the most of them.

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WHITEY!"



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REMNANTS

by R. P. LISTER

Poet and writer of light prose, R. P. LISTER is a Londoner, the author of "Mime the Metallurgist," which appeared in the December Atlantic.

FOLLICK had a theory about the Universe. "The world's a giant jumble sale," he said. "That's what it is."

"What do you mean, a jumble sale?" I asked him.

"We're all remnants," he said. "Look, you can't imagine this world being created by chance, can you? Let's dismiss that."

"All right," I said, "let's dismiss that for the time being."

"Well, then," said Follick, "it follows that the world must have been made by someone. A pretty giant brain, if you follow me, to invent the anteater and the neutron and all that. But then, what follows? Well, when you look at the world, what do you find? It doesn't work all that perfectly, does it?"

"Not absolutely perfectly," I said. "From our point of view, that is."

"And yet there's evidence of this great brain somewhere," said Follick. "It's all too complicated to have just been knocked together by some junior immortal in an off moment, that's what I'm getting at. It's perfect in its parts, and yet it's a mess on the whole."

"Now, as I see it, that can only have happened one way. Some really superior type of immortal has made a perfect world, somewhere. But naturally even the highest type of immortal, like this one, would have to conduct a few experiments. He'd have to feel his way along. There'd be a lot of throwouts, rejects. And he's got to dispose of all those somehow. Can't just decreate them. As I see it, once a thing's created it's cre-

ated, can't just be wiped out, bang, and that's that. So some place had to be found to house all the remnants. And that's what this world was made for. It's a kind of stall to display the unwanted goods."

"I dare say the junior immortals get a good deal of fun out of watching it going on," he continued. "Learn a lot, I dare say. They probably station them up there from time to time to have a look at it. 'See that?' they say. 'Well, that's the way not to make a world. You just take a good look and pick up a few tips.'"

"You don't think they take a hand in our affairs, then?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," said Follick. "Of course, I don't say that a few learners may not dabble in it from time to time. Poke a finger in, you know, and stir things up, just to see what happens. But they probably get into trouble for that. 'Here, you,' they tell them. 'You let that stall alone. That's an exhibition, that is. We want to see what happens to it, so that we can tell what not to do next time. It's not for young chaps like you to go interfering with.'"

"Then, you see," he said, "I dare say they're pretty busy on the whole. It's only every few centuries or so that they'll send anybody to see how it's going on, and come back and report. Because, once having set it up, they'd want to get on with the real job. You can't go on rummaging in the box room when you're busy in the kitchen. From time to time they may send here for a specimen or two for further study."

"You mean great men?" I asked. "Shakespeare, for example?"

"Shakespeare? Oh, no," said Fol-

lick. "You don't get the idea. Shakespeare was busy with human beings; knew all about 'em. But then, so do the immortals. They've tried that one out and given it up. No, I was thinking of something like cats, for instance."

"Cats?"

"Why, yes," said Follick. "They — the senior immortals, that is — probably pull out a cat or two when they're lecturing. 'See that?' they'll say. 'Pretty neat for a rush job, what? Nice fur. Well coördinated. Breathes well, and pretty agile, till it begins to break down. Thinks just enough, but not too much. No self-consciousness and no sense of humor. Go away and make a cat, you,' they'll say. 'Not like this cat, but better. Take a week over it and bring it next Monday.'"

"But then, when they've made this cat," I said, "what do they do with it?"

"Oh, well, they'll probably have



another botched-up sort of world to house the learners' jobs," said Follick.

"There must be a lot of these experimental worlds about," I said.

"I dare say there are," said Follick. "In fact, thinking about it, I often wonder if they won't have to make a start on decreation sometime. Place must be getting cluttered up. They're probably thinking of it right now."

"Lot of these old worlds knocking about," they'll say. 'Time we had a clearance.'"

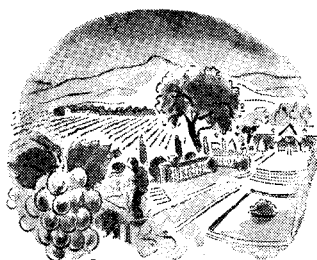
"Then all those immortals'll start up defending their own pets."

"Can't clear out Jupiter," one of them'll say. 'Had a few good hints from that in the last million years or so. I shan't make that mistake with the mesons next time.'"

"Then they'll all pipe up."

"You leave Venus alone," one'll say. 'She's my baby. Got some fine high-pressure fish there; only mock-ups, of course, but I learned a lot from them for that other universe of mine.'"

"So it'll go on, till suddenly one of them'll think of the World. 'Why,'



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he'll say, 'there's that old World Jehovah made before he went on to something more serious. We could get rid of that. He'll never know — hasn't been back there for ages. Too busy on his new system. Let's clear that one up.'

"Well, they'll all fall for this one. They may have a bit of a barney about how they're going to use the space, but as soon as that's settled they'll get to work."

"I can just see them," I said. "Setting off in procession with their picks and mattocks, to break us up."

"Procession?" said Follick, astonished. "Why, they won't need any procession. They'll just call to some young immortal who's idling about outside. 'Hey, you,' they'll say. 'Just pop down there for ten minutes and clear up that old World. Wipe it out.'

"'I'm busy,' he'll say. 'I'm waiting for Bert.'

"'Waiting for Bert nothing,' they'll say. 'You let Bert wait for you. Just nip off and clear that World up.'

"So he'll wander off down here, grumbling a bit, and take one last look at us. 'Well,' he'll say, 'what a rum go! Just look at 'em, the electrons hopping from ring to ring in that silly way, and all those quanta, and those men-things. I don't think much of them, even for a rush job. Seven days? I could have done it in ten minutes.

"'Well, here goes,' he'll say. And he'll wipe us up. Woosh!"

Follick wagged his head reflectively. "Might happen any minute," he said. "Woosh! And where are we? We won't be here any more. What's more, we'll never have been here. Think of that! You wipe out Time, what we call Time, and then we not only aren't, but we never were.

"Remnants," he said somberly. "That's what we are, remnants. And that's what's going to happen to us. Any minute now. You wait for it."

"I'll wait for it," I said.

"I don't know that I don't even look forward to it," said Follick.

SECRETS OF THE LIBRARY

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ONE literary problem shook

Both teacher and progenitor:

The youth who will not read a book

Unless he's read the book before.

My boy, my compliment to you;

I feel exactly that way too.



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

THE DISKERIES' DILEMMAS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman who is now an associate editor of *Pathfinder*. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the *Atlantic*.

ON Sunday, March 9, the New York *Times* printed a special eight-page section written largely by men known in their own trade as diskery longhair chiefs.

This may sound like an anthropological term, but it is not, except to the extent that, ever since Dr. Hortense Powdermaker hit the jackpot with a book on the mores of Hollywood, anthropologists have made the argot of *Variety* and *Billboard* their own. Readers of these entertainment weeklies know that a diskery is a phonograph record company and that a longhair chief is the man charged with its classical output.

The places of honor (columns 1 and 7) on the first page of the *Times's* special records section were given over to two very notable diskery longhair chiefs, George R. Marek of RCA Victor and Goddard Lieberson of Columbia. They delivered opinions on the state of the record industry, and they were not of one mind.

Mr. Marek asserted that too many musical compositions were being recorded and marketed, and too fast. It would be saner and safer, he thought, to restrain the flow of Berg and Boccherini and concentrate on rounding up the vast potential audience as yet unacquainted even with the delights of Beethoven and Brahms.

No such cautious approach marked the opinions of Columbia's executive veeep. Everybody knows, said Mr. Lieberson, that Bach and Beethoven sell. But Columbia's experience shows

that there now exists, also, "if not a mob, a quite respectable crowd" of people anxious to latch onto a piece of previously unrecorded Mahler or Scarlatti.

How other diskery longhair chiefs (there are probably over a hundred in business now) might line up on this particular question was not indicated. Probably most of the big-company men would side with Marek, since it is their firms, with their huge distribution systems, which must keep small hinterland dealers stocked — and stocked with items readily salable to unsophisticated buyers.

The longhair chiefs of the smaller diskeries, a numerical majority but an economic minority, undoubtedly would back Lieberson. Theirs are the companies which never in the world could afford to hire the Boston Symphony to record the *Eroica*. Neither can they print a million copies of anything. They must survive, if at all, by furnishing a succession of novelties, in limited quantities, to a small, selective *avant-garde* of experienced customers.

Obviously, both these sets of necessities are real, and both Lieberson's and Marek's arguments are cogent. In fact, both men are right. The classical record business, at least where it meets the customers, is not a business at all: it is two businesses. Furthermore, it is two businesses which need each other to get along.

One of these is a mass business. Its stock in trade consists of well-known compositions by familiar composers, recorded under labels long publicized and widely distributed, played by musicians with names known to every radio listener. Its outlets are department stores, drugstores, discount houses, appliance shops, musical instrument stores. Its customers are mostly marginal music lovers, earnest but inexperienced. Going into a shop in



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search of the César Franck Symphony, they are happiest to find only one recorded version of it. Finding two on display disturbs them faintly; being asked if they want the Mengelberg, Ormandy, Monteux, or Wolf version positively alarms them. They promptly fall back on the familiar label, the familiar conductor.

These are the people Mr. Marek has his eye on, and he is right in thinking that it takes a long time to satiate them with the so-called "standard" repertoire. Yet he would be wrong to think that their taste, their "demand," doesn't change. Mr. Lieberman unintentionally proved this by saying: "We all know that Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms sell." Not so long ago, Bach didn't sell at all. And not so long ago the London brand label was unknown to the mass market. Now it crowds RCA Victor and Columbia. Somewhere up the line, somebody learns what's new and good and contrives to pass the word along.

Perhaps there is a useful analogy in the book industry, which has quietly and efficiently (if not necessarily happily) adapted itself to a dual function. It reaches a mass market through paperback reprints. But the paperback companies diligently eschew ventures into new intellectual territory. They let the hard-cover publishers do the experimental publishing, and leave to bookstores' clienteles the discovering of best sellers. By the time the reprint is ready for newsstands and drugstores, the reputation conferred by the literati has percolated down.

As a \$3.50 hard-cover for the selective bookstore trade, for instance, Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* has been a great success and a joy to the Oxford University Press. Eventually, no doubt, it will be reprinted. But it would never have occurred to Pocket Books or New American Library to compete with Oxford for the original manuscript and toss the *Sea*, stone-cold, into competition with Dr. Spock's baby book or Mickey Spillane's gore-spattered, sex-charged thrillers. Yet a record company does just that when it issues Bartok's *Musie for Celesta, Strings and Percussion* and sends it to dealers to fight it out

with Tchaikowsky's *Symphony No. 4 in F Minor*.

What happens is that at Jordan's in Boston, at Marshall Field's in Chicago, at Macy's or Sam Goody's cut-rate emporium in New York, the Tchaikowsky is a huge success and the Bartok becomes known as a "prestige item" or, in less formal terms, a stinker. It gives Mr. Marek of RCA an opportunity to pronounce harsh words. Furthermore, if the Bartok has been issued by a small company, the cost of the printed and unsold copies makes a big hole in the budget, and one more long-hair diskery chief wonders in agony



how he ever got into this business.

Worse yet, so far as record fanciers are concerned, is a possible outcome of this illogical lump-merchandising. In his distress, the small record maker is visited by a cut-rate retailer. This dealer wants to buy a batch of the manufacturer's output at below-wholesale rates — a big batch. The distraught manufacturer sells them to him.

Shortly afterward the cut-rate store begins advertising the records at 45 per cent off, over the counter or by mail order. Since other dealers buy from their distributors at not more than 38 per cent off, they can't compete. If this continues long, and their customers can't resist temptation, they go out of business. So, probably not long afterward, does the small manufacturer, since his wares are not really suitable for cut-rate, mass merchandising. And the selective or "class" record customer is out in the cold — faced with an inexhaustible supply of the Beethoven *Fifth* but no Purcell, no Pergolesi.

Quite possibly, the escape route from this miserable maze is at least hinted at by the fact that there exists a store where the sales story is very different — where the Bartok (in two new versions) easily held its own against the Tchaikowsky (in three). Probably there are many, but one will do for illustration. It has been chosen because it exemplifies nearly all the points which distinguish its kind from the mass-market media.

It is called The Record Loft, and is in Washington, D.C., a city rivaled only by San Francisco as a market for

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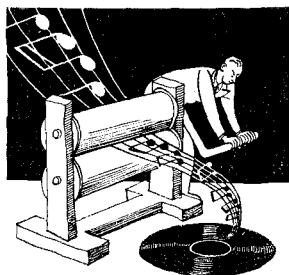
classical records. Even in 78 r.p.m. days, the classics outsold the "pops," record for record, in Washington.

Just the same, the present proprietors of The Record Loft found themselves out of jobs three years ago. They had been selling records in one of the city's largest radio and appliance stores. The management decided that television was going to ruin record sales, and that it would be wise to use the record department's sales space for TV. Therefore it decreed a half-price, close-out, come-and-get-'em record sale. Its first customers were its two ex-salesmen, Lloyd Jones and Henry Raden.

They were in their late twenties, and both collectors themselves. (Jones had been a jazz man; he entered classical territory through a devotion to Benny Goodman, which led him to listen to the latter's Mozart clarinet recordings and eventually made of him a fanatic Mozartean.) Raden and Jones didn't believe records were defunct. Furthermore, they had built up (a) a following and (b) an excellent stock of imported recordings of hard-to-get repertory and artists, both of which they hated to waste.

They gathered all the money they had, and a little more, bought the cream of their ex-employer's stock, and set up an upstairs shop in another part of town. Their assets were, according to Raden, a shoestring, a lot of high ideals, and the belief that they had figured out the nature and needs of record collectors.

A record collector, by their definition, is more than just a music lover. He is a vicarious explorer in the realm of musical artistry. He wants performances he could never hear in local concert halls, and he wants them with a little legend and glamour attached. He is a perfectionist: once he assures himself that the Schnabel-Gallieri per-

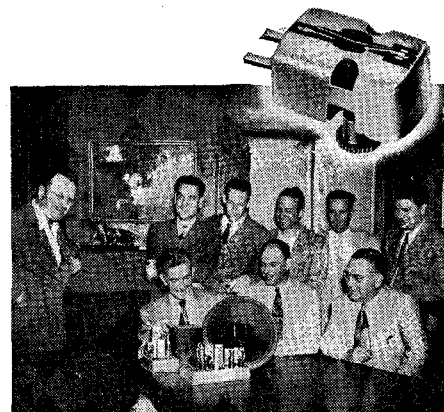


formance of the *Emperor Concerto* is the best there is, his interest in the Serkin-Walter version, even at half the price, declines to nil. He is a little bit vain: he dearly enjoys introducing Aksel Schiøtz to friends who



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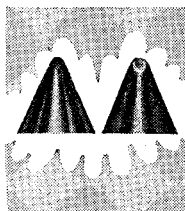
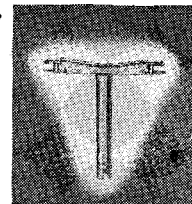


WHAT phono accessories are best? Take a curbstone poll among the record enthusiasts you know. Chances are the majority of them use G-E cartridges and styli to get a full measure of enjoyment from recorded music. The group in the picture, high fidelity fans of Tulsa, Oklahoma, are a case in point. Of their members, all but one have sound systems equipped with G-E cartridges.

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used to think Richard Crooks could sing *Die Schöne Müllerin* pretty well.

He also (and this was of key importance to Jones and Raden) likes to introduce his friends to the source of his treasures and, if possible, infect them with his own enthusiasm. Lastly, he delights in being able to foregather with other enthusiasts, and will linger long in any shop which offers him opportunity.

Keeping this customer in their mind's eye, Jones and Raden went to work and in fairly short order (as record retailing goes) had The Record Loft in the block. It can hardly be overemphasized that the main attractions held forth were rare, imported records *which cost up to twice as much as competitive domestic counterparts*, and knowledgeable advice about them.

When LP came along, Jones and Raden were among the dealers it failed to overjoy. For one thing, early LPs were, qualitatively speaking, nothing much. For another, the shift left Jones and Raden with a considerable stock of imported 78s (some of which they still have) and small chance of selling them. For a third thing, even the new, small LP makers sedulously sought distribution in music shops and department stores as well as record shops, thus depriving such establishments as The Record Loft of their old claim to being the only local source of rare records.

However, LP compensated them, at least partially, by increasing the supply of records until customers became confused and really needed knowing advice in their choices, even of nonrarities. Jones and Raden listened conscientiously to virtually every disk that came in. Whereas a



department store clerk, asked by a customer which of twelve (!) *Nutcracker Suites* was the best, could only shrug helplessly, Raden or Jones could narrow it down to Stokowski (Victor) and Fistoulari (London), which was something. The other half of this service, of course, involved the proprietors in waiting on all customers themselves, and knowing them personally. Thus a known Purcell-

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Vivaldi-Handel customer was not affronted, upon entering the shop, with the suggestion that he listen to a new recording of *Les Sylphides* or the Mahler *Second*.

Owing to its erudite clientele, The Record Loft was apprised early of the advent of high fidelity (it began hearing about it when English Decca, later to be known as London, introduced the "ffrr" trademark). Earliest of any Washington shop, it installed a GE speaker and pickups and a Bogen amplifier. Later, through an exhibition-loan arrangement with a suburban hi-fi shop, it acquired a McIntosh amplifier, Pickering pickups, and a Bozak speaker.

Through such services, and through its natural development into a leading loitering-place for record connoisseurs with elastic lunch-hours, The Record Loft probably has made itself as invulnerable as any such shop could be to the threats of the times. Yet Raden and Jones are not happy about business. The Old Guard continue to come in, bury the two chairs under raincoats and brief cases, prop themselves on the counter, and help new customers with their choices. But more and more new customers come to listen only. They don't buy. They exploit the advice and the hi-fi demonstrator; then they go out and mail checks to Sam Goody in New York, who sells at less than the Loft pays — and 60 per cent of whose business is mail-order.

Raden and Jones, pretty sure that this is happening to their counterparts all over the country, take the situation more philosophically, actually, than the Old Guard — possibly because the latter feel temptation themselves. To strengthen themselves against it, they attempt to figure out solutions to the problem — one of which, at least, holds some interest. This is the theory: —

The cut-rate stores cater principally to buyers of the "standard repertory" (they must, since hardly anyone is going to buy a Webern or Dufay record without advice and a test hearing). Why, then, don't the major record companies, who are nervous about the price wars, split their classics into two categories — "standard" and "special" — and cut the price of the former? Patiently, they can take a smaller profit per copy on a Brahms *First*, for instance, than on a Hindemith clarinet sonata. The Hindemith buyer won't be deterred; whereas the Brahms

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William Steinberg conducting The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra

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buyer will be much less tempted (at \$3.50, say, instead of \$4.95) by ratocutters. The high-grade outlet will be kept in business. And dealers will promptly divide themselves into two categories — mass or class — and thus afford small manufacturers a much clearer view of their market. The small manufacturers, of course, will still be able to price their products competitively with the "special" issues of their larger rivals.

Whether or not this forum formula solves the record-price problem, which probably is a good deal more complicated than it looks, the Old Guard has many more suggestions as to how the record makers can improve their products and their sales.

For one thing, its consensus is against 10-inch LPs, in general. They offer too short a playing time per side. When a judicious coupling of two compositions on a 12-inch record is possible, it's preferable.

Bad couplings, however, are even worse. RCA Victor once weirdly tried to mate Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* with Haydn's *Symphony No. 93*; other companies have perpetrated *mésalliances* just as bad.

Another source of irritation is the use of a whole 12-inch record for a work only 20 minutes or so long. Columbia, for example, recently superseded a Serkin-Busch Schumann piano quintet, on a 10-incher, with a Curzon-Budapest version on a 12-incher. Other manufacturers have offended even more grossly.

Worst offense of all, though, and one widely practiced, is the omission of text or libretti in vocal works, especially operas. No logic prevails. London scrupulously furnished texts for its highly intelligible Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, but none for *Carmen*, *Der Freischütz*, *Madame Butterfly*. Columbia documented *Porgy and Bess*, which didn't need it, but not *Wozzeck*, which drastically did. Voted best in this matter: Cetra-Soria and Urania.

Then there is the sudden and unwise concern of some companies about high fidelity, leading them (apparently) into attempts to simulate it — by boosting mid-treble frequencies — where it doesn't exist. One such recent effort made Erna Berger, one of

the era's finest sopranos, sound exactly as if she were singing through a tissue-paper-covered comb.

Engineering carelessness crops up, too. A splendid recent performance of a Beethoven sonata is marred by noises suggesting that a steam roller was idling in the studio.

And there are plain monstrosities, recordings which shouldn't have been made. Item: Purcell's *King Arthur*, with horribly amateurish singers and an electric organ in place of an orchestra!

But enough of horrors: the liveliest topic of conversation at 1952's first Audio Fair (May 23-24, at the Hotel Stevens, Chicago) is almost bound to be C. G. Burke's portion of *The Saturday Review Book of Recording and Sound Reproduction* by Burke, Edward T. Canby, and Irving Kolodin (Prentice-Hall: \$4.50). Burke, selecting components for ideal home-music rigs (and naming names) disagrees at one point or another with nearly every other commentator, and does it vigorously (almost ferociously, in fact) and authoritatively. In the forepart of the book, Canby presents a fascinating history and present picture of the recording industry. Kolodin furnishes some step-by-step critical analyses of recorded performances and an excellent "basic" record library. It's a delightful book; every record lover should read it before his next argument.

The *Times* March 9 special recordings section, incidentally, also included a staff-selected basic library.

Both are useful. Neither, however, fully answers the question which most plagues today's record buyer: If I buy this item now, how do I know that tomorrow will not bring forth a version superior either musically or (more likely) acoustically?

Of course, there can be no such assurance. Still, there are some items highly unlikely to be surpassed either way in the near future. At a venture, the *Atlantic* has compiled a list of fifty such recordings. The result is a varied basic guide to what to buy and (by its omissions) *what not to buy* — yet — for owners of wide-range, high-quality music systems.



THE CONNOISSEUR'S FIFTY

The Atlantic will be glad to send you at no charge our recommended list of fifty recordings for the connoisseur. These recordings combine basic musical worth with such unusually sympathetic interpretation and acoustical excellence that they are unlikely to be surpassed by any near-future version.

Simply drop us a letter or postal with your name and address and the titles of your three favorites among records you've bought in the last year. Your selections will help guide us in future record reviewing. Address your request to: "They Shall Have Music," The Atlantic, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

Record Reviews

Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique* (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Something miraculous happened here. This is not only the best Ormandy on records, but probably the best Berlioz, Toscanini and Montoux notwithstanding. Gorgeous. Buy it.

Debussy: *Danses Sacrée et Profane* together with **Ravel: *Introduction et Allegro*** (Hollywood String Quartet with Ann Mason Stockton, harp; Mitchell Lurie, clarinet; Arthur Gleghorn, flute; and string ensemble; Capitol: 10" LP). A rather rare record which really projects the feeling of the fine and sensitive performance. Ideally recorded.

Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, *The New World* (Rafael Kubelik conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Mercury: 12" LP). For the improbable collector who still lacks a *New World*, this Olympian series issue is it — the best there is, technically; and beyond much doubt, musically also.

Glazounov: *The Seasons* (Roger Désormière conducting French National Symphony Orchestra; Capitol: 12" LP). First of Capitol's FDS (Full Dimensional Sound) series. Very luscious.

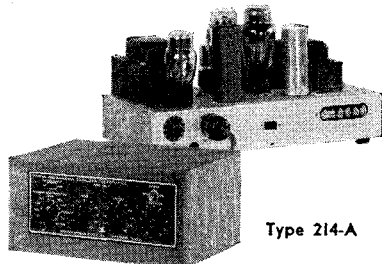
Mahler: Early Songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and **Last Songs from *Rückert*** (Alfred Poell, baritone; Anny Felbermayer, soprano; Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). A perfect service to this composer's tragic-sweet outpourings.

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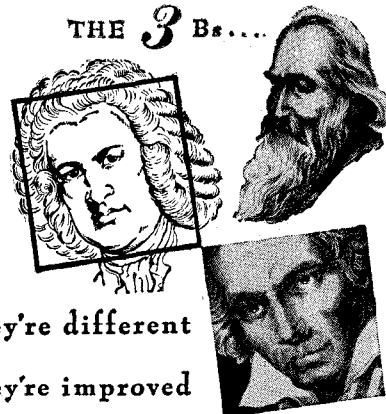
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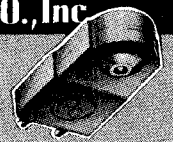
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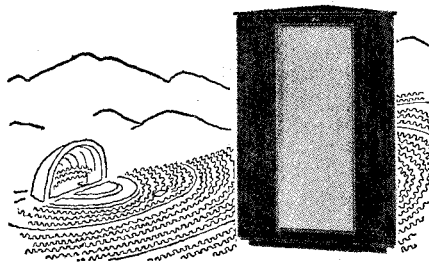
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Mahler: Klägende Lied (Zoltan Fekete conducting soloists, Vienna State Opera Orchestra and chamber choir; Mercury: 12" LP). Early Mahler; a tremendous profusion of sure-fire song-and-orchestra drama, marred by bad microphoning of soloists. Just the same, impressive.

Mozart: Quintets in E-Flat Major and G Minor (Budapest Quartet, with Milton Katims, second viola; Columbia: 12" LP). Some mighty Mozart, and never before so well played on records, or so well recorded, as here.

Schubert: Quintet in C Major (Budapest Quartet, with Benar Heifetz, second cello; Columbia: 12" LP). The competition is tougher here than with the Mozart; yet the only possible alternative is Westminster's Vienna Konzerthaus version. Listen to both.

Schubert: Trios No. 99 and 100 (Albeneri Trio; Mercury: two single 12" LPs). Schubert in transition from songster to symphonist is fascinating. Tasteful playing; good recording.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4 in F Minor (Rafael Kubelik conducting Chicago Symphony; Mercury: 12" LP). Another Olympian release, and a fine, dynamic recording. However, so is Hermann Scherchen's breathtaking performance for Westminster. Listen to both and — just for kicks — to Remington's \$2.19 job, with H. Arthur Brown conducting a Viennese orchestra on (believe it or not) almost noiseless surfaces.

MORNING SONG

by **CLAIRE NICOLAS**

I LOVE little children
From the day they arrive.
If it weren't immoral
I'd eat them alive!

My mood is so good
I cannot sit still.
I believe it's the weather
Or what you will.

I shall tie my children
To a piece of string
And take them out flying
In the summer rain.

Tonight I shall weep
For so the world goes
And what women are made of
Nobody knows!

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